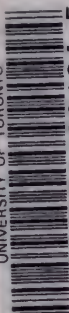


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COMIC POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



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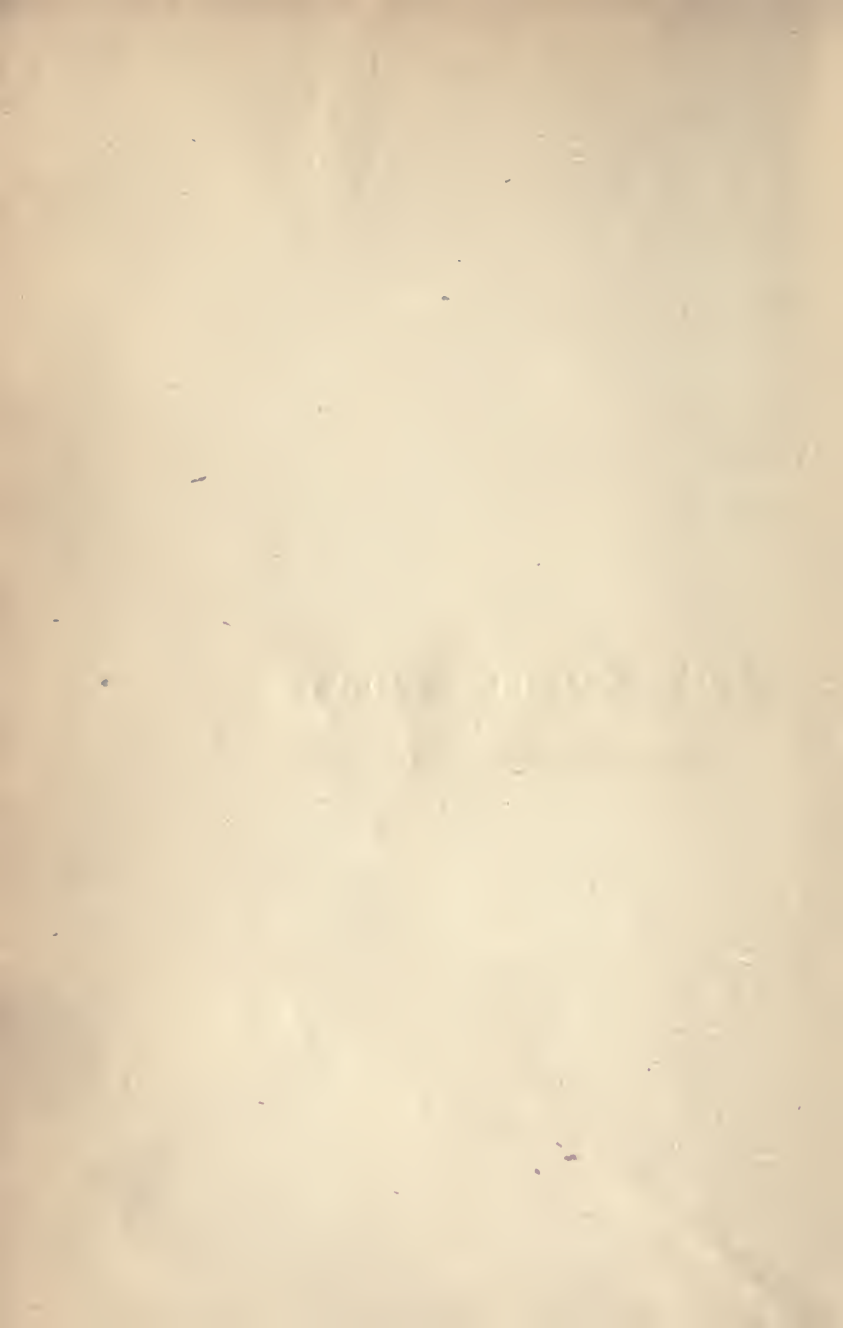


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THE COMIC POETS

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



THE COMIC POETS

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Poems of Wit and Humour by Living Writers.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED, WITH NOTES,

BY

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

EDITOR OF "LYRICS OF LOVE."

"We'll spare for no wit, I'll warrant you."

Shakespeare.

LONDON

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PREFACE.

IN placing this book before the public, I have first to express my sincere thanks to the following gentlemen, for the kindness and courtesy with which they have permitted me to print their poems :—Messrs. Alfred Austin, Philip James Bailey, James Ballantine, Matthew Browne, Robert Browning, Robert Buchanan, F. C. Burnand, H. J. Byron, C. S. Calverley, Gordon Campbell, Lewis Carroll, George John Cayley, H. Saville Clarke, Mortimer Collins, William John Courthope, F. D., Austin Dobson, H. B. Farnie, J. Hain Friswell, W. S. Gilbert, James Hedderwick, Henry S. Leigh, C. G. Leland, Arthur Locker, Frederick Locker, Lord Lytton, Gerald Massey, George Meredith, Douglas Moffat, E. B. Iwan-Müller, Walter Parke, H. Cholmondeley Pennell, J. R. Planché, R. Reece, W. Sawyer, J. A. Sidey, J. Smith, J. Ashby-Steery, Francis G. Stokes, Tom Taylor, G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., Godfrey Turner, and Edmund Yates, the Rev. W. Barnes, B.D., Professor Blackie, and the Hon. Lord Neaves. Without their co-operation, and that of their publishers, the present volume could not have been compiled. I also desire to thank Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, and Co., for their courteous permission to include selections from the works of American Authors, of which they are the proprietors. As it stands, it consists, in consequence, almost entirely of copyright pieces, very few of which have

ever appeared in any previous collection, and some of which are now printed for the first time, having been written specially for this publication.

With respect to the **general** contents of the selection, I have only to say that, so far as I am aware, this is the first attempt that has been made to illustrate at all completely the comic poetry of the day, and that the attempt has not been made without considerable care and labour. I do not presume to hope that my choice will in **every** instance be approved ; but perhaps it will be conceded that I have at least exhibited a fairly catholic sympathy with most forms of wit and humour ; and that, whilst the delicate fancies of a Frederick Locker are fully illustrated, the broader humour of a Bret Harte has not been neglected.

The aspects under which wit and humour manifest themselves are almost infinite: the word "comic," in its most liberal signification—the signification in which, for instance, Hazlitt uses it—is so wide of range, that it includes at once the bright wit of Addison and the airy humour of Steele, the epigrammatic point of Congreve and the boisterous force of Farquhar, the saturnine irony of Swift and the easy gaiety of Prior. If, therefore, this volume is found to offer a considerable variety, both of style and topic, it will be allowed, I trust, that it only the more successfully fulfils its purpose. A work which did not exhibit equal diversity of manner and subject, would hardly be an adequate representative of the comic poetry, either of the present or of any previous day.

I may add that the poems in this volume have, in almost every case, been revised and corrected by their respective authors.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

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The Comic Poets
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ENGLISH WRITERS.

L.

TO A LADY,

AT THE PORTA DI SAN LORENZO, ROME.

ALTHOUGH no stupid scoffer, I
Am wholly at a loss
To apprehend the reason why
You kiss Lorenzo's Cross.

For though indeed a hundred days'
Indulgence thus you win,
There does not move a lip but says
That you did never sin.

Ha ! but I did not read the whole.
I see it, now ; the gain
May be applied to any soul
In purgatorial pain.

And ah, how many spirits lie
In such sad bondage, through
Having too often passed it by,
Whilst gazing after you !

They longed, instead, your lips to kiss ;
 Their wish, though vain, was clear ;
 They fondly thought they would, by this,
 Make sure of Heaven here.

Indulgence each your lip acquires,
 On them it may bestow ;
 And you who lit their earthly fires,
 Now quench their flames below.

And so you soothe—'tis only fair,—
 The souls you lately vexed.
 'Tis lucky you have grace to spare
 For this world,—and the next.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

II.

A TUSCULAN QUESTION.

ONE day as on an ass I rode,
 By many a twisting gully,
 To where once stood the famed abode
 Of philosophic Tully,

A shepherd lad with hat aslouch,
 Was singing to his flock, O ;
 I pulled my money from my pouch,
 And chucked him a baiocco.

A moment gone, and with his psalm
 The hills and woods were ringing ;
 But when the copper touched his palm
 Sudden he ceased his singing.

Ah ! like to bees that cease to hum,
 When pressing on for honey,
 So doth the singing soul grow dumb,
 Intent on clogging money.

Kind Heaven ! forbid that ever I
Should sink in golden torpor !
If living, I may sing, I'll die
Contentedly a pauper.

ALFRED AUSTIN

III.

THE GREAT BLACK CROW.

THE crow—the crow ! the great black crow !
He cares not to meet us wherever we go ;
He cares not for man, beast, friend, nor foe,
For nothing will eat him he well doth know.

Know—know ! you great black crow !
It's a comfort to feel like a great black crow !

The crow—the crow ! the great black crow !
He loves the fat meadow—his taste is low ;
He loves the fat worms, and he dines in a row
With fifty fine cousins all black as a sloe.

Sloe—sloe ! you great black crow !
But it's jolly to fare like a great black crow !

The crow—the crow ! the great black crow !
He never gets drunk on the rain or snow ;
He never gets drunk, but he never says no !
If you press him to tipple ever so.

So—so ! you great black crow !
It's an honour to soak like a great black crow !

The crow—the crow ! the great black crow !
He lives for a hundred year and mo' ;
He lives till he dies, and he dies as slow
As the morning mists down the hill that go.

Go—go ! you great black crow !
But it's fine to live and die like a great black crow !

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

IV.

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

THE auld cripple beggar cam' jumpin', jumpin',
 Hech how the bodie was stumpin', stumpin',
 His wee wooden leggie was thumpin', thumpin'—

Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man ?
 An' aye he hirpled and hoastit, hoastit,
 Aye he stampit his fit, and he boastit,
 Ilka woman and maid he accostit,—

Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man ?

The auld wives cam' hirplin' in scores frae the clachan,
 The young wives cam' rinnin', a' gigglin' an' laughin',
 The bairnies cam' toddlin', a' jinkin' an' daffin',

An' pookit the pocks o' the queer auld man.
 Out cam' the young widows a' blinkin' fu' meekly,
 Out cam' the young lassies a' smirkin' fu' sweetly,
 Out cam' the auld maidens a' bobbin' discreetly,
 An' gat a slee smack frae the queer auld man.

Out cam' the big blacksmith, a' smeekit and duddy,
 Out cam' the fat butcher, a' greasy an' bluidy,
 Out cam' the auld cartwright, the wee drucken bodie,
 An' swore they would flaughter the queer auld man.

Out cam' the lang weaver, wi' his biggest shuttle,
 Out cam' the short snab, wi' his sharp cutty whittle,
 Out cam' the young herd, wi' a big tattie beetle,
 An' swore they would devel the queer auld man.

The beggar he coost aff his wee wooden peg,
 An' he show'd them a brawny an' sturdy leg,
 I wot but the carle was strappin' and gleg ;—

Saw ye e'er sic a stieve auld man ?
 He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife ;
 He dumpit the butcher, who ran for his life ;
 He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife—
 Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man ?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom ;
He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon ;
He skelpit the herd, on his bog-reed to croon—
Saw ye e'er sic a stuffy auld man ?
The wives o' the toun then a' gathered about him,
An' loudly an' blithely the bairnies did shout him,
They hooted the loons wha had threatened to clout him—
Kenned ye e'er sic a lucky auld man ?

JAMES BALLANTINE.

v.

BESSY'S WOOING.

O GUESS ye wha's gane a-beekin' an' booin',
Guess ye wha's gane a-billin' an' cooin',
Guess ye wha's gane a-coaxin' an' wooin',
To bonnie young Bessy, the flower o' the glen.
Auld Souter Rabby, wha dresses sae brawly ;
Auld Barber Watty, sae smirky an' waly ;
Auld Elder Johnnie, sae meek an' sae haly—
Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

Fat Deacon Sandy, the heigh council nabby ;
Wee Tailor Davie, sae glibby an' gabby :
Dominie Joseph, sae threadbare and shabby—
Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.
Big Mason Andrew, sae heavily fistid ;
Jock Gude-for-naething, wha three times had listed ;
Strang Miller Geordie, wi' meal a' bedusted—
Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

Glee'd Cooper Cuddy, a' girded fu' tichtly,
Red-nosed Sawyer Will, wi' his beak shinin' brichtly ;
The tree-leggit Pensioner, marching fu' lichtly—
Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

They're sighin' an' sabbin', they're vowin' and swearin' ;
 They're challengin', duellin', boxin', and tearin' ;
 While Bess, pawky jaud, is aye smirkin' and jeerin'—
 There ne'er was a gill-flirt like Bess o' the Glen.

But a young Highland drover cam' here wi' some cattle ;
 Gat fou, an' swore Gaelic—gat fierce, an' gae battle ;
 An' a' the hail pack did he lustily rattle—

Hech ! was nae that fun to young Bess o' the Glen ?
 His bauld manly bearin' caught Bessy's black eye ;
 Her heart gae a stound, an' her breast gae a sigh ;
 An' now the brave drover's gi'en ower drivin' kye—
 For troth, he is Laird o' young Bess o' the Glen.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

VI.

JOHN THAMSON'S CART.

AULD John Thamson rade hame frae the fair,
 Late, late on a cauld winter night, O !
 He had toomed his three caggies, an' maybe ane mair,
 Nae ferlie his head it was light, O !
 But his horse kenn'd the gate, sae John lay in his cart,
 Sleeping as sound as a tap, O !
 And the horse draigled on through the sleet an' the dart,
 While Johnnie lay taking his nap, O !

At length at the foot of a stieve an' stey brae,
 Auld Bawsie drew breath an' stood still, O !
 An' dozin' fell dreaming o' sweet-scented hay,
 While Jock dream't o' rich reamin' yill, O !
 John Thamson's gudewife cam' her liege lord to seek,
 Wi' a bowit that shone like a star, O !
 For though she had lectured him week after week,
 He grew aye the langer the waur, O !

"My certy!" quo' she, "but I'll play him a fleg,
As sure as Jean Thamson's my name, O!"
Sae frae the cart trauses syne she lowsed the auld naig,
An' slippit it straught awa' hame, O!
The wind it grew bleak, and John Thamson awoke,
An' he hyted, he luppit—in vain, O!
He ferlied what gaured his horse stand like a stock,
Till he graipit an' felt it was gane, O!

Syne back to the toll in a hurry he ran,
An' the tollman he wauked in a fricht, O!
"Can I be John Thamson? come tell me, gudeman,
Has John Thamson passed by the nicht, O!"
"Gude help us, Jock, is't yoursel' or your ghost?"
The tollman he cried, wi' a start, O!
"Gin I be John Thamson, a horse I hae lost,
But gin no, I hae fund—a cart, O!"

John Thamson grew sober, John Thamson ran hame,
Skelp, skelping through dub an' through mire, O!
He was met at the door by his couthy auld dame,
Who luggit him straught to the byre, O!
There his horse stood fu' snug. "Ay, puir Bawsie," quo' she,
"He eats, he drinks only his fill, O!"
"Ah!" quo' Jock, "but he hadna a crony like me,
Sayin', 'Here's t' ye,' oure a drap yill, O!"

JAMES BALLANTINE.

VII.

A BIT O' SLY COORTEN.

JOHN AND FANNY.

JOHN.

Now, Fanny, 'tis too bad, you teazèn maïd!
How læate you be a' come! Where have ye staÿ'd?
How long you have a-meäde me wait about!

I thought you werden gwaïn to come ageän ;
 I had a mind to goo back hwome ageän.
 This idden when you promis'd to come out.

FANNY.

Now 'tidden any good to meäke a row,
 Upon my word, I cooden come till now.
 Vor I've a-been kept in all day by mother,
 At work about woone little job an' t'other.
 If you want to goo though, don't ye staÿ
 Vor me a minute longer, I do praÿ.

JOHN.

I thought you mid be out wi' Jemmy Bleäke.

FANNY.

An' why be out wi' him, vor goodness' seäke?

JOHN.

You walk'd o' Zunday evenèn wi'n, d'ye know,
 You went vrom church a-hitch'd up in his eärm.

FANNY.

Well, if I did, that werden any harm.
 Lauk ! that *is* zome'at to teäke notice o'.

JOHN.

He took ye roun' the middle at the stile,
 An' kiss'd ye twice within the half a mile.

FANNY.

Ees, at the stile, because I shou'den vall,
 He took me hold to help me down, that's all ;
 An' I can't zee what very mighty harm
 He could ha' done a-lendèn me his eärm.
 An' as vor kissen o' me, if he did,
 I didden ax en'to, nor zay he mid :
 An' if he kiss'd me dree times, or a dozen,
 What harm wer it ? Why, idden he my cousin ?
 An' I can't zee, then, what there is amiss
 In Cousin Jem's jist gi'èn me a kiss.

JOHN.

Well, he shan't kiss ye, then ; you shan't be kiss'd
By his gre't ugly chops, a lanky houn' !
If I do zee'n, I'll jist wring up my vist
An' knock en down.
I'll squot his gre't pug-nose, if I don't miss en ;
I'll warn' I'll spweil his pretty lips vor kissèn !

FANNY.

Well, John, I'm sure I little thought to vind
That you had ever sich a jealous mind.
What then ! I s'pose that I must be a dummy,
An' mussen goo about nor wag my tongue
To any soul, if he's a man, an' young ;
Or else you'll work yourzelf up mad wi' passion,
An' talk away o' gi'en vo'k a drashèn,
An' breakèn bwones, an' beäten heads to pummy !
If you've a-got sich jealous ways about ye,
I'm sure I should be better off 'ithout ye.

JOHN.

Well, if gre't Jemmy have a-won your heart,
We'd better break the courtship off, an' peärt.

FANNY.

He won my heart ! There, John, don't talk sich stuff :
Don't talk noo mwore, vor you've a-zaid enough.
If I'd a-liked another mwore than you,
I'm sure I shou'den come to meet ye zoo ;
Vor I've a-twold to father many a storry,
An' took o' mother many a scwolden vor me.

[weeping.]

But 'twull be over now, vor you shan't zee me.
Out wi' ye noo mwore, to pick a quarrel wi' me.

JOHN.

Well, Fanny, I woon't zay noo mwore, my dear.
Let's meäke it up. Come, wipe off thik there tear.
Let's goo an' zit o' top o' theäse here stile,
An' rest, an' look about a little while.

FANNY.

Now goo away, you crabbed jealous chap !
You shan't kiss me—you shan't ! I'll gi' ye a slap.

JOHN.

Then you look smilèn ; don't you pout an' toss
Your head so much, an' look so very cross.

FANNY.

Now, John ! don't squeeze me roun' the middle zoo.
I woon't stop here noo longer if you do.
Why, John ! be quiet, wull ye ? Fie upon it !
Now zee how you've a-wrump'd up my bonnet.
Mother 'ill zee it after I'm at hwome,
An' gi'e a guess directly how it come.

JOHN.

Then don't you zay that I be jealous, Fanny.

FANNY.

I wull ; vor you *be* jealous, Mister Jahnny.
There's zomebody a-comèn down the groun'
Towards the stile. Who is it ? Come, get down.
I must run hwome, upon my word then, now ;
If I do stäy, they'll kick up sich a row.
Good night. I can't stäy now.

JOHN.

Then good night, Fanny !
Come out a-bit to-morrow evenen, can ye ?

WILLIAM BARNES.

VIII.

A SONG OF GOOD GREEKS

SINCE Martin Luther the ink-horn threw,
Which worked the Devil much woe,
The power of Greek in Europe grew,
And groweth and ever shall grow ;

For never was language at all,
So magical-swelling,
So spirit-compelling,
As Homer rolled,
In billows of gold,
And Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

Etruscan, Hebrew, and Sanscrit are dead,
And Latin will die with the Pope ;
But Greek still blooms like a thymy bed,
On brown Hymettus' slope ;
For never was language at all,
That billowed so grandly,
And flowed out so blandly ;
And never will die,
Till men deny
The faith both of Plato and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares ?
Here's Homer, who sang of old Troy ;
A sunny sprite all robed in light,
And crown'd with beauty and joy ;
For surely no minstrel at all
E'er poured such a river
Of verses that never
Will cease to flow,
While men shall know
The Gospel of Peter and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares ?
Here's Pindar, the eagle sublime,
Who soars where Jove's red lightning flares,
And his awful thunders chime ;
For never was poet at all,
In boxing and racing,
And pedigree tracing,
So learned as he,
And worthy to be
Canonised both with Peter and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares? here's Socrates,
Who first by logical spell
From Olympus' crown brought wisdom down,
With mortal men to dwell ;
And sure never sage was at all,
Who mingled sound reason
With such pleasant season
Of mirth and fun,
And died like one
Well'gospelled by Peter and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here's Plato will pass for a god,
Who for new worlds new men prepares,
On a plan both pleasant and odd ;
For sure never sage was at all
So loftily soaring,
So lavishly pouring
Of nectar fine,
The draught divine,
Second only to Peter and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here's Aristotle the wise,
Who sniffs about with learnèd snout,
And scans with critical eyes ;
And sure never sage was at all
So crammed with all knowledge,
A walking college,
Who many things knew,
I tell you true,
Unknown both to Peter and Paul !

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares!
Here's mighty Demosthenes, who,
When traitors sold fair Greece for gold,
Alone stood faithful and true ;
For sure never man was at all
Who flung his oration
With such fulmination

Of scorching power
'Gainst the sins of the hour,
Like epistles of Peter and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here's Zeno, Cleanthes, and all,
Who set their face, with a manly grace,
To follow where duty might call ;
For sure never men were at all
So steeled in all virtue
That flesh may be heir to,
And ready to die,
With never a sigh,
For the truth, just like Peter and Paul.

Who'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here's Proclus, Plotinus, and all,
Who clomb on Plato's golden stairs
To the super-celestial hall ;
And sure never men were at all
Who lived so devoutly,
And grappled so stoutly
With flesh and blood,
And tramped in the mud
The Devil, like Peter and Paul.

Come, buy my wares, each learned elf,
Who culls Parnassian herbs,
And swears by Liddell, and Scott, and Jelf,
And Veitch's irregular verbs !
For this I declare to you all,
Greek gives you a station
Sublime with the nation
Of gods above,
All hand and glove
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

Of all the thoughtful sons of time,
The Greeks were wisest, that's clear ;
The Germans preach a lore sublime,
But it smells of tobacco and beer ;

And this I declare to you all,
Though Kant and such fellows
Know something, they tell us,
They never will do
To tie the shoe
Of Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

Some think that man from a monkey grew
By steps of long generation,
When, after many blunders, a few
Good hits were made in creation ;
But I can't comprehend this at all ;
Of blind-groping forces
Though Darwin discourses,
I rather incline
To believe in design,
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

There's one Thomas Buckle, a London youth,
Who taught that the world was blind,
Till he was born to proclaim the truth
That matter is moulder of mind ;
But I really can't fancy at all
How wheat, rice, and barley
Made Dick, Tom, and Charlie
So tidy and trim,
Without help from Him
Who was preached both by Plato and Paul.

There's one John Bright, a Manchester man,
Who taught the Tories to rule,
By setting their stamp on his patent plan,
For renewing the youth of John Bull ;
But I say that it won't do at all.
To seek for salvation
By mere numeration
Of polls would surprise,
If they were to rise,
Not a little both Plato and Paul.

Then praise with me the old Greek times,
When men were lusty and strong,
And gods laughed merry in sunny climes,
And wisdom was wedded to song ;
For this I declare to you all ;
Bright may tickle your palate
With suffrage and ballot,
But you'll die a fool,
If you don't go to school
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

IX.

A SONG OF GOOD CONSERVATIVES.

MOST bards of women and wine do sing,
But drinking is now out of date,
And women demand a youthful wing ;
I sing grave affairs of the State.
Now gentles, attend to my rede !
Though I'm not an M.P., sir,
Nor likely to be, sir,
Perhaps from my mint
You may gather a hint
How to shape your political creed !

Some men by liberty swear—not I ;
The beasts of the forest are free ;
The wild tornadoes that sweep the sky ;
The tempests that harrow the sea ;
But man is a thing more divine ;
With reasoned subjection
He makes his election,
And bends with awe
To sovereign law,
And limits that wisely confine.

All men are equal, the Frenchman says ;
Most men will gladly receive
What a fervid fool, with a flattering phrase,
Tricks out for fools to believe ;
But these men have less brains than a wren ;
When a larch is a lily,
And Bessy like Billy
A beard shall achieve,
Then I will believe
That equality reigns among men !

All men as brethren our kinship claim ;
Fraternity sounds very well ;
But if some are brothers whom I could name,
My father keeps lodgings in hell ;
And the rent that they pay him is sin.
Such fobbing and jobbing,
Such rapine and robbing,
Such lust and greed,
I surely would need
A long spoon to sup with my kin !

Some men to follow the multitude
Deem wise, and proper, and fair,
And what the majority say is good,
To this for gospel they swear ;
But this never was taught in the schools ;
Though you whip in the rabble
To pray and to gabble,
Erect I'll stand
For truth in the land,
Alone 'mid a million of fools !

But if you follow your witless whim,
And let brainless multitudes sway,
You'll find yourself sitting upon the rim
Of a hot volcano some day ;
And with your own hand you'll uncork
A flask of mad revelry,
Falsehood and devilry,

All the poisoned store
Of filth, foam, and gore,
That seethes up from hell in New York !

And now I think you will understand
I have not got in my wallet
Any new receipt to remodel the land
By Agrarian law or by ballot.
I stick to old Solomon's rule :
Let the wise lead the foolish,
And whoso is mulish
I'd give him a thwack
With a rod on his back,
For a rod suits the back of a fool !

Then long live She who rules the realm,
And God bless all in authority ;
And devil take him who would overwhelm
The truth by a brainless majority !
Now you've heard my political creed ;
Though I'm not an M.P., sir,
Nor likely to be, sir,
Perhaps from my mint
You may gather a hint
How to temper your reasonless speed !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

x.

A SONG OF GEOLOGY.

I'LL sing you a ditty that needs no apology—
Attend, and keep watch in the gates of your ears !—
Of the famous new science which men call geology,
And gods call the story of millions of years.

Millions, millions—did I say millions?
Billions and trillions are more like the fact!
Millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions,
Make the long sum of creation exact!

Confusion and Chaos, with wavering pinion,
First swayed o'er the weltering ferment of things,
When all over all held alternate dominion,
And the slaves of to-day were to-morrow the kings.
Chaos, chaos, infinite wonder!
Wheeling and reeling on wavering wings;
Whence issued the world, which some think a blunder,
A rumble, and tumble, and jumble of things!

The minim of being, the dot of creation,
The germ of sire Adam, of you and of me,
In the folds of the gneiss in Laurentian station,
Far west from the roots of Cape Wrath you may see.
Minims of beings, budding and bursting,
All on the floor of the measureless sea!
Small, but for mighty development thirsting,
With throbs of the future, like you, sir, and me!

The waters, now big with a novel sensation,
Brought corals, and buckies, and bivalves to view,
Who dwell in shell-houses, a soft-bodied nation;
But fishes with fins were yet none in the blue.
Buckies and bivalves, a numberless nation!
Buckies, and bivalves, and trilobites too!
These you will find in Silurian station,
When Ramsay and Murchison sharpen your view.

Then fins were invented; when Queen Amphitrite
Stirred up her force from Devonian beds,
The race of the fishes in ocean grew mighty,
Queer-looking fishes with bucklers for heads.
Fishes, fishes—small greedy fishes!
With wings on their shoulders, and horns on their heads,
With scales bright and shiny, that shoot thro' the briny
Cerulean halls on Devonian beds!

God bless the fishes !—but now on the dry land,
In days when the sun shone benign on the poles,
Forests of fern in the low and the high land
Spread their huge fans, soon to change into coals !
Forests of fern—a wonderful verity !
Rising like palm-trees beneath the North Pole ;
And all to prepare for the golden prosperity
Of John Bull reposing on iron and coal.

Now Nature the eye of the gazer entrances
With wonder on wonder from teeming abodes ;
From the gills of the fish to true lungs she advances,
And bursts into blossoms of tadpoles and toads.
Strange Batrachian people, triassic all,
Like hippopotamus huge on the roads !
You may call them ungainly, uncouth, and unclassical,
But great in the reign of the trias were toads !

Behold, a strange monster our wonder engages,
If dolphin or lizard your wit may defy,
Some thirty feet long on the shore of Lyme-Regis,
With a saw for a jaw, and a big staring eye.
A fish or a lizard ? an ichthyosaurus,
With a big goggle-eye and a very small brain,
And paddles like mill-wheels in clattering chorus,
Smiting tremendous the dread-sounding main.

And here comes another ! can shape more absurd be,
The strangest and oddest of vertebrate things ?
Who knows if this creature a bird or a beast be,
A fowl without feathers, a serpent with wings ?
A beast or a bird—an equivocal monster !
A crow or a crocodile, who can declare ?
A greedy, voracious, long-necked monster,
Skimming the billow, and ploughing the air.

Next rises to view the great four-footed nation,
Hyenas and tapirs, a singular race,
You may pick up their wreck from the great Paris basin,
At the word of command every bone finds its place.

Palæothere, very singular creature !
A horse or a tapir, or both can you say ?
Showing his grave pachydermatous feature,
Just where the Frenchman now sips his café.

And now the life-temple grows vaster and vaster,
Only the pediment fails to the plan ;
The winged and the wingless are waiting their master,
The mammoth is howling a welcome to man.
Mammoth, mammoth ! mighty old mammoth !
Strike with your hatchet, and cut a good slice ;
The bones you will find, and the hide of the mammoth,
Packed in stiff cakes of Siberian ice.

At last the great biped, the crown of the mammals,
Sire Adam, majestic, comes treading the sod,
A measureless animal, free without trammels,
To swing all the space from an ape to a god.
Wonderful biped, erect and featherless !
Sport of two destinies, treading the sod,
With perilous licence, unbridled and tetherless,
To sink to a devil or rise to a god.

And thus was completed—miraculous wonder !
The world, this mighty, mysterious thing ;
I believe it is more than a beautiful blunder,
And worship, and pray, and adore, while I sing.
Wonder and miracle ! God made the wonder ;
Come, happy creatures, and worship with me !
I know it is more than a beautiful blunder,
And I hope Tait, and Tyndall, and Huxley agree.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

XL.

CONCERNING I AND NON-I.

A METAPHYSICAL SONG.

SINCE Father Noah first tapped the vine,
And warmed his jolly old nose,
All men to drinking do much incline,
But why, no drinker yet knows ;
 We drink, and we never think how !
 And yet, in our drinking,
 The root of deep thinking
 Lies very profound,
 As I will expound
To all who will drink with me now.

The poets—God knows, a jovial race—
Have ever been lauding of wine ;
Of Bacchus they sing, and his rosy face,
And the draught of the beaker divine ;
 Yet all their fine phrases are vain ;
 They pour out the essence
 Of brain effervescence
 With rhyme and rant
 And jingling cant,
But nothing at all they explain.

But I, who quaff the thoughtful well
Of Plato and old Aristotle,
And Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel can tell
The wisdom that lies in the bottle.
 I drink, and in drinking I know ;
 With glance keen and nimble
 I pierce through the symbol,
 And seize the soul
 Of truth in the bowl,
Behind the mere sensuous show.

Now brim your glass, and plant it well
Beneath your nose on the table,
And you will find what philosophers tell
Of I and non-I is no fable.

Now listen to wisdom, my son !
 Myself am the subject,
 This wine is the object ;
 These things are two,
 But I'll prove to you
 That subject and object are one.

I take this glass in my hand, and stand
 Upon my legs, if I can,
 And look and smile benign and bland,
 And feel that I am a man.

Now stretch all the strength of your brains !
 I drink—and the object
 Is lost in the subject,
 Making one entity
 In the identity
 Of me, and the wine in my veins !

And now if Hamilton, Fraser, or Mill
 This point can better explain,
 You may learn from them, with method and skill,
 To plumb the abyss of your brain ;
 But this simple faith I avow,
 The root of true thinking
 Lies just in deep drinking,
 As I have shown,
 In a way of my own,
 To this jolly good company now.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

XII.

LILLIPUT LAND.

WHERE does Pinafore Palace stand ?
 Right in the middle of Lilliput-land !
 There the queen eats bread and honey,
 There the king counts up his money !

Oh, the glorious Revolution !
Oh, the Provisional Constitution !
Now that the children, clever bold folks,
Have turned the tables upon the old folks !

Easily the thing was done,
For the children were more than two to one ;
Brave as lions, quick as foxes,
With hoards of wealth in their money-boxes.

They seized the keys, they patrolled the street,
They drove the policeman off his beat,
They built barricades, they stationed sentries—
You must give the word when you come to the entries !

They dressed themselves in the Riflemen's clothes,
They had pea-shooters, they had arrows and bows,
So as to put resistance down :
Order reigns in Lilliput-town !

They made the baker bake hot rolls,
They made the wharfinger send in coals,
They made the butcher kill the calf,
They cut the telegraph wires in half.

They went to the chemist's, and with their feet
They kicked the physic all down the street ;
They went to the school-room and tore the books,
They munched the puffs at the pastry-cook's.

They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons,
They sent up several fire-balloons,
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

They offered a prize for the laziest boy,
And one for the most magnificent toy,
They split or burnt the canes off-hand,
They made new laws in Lilliput-land.

*Never do to-day what you can
 Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran ;
 Late to bed and late to rise,
 Was another law which they did devise.*

They passed a law to have always plenty
 Of beautiful things : we shall mention twenty—
 A magic lantern for all to see,
 Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree ;

A boat, a house that went on wheels,
 An organ to grind, and sherry at meals,
 Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,
 Whips with whistles let into the handles ;

A real live giant, a roc to fly,
 A goat to tease, a copper to sky,
 A garret of apples, a box of paints,
 A saw and a hammer, and no complaints.

Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,
 Saw off the legs of the parlour chairs—
 That was the way in Lilliput-land,
 The children having the upper hand.

They made the old folks come to school,
 All in pinafores—that was the rule—
 Saying, *Eeener—deener—diner—duss,*
Kattler—wheeler—whiler—wuss ;

They made them learn all sorts of things
 That nobody liked. They had catechisings ;
 They kept them in, they sent them down
 In class, in school in Lilliput-town.

O but they gave them tit-for-tat !
 Thick bread-and-butter, and all that ;
 Stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin
 With the marmalade spread ever so thin

They governed the clock in Lilliput-land,
They altered the hour or the minute hand,
They made the day fast, they made the day slow,
Just as they wished the time to go.

They never waited for king or for cat ;
They never wiped their shoes on the mat ;
Their joy was great ; their joy was greater ;
They rode in the baby's perambulator !

There was a levee in Lilliput-town,
At Pinafore Palace. Smith and Brown,
Jones and Robinson had to attend—
All to whom they cards did send.

Every one rode in a cab to the door,
Every one came in a pinafore ;
Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat,
Loud knock, proud knock, opera hat !

The place was covered with silver and gold,
The place was as full as it ever could hold ;
The ladies kissed her Majesty's hand :
Such was the custom in Lilliput-land.

Her Majesty knighted eight or ten,
Perhaps a score, of the gentlemen,
Some of them short, and some of them tall—
Arise, Sir What's-a-name What-do-you-call !

Nuts, and nutmeg (that's in the negus) ;
The bill of fare would perhaps fatigue us ;
Forty-five fiddlers to play the fiddle ;
Right foot, left foot, down the middle.

Conjuring tricks with the poker and tongs,
Riddles and forfeits, singing of songs ;
One fat man, too fat by far,
Tried " Twinkle, twinkle, little star ! "

His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight,
His wife said, "Mind, dear, sing it right,"
But he forgot, and said Fa-la-la !
The Queen of Lilliput's own papa !

She frowned, and ordered him up to bed ;
He said he was sorry ; she shook her head ;
His clean shirt-front with his tears was stained—
But discipline had to be maintained.

The Constitution ! The Law ! The Crown !
Order reigns in Lilliput-town !
The Queen is Jill, and the King is John ;
I trust the Government will get on.

MATTHEW BROWNE

XIII.

MADCAP.

SWIFT, lithe, plastical,
High-fantastical,
In feats gymnastical ;
Enthusiastical ;

She is a glorious
Romp, victorious ;
Is uproarious
Too censorious ?

She is a mighty,
Elfy, spritey,
Highly-tighty,
Ma'm'selle Flighty.

The gayest wench, if
Her mood's extensive ;
But full of sense, if
Her mood is pensive.

What resolution
In execution !
"Oh, mum," says Susan,
"She is a Rooshian !"

But when she's graver,
No girl is braver
In her behaviour,
As I'm a shaver !

I'd give my rations
And days of patience,
To know the relations
Of her meditations,

When, looking at you,
Or Tom, or Matthew,
She turns a statue—
Hath not, yet hath you ;

You, the disguising
Of some horizon
That she sets her eyes on—
It is surprising !

What is that skyland,
That sea, that dry land,
That vale, or highland ?
The Muse is silent.

Bid Mystery pack again !
With sudden tack again
My Romp is back again,
Madcap, clack, again !

When I am priming
 Myself for rhyming
 Of Jove or Hymen,
 That girl is climbing,

Athletic, able,
 The chairs, the table,
 An admirable
 Gymnastic Babel !

It makes me shiver
 In lungs and liver,
 To look ! However,
 Three cheers I give her.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

XIV.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

A CHILD'S STORY.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover City ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell !
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

- "Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table;
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?”
“ One ? fifty thousand ! ” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “ At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe :
 And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter casks :
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice !
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me !
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats !" —when suddenly, up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders !"

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke ;
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty :
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst !"

Once more he stept into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top !

He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say—all ? No ! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left ;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings ;
And horses were born with eagle's wings ;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !”

Alas, alas, for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
“And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick Land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers ;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

XV.

THE STARLING.

THE little lame Tailor
Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
Was the Tailor's darling ?
To none of mankind
Was he well inclined,
But he doted on Jack the Starling.

For the bird had a tongue.
And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
Just over the door ;
And he saw the people,
And heard the roar—
Folk coming and coming
Evermore.
And he looked at the Tailor—
And swore.

From a country lad
The Tailor had bought him.
His training was bad,
For tramps had taught him ;
On alehouse benches
His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
Made jests obscene—
But he learned, no doubt,
His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
With kettles and bellows ;
And three or four
(The roundest by far
That ever he swore !)
Were taught by a Tar.
And the Tailor heard—
“ We'll be friends ! ” thought he
“ You're a clever bird,
And our tastes agree.
We both are old,
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place :
And we're lonely, too,
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear ?

"The devil take you,
How you mutter !
Yet there's much to make you
Fluster and flutter.
You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad ;
And here *I* frown
In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
And feeling weary ;
We're too confined, Jack,
And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
And so do I !
And then, again,
By chance as it were,
We learned from men
How to grumble and swear ;
You let your throat
By the tramps be guided,
And swore by rote—
All just as I did !
And without beseeching,
Relief is brought us—
For we turn the teaching
On those who taught us !"

A haggard and ruffled
Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
In ragged black,
And his coat was rusty
And never neat,
And his wings were dusty
With grime of the street,
And he sidelong peered
With eyes of soot,

And scowled and sneered—
And was lame of a foot !
And he longed to go
From whence he came ;—
And the Tailor, you know,
Was just the same.

All kinds of weather
They felt confined,
And swore together
At all mankind ;
For their mirth was done,
And they felt like brothers,
And the railing of one
Meant no more than the other's.

'Twas just a way
They had learned, you see—
Each wanted to say
Only this—"Woe's me !
I'm a poor old fellow,
And I'm prisoned so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
And the fresh winds blow—
And the folk don't care
If I live or die,
But I long for air,
And I wish to fly !"
Yet unable to utter it,
And too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it,
And swear.

Many a year
They dwelt in the City,
In their prison drear
And none felt pity—
Nay, few were sparing
Of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing
With such plain boldness.

But at last, by the Lord,
Their noise was stopt—
For down on his board
The Tailor dropt.
And they found him, dead,
And done with snarling,
Yet over his head
Still grumbled the Starling.
But when an old Jew
Claimed the goods of the Tailor,
And with eye askew
Eyed the feathery railer,
And, with a frown
At the dirt and rust,
Took the old cage down,
In a shower of dust,—
Jack, with heart aching,
Felt life past bearing,
And shivering, quaking,
All hope forsaking,
Died,—swearing.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

XVI.

THE BOOKWORM.

WITH spectacles upon his nose,
He shuffles up and down ;
Of antique fashion are his clothes,
His napless hat is brown.
A mighty watch, of silver wrought,
Keeps time in sun or rain,
To the dull ticking of the thought
Within his dusty brain.

To see him at the bookstall stand,
And bargain for the prize,
With the odd sixpence in his hand,
And greed in his gray eyes !
Then conquering, grasp the book, half blind,
And take the homeward track,
For fear the man should change his mind,
And want the bargain back !

The waves of life about him beat,
He scarcely lifts his gaze ;
He hears within the crowded street,
The wash of ancient days.
If ever his short-sighted eyes
Look forward, he can see
Vistas of dusty libraries
Prolonged eternally.

But think not as he walks along
His brain is dead and cold ;
His soul is thinking in the tongue
Which Plato spake of old !
And while some grinning cabman sees
His quaint shape with a jeer,
He smiles—for Aristophanes
Is joking in his ear.

Around him stretch Athenian walks,
And strange shapes under trees ;
He pauses in a dream, and talks
Great speech with Socrates.
Then, as the fancy fails, still meshed
In thoughts that go and come,
Feels in his pouch, and is refreshed,
At touch of some old tome.

The mighty world of human kind
Is as a shadow dim,
He walks thro' life like one half blind,
And all looks dark to him :

But put his nose to leaves antique,
And hold before his sight
Some pressed and withered flowers of Greek,
And all is life and light.

A blessing on his hair so gray,
And coat of dingy brown !
May bargains bless him every day,
As he goes up and down ;
Long may the bookstall-keeper's face,
In dull times, smile again,
To see him round with shuffling pace
The corner of the lane !

A good old rag-picker is he,
Who, following, morn and eve,
The quick feet of Humanity,
Searches the dust they leave.
He pokes the dust, he sifts with care,
He searches close and deep ;
Proud to discover, here and there,
A treasure in the heap.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

XVII.

O'CONNOR'S WAKE.

To the wake of O'Connor
Came lofty and low :
To do him that honour
No person was slow.
Two nights was the waking,
Till day began breaking,
And frolics past spaking,

To please him, were done ;
 For himself in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 Stretch'd out at his ease, was the King of the Fun.

With a dimity curtain overhead,
 And the corpse-lights shining round his bed,
 Holding his fiddle and stick, and drest
 Top to toe in his Sunday best,
 For all the world he seem'd to be
 Playing on his back to the companie !
 On each of his sides was another light, -
 On his legs the tobacco-pipes were piled ;
 Cleanly wash'd, in a shirt of white,
 His gray hair brush'd, his beard trimm'd right,
 He lay in the midst of his friends, and smiled.
 At birth and bedding, at fair and feast,
 Welcome as light or the smile of the priest,
 Ninety winters up and down
 O'Connor had fiddled in country and town.
 Never a fiddler was clever as he
 At dance or jig or *pater-o'-pee* ;
 The sound of his fiddle no words could paint—
 'Twould fright the devil or please a saint,
 Or bring the heart, with a single skirl,
 To the very mouth of a boy or girl.
 He played—and his elbow was never done ;
 He drank—and his lips were never dry ;
 Ninety winters his life had run,
 But God's above, and we all must die.
 As she stretch'd him out quoth Judy O'Roan,
 "Sure life's like his music, and ended soon—
 There's dancing and crying,
 There's kissing, there's crying,
 There's smiling and sporting,
 There's wedding and courting—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

"*Shin suas, O'Connor,*"
 Cried Kitty O'Bride—

Her best gown upon her,
 Tim Bourke by her side—
 All laughed out to hear her,
 While Tim he crept near her,
 To kiss her and cheer her
 In the dark of the door ;
 But the corpse in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 All done with diversion, would never play more !

On the threshold, as each man entered there,
 He knelt on his knee and said a prayer,
 But first, before he took his seat
 Among the company there that night,
 He lifted a pipe from O'Connor's feet,
 And lit it up by the bright corpse-light.
 Chattering there in the cloud of smoke,
 They waked him well with song and joke ;
 The gray old men and the *cauliaghs* told
 Of all his doings in days of old ;
 The boys and girls, till night was done,
 Played their frolics and took their fun,
 And many a kiss was stolen sure
 Under the window and behind the door.
 Andy Hagan and Kitty Delane
 Hid in a corner and courted there,
 " *Monamondioul !* " cried old Tim Blane,
 Pointing them out, " they're a purty pair ! "
 But when they blushed and hung the head,
 " Troth, never be shamed ! " the old man said ;
 " Sure love's as short as the flowers in June,
 And life's like music, and ended soon—
 There's wooing and wedding,
 There's birth and there's bedding,
 There's grief and there's pleasure
 To fill up the measure—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune ! "

At the wake of O'Connor
 Great matches were made,

To do him more honour
 We joked and we played—
 Two nights was the waking,
 Till day began breaking,
 The cabin was shaking
 Before we were done,
 And himself in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 As large as in life, was the King of the Fun !

“ Well I remember,” said Tony Carduff,
 Drawing the pipe from his lips with a puff,
 “ Well I remember at Ballyslough—
 And troth and it's thirty years ago—
 In the midst of the fair there fell a fight,
 And who but O'Connor was in the middle ?
 Striking and crying with all his might,
 And with what for weapon ? the ould black fiddle !
 That day would have ended its music straight
 If it hadn't been strong as an iron pot ;
 Tho' the blood was on it from many a pate,
 Troth, divil a bit of harm it got ! ”
 Cried Michael na Chauliuy, “ And troth that's true—
 Himself and the fiddle were match'd by few.
 They went together thro' every weather,
 Full of diversion and tough as leather—
 I thought he'd never think of dying,
 But, Jesus keep us !—there he's lying.”
 Then the *cauliaghs* squatting round on the floor
 Began to *keenagh* and sob full sore ;—
 “ God be good to the ould gossoon !
 Sure life's like music, and ended soon.
 There's playing and plighting,
 There's frolic and fighting,
 There's singing and sighing,
 There's laughing and crying—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune ! ”

At the wake of O'Connor,
 The merry ould man,

To wail in his honour
 The *cauliaghs* began ;
 And Rose, Donnell's daughter,
 From over the water,
 Began (sure saints taught her !)
 The sweet *drimindhu* ;
 All was still ;—in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,

O'Connor stretched silent, seem'd hearkening too !

Oh, 'twas sweet as the crooning of fairies by night,
 Oh, 'twas sad—as you listened, you smiled in delight,
 With the tears in your eyes ; it was like a shower falling,
 When the rainbow shines thro' and the cuckoo is calling ;
 You might feel through it all, as the sweet notes were given,
 The peace of the Earth and the promise of Heaven !
 In the midst of it all the sweet singer did stand,
 With a light on her hair, like the gleam of a hand ;
 She seem'd like an angel to each girl and boy,
 But most to Tim Cregan, who watch'd her in joy,
 And when she had ended he led her away,
 And whisper'd his love till the dawning of day.
 After that, cried Pat Rooney, the rogue of a lad,
 " I'll sing something merry—the last was too sad !"
 And he struck up the song of the Piper of Clare,
 How the bags of his pipes were beginning to tear,
 And how when the cracks threaten'd fairly to end them
 He cut up his own leather *breeches* to mend them !
 How we laugh'd, young and old ! " Well, beat *that* if you can,"
 Cried fat Tony Bourke, the potheen-making man—
 " Who sings next ?" Tony cried, and at that who came in,
 Dancing this way and that way in midst of the din,
 But poor Shamus the Fool ? and he gave a great spring—
 " By the cross, merry boys, 'tis mysilf that can sing !"
 Then he stood by the corpse, and he folded his hands,
 And he sang of the sea and the foam on the sands,
 Of the shining *skiddawn* as it flies to and fro,
 Of the birds of the waves and their wings like the snow.
 Then he sunk his voice lower and sang with strange sound
 Of the caves down beneath and the beds of the drown'd,

Till we wept for the boys who lie where the wave rolls,
With no kinsmen to stretch them and wake their poor souls.
When he ceased, Shamus looked at the corpse, and he said,
"Sure a dacenter man never died in his bed!"

And at that the old *cauliaghs* began to croon :

"Sure life's like his music, and ended as soon—

There's dancing and sporting,

There's kissing and courting,

There's grief and there's pleasure

To fill up the measure—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

"A health to O'Connor!"

Fat Anthony said :

"We'll drink in the honour

Of him that is dead."

A two-gallon cag then,

Did Anthony drag then

From out his old bag then,

While all there grew keen.

'Twas sweet, strong, and filling—

His own best distilling ;

Oh, well had the dead man loved Tony's *potheen*!

Then the fun brightened up ; but of all that befell
It would take me a long day in summer to tell—
Of the dancing and singing, the leaping and sporting,
And sweetest of all, the sly kissing and courting !
Two nights was the waking ; two long winter nights
O'Connor lay smiling in midst of the lights,
In the cloud of the smoke like a cloud of the skies,
The blessing upon him, to close his ould eyes.
Oh, when the time comes for myself to depart,

May I die full of days like the merry old man !
I'll be willing to go with the peace on my heart,

Contented and happy, since life's but a span ;
And O may I have, when my lips cease to spake,
To help my poor soul, such an elegant wake !
The country all there, friends and kinsmen and all,
And myself in the middle, with candle and pall

Came the dawn, and we put old O'Connor to rest,
 In his coffin of wood, with his hands on his breast,
 And we followed him all by the hundred and more—
 The boys all in black, and his friends sighing sore.
 We left him in peace, the poor sleeping gossoon,
 Thinking, "Life's like his music, and ended full soon.

There's laughing and sporting,
 There's kissing and courting,
 There's grief and there's pleasure
 To fill up the measure—

But the wake and the grave are the end of the tune!"

"Good-bye to O'Connor,"

Cried Barnaby Blake,

"May the saints do him honour

For the ould fiddle's sake!

If the saints love sweet playing—

It's the thruth that I'm saying—

His sowl will be straying

And fiddling an air!

He'll pass through their middle,

With stick and with fiddle,

And they'll give him the *cead mile fealta* up there!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

XVIII.

THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN.

A BAGPIPE MELODY FROM THE GAELIC.

AT the wedding of Shon Maclean,

Twenty Pipers together

Came in the wind and the rain

Playing over the heather;

Backward their ribbons flew,

Bravely they strutted and blew,

Each clad in tartan new,
Bonnet and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together !

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
The Duke's own Piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
Father and son, since the world's creation,
The Macleans had followed this occupation,
And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
Since the first Duke came and the Earth began.
Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
Like the sough of the south-wind in the trees,
Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms,
Were the pipes of Shon when he strutted and blew,—
A cock whose crowing creation knew !
At last, in the prime of his playing life,
The spirit moved him to take a wife—
A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
Who loved the pipes and the Piper too,
And danced to the sound, with foot and a leg
White as a lily, and smooth as an egg.
So all the Pipers were coming together
Over the moor and across the heather,
All in the wind and the rain :
All the Pipers so bravely drest
Were flocking in from the east and the west,
To bless the bedding and blow their best
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
'Twas wet and windy weather !
Yet, through the wind and the rain
Came twenty Pipers together !
Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,

Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together !

The knot was tied, the words were said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread.
At the head of the table sat, huge and hoar,
Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
Whisker'd, grey as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.
Beneath and round him in their degree
Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses,
Mixing voices, and jingling glasses.
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
Then came a hush. Thro' the open door
A wee bright Form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.
And he took a glass, and he cried out plain
"I drink to the health of Shon Maclean !
To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife,
A clean fireside and a merry life !"
Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet, and with "hooch" the chamber rang !
"Clear the tables !" shriek'd out one—
A leap, a scramble, the thing was done !
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
While all to dance stood fain :
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
Played up the company on the floor
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.
At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together

Stood up, while all the train
Ceased their clatter and blether.
Full of the mountain-dew,
First on their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Red-cheek'd, with lungs of leather :
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together !

Who led the dance ? In pomp and pride
The Duke himself led out the Bride.
Great was the joy of each beholder,
For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder ;
And they danced and turned, when the reel began,
Like a giantess and a fairie man !
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in !
And she took her place before him there,
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear !
How the little Duchess, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,
With a smile that could not be resisted,
Jigged, and jumped, and twirl'd and twisted !
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,
Then all join'd in full fain ;
Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
From squinting Shamus to lame Kilcroe,
Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
They blew with lungs of leather,
And blithesome was the strain
Those Pipers played together !
Moist with the mountain-dew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together !

Oh for a magic tongue to tell
Of all the wonders that befell !
Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
Skirl'd, and set every heart abeating.
Then Shon took the pipes ! and all was still,
As silently he the bags did fill,
With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
Till the first faint music began to rise.
Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
Blew the pipes of Shon ; and the witching strain
Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean !
Then slowly, gently, at his side,
All the Pipers around replied,
 And swelled the glorious strain :
The hearts of all were proud and light,
To hear the music, to see the sight,
And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
 Straight they began to gather,
Blowing the wild refrain,
 " Blue bonnets across the heather ! "
They stamp'd, they strutted, they blew ;
They shriek'd ; like cocks they crew ;
Blowing the notes out true,
 With wonderful lungs of leather :
And every Piper was fu',
 Twenty Pipers together !

When the Duke and Duchess went away,
The dance grew mad and the fun grew gay ;
Man and maiden, face to face,
Leapt and footed and scream'd apace !
Round and round the dancers whirl'd,
Shriller, louder, the Pipers skirl'd,

Till the soul seem'd swooning into sound,
And all creation was whirling round.
Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
Draining the glass in groups did stand,
And passed the snuff-box from hand to hand.
Sandy of Isla, with locks of snow,
Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu of Kilflannan shore—
All the Pipers, black, yellow, and green,
All the colours that ever were seen,
All the Pipers of all the Macs,
Gather'd together and took their cracks.
Then (no man knows how the thing befell,
For none was sober enough to tell)
These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
Began disputing with crimson faces ;
Each asserting, like one demented,
The claims of the Clan he represented !
In vain grey Sandy of Isla strove
To soothe their struggle with words of love,
Asserting there, like a gentleman,
The superior claims of his own great Clan ;
Then, finding to reason is despair,
He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
The gathering tune of his Clan—and tries
To drown in music the shrieks and cries.
Heavens ! Every Piper, grown mad with ire,
Seizes *his* pipes with a fierce desire,
And blowing madly, with flourish and squeak,
Begins *his* particular tune to shriek !
Up and down the gamut they go,
Twenty Pipers, all in a row,
 Each with a different strain.
Each tries hard to drown the first,
Each blows louder till like to burst.
Thus were the tunes of the Clans rehearsed
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean !

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
T'wenty Pipers together,
Blowing with might and main
Thro' wonderful lungs of leather :
Wild was the hullabaloo !
They strutted, they scream'd, they crew !
Twenty wild strains they blew,
Holding the heart in tether :
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together !

A storm of music ! Like wild sleuth-hounds
Contending together were the sounds.
At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
Pour'd oil—that's whisky—upon the waters ;
And after another glass went down
The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown,
Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
And fully admitted each other's merits.
All bliss must end ! For now the Bride
Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,
And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
While the company settled to *deoch-an-dorus*.
One hour—another—took its flight—
The clock struck twelve—the dead of night—
And still the Bride like a rose so red
Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.
At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
Dropt on the table as heavy as stone,
And four strong Pipers across the floor
Carried him up to the bridal door,
Push'd him in at the open portal,
And left him snoring, serene and mortal.
The small stars twinkled over the heather,
As the Pipers wandered away together,
But one by one on the journey dropt,
Clutching his pipes, and there he stopt !
One by one on the dark hillside
Each faint wail of the bagpipes died,
Amid the wind and the rain !

And the twenty Pipers at break of day
In twenty different bogholes lay,
Serenely sleeping upon their way
From the wedding of Shon Maclean !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

XIX.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHANT.

— OH ! the fisherman is a happy wight !
He dibbles by day, and he sniggles by night.
He trolls for fish, and he trolls his lay—
He sniggles by night, and he dibbles by day.
Oh, who so merry as he !
On the river or the sea !
Sniggling,
Wriggling
Eels, and higgling
Over the price
Of a nice
Slice
Of fish, twice
As much as it ought to be.

Oh ! the fisherman is a happy man !
He dibbles, and sniggles, and fills his can !
With a sharpened hook and a sharper eye,
He sniggles and dibbles for what comes by.
Oh, who so merry as he !
On the river or the sea !
Dibbling
Nibbling
Chub, and quibbling

Over the price
Of a nice
Slice
Of fish, twice
As much as it ought to be.

F. C. BURNAND.

XX.

TRUE TO POLL.

I'LL sing you a song, not very long,
But the story somewhat new,
Of William Kidd, who, whatever he did,
To his Poll was always true.
He sailed away in a gallant ship,
From the port of old Bristol,
And the last words he uttered,
As his hankercher he fluttered,
Were, "My heart is true to Poll."

His heart was true to Poll,
His heart was true to Poll.
It's no matter what you do,
If your heart be only true ;
And his heart *was* true to Poll

'Twas a wreck. William, on shore he swam,
And looked about for an inn,
When a noble savage lady, of a colour rather shady,
Came up with a kind of grin :—
"Oh, marry *me*, and a king you'll be,
And in a palace loll ;
Or we'll eat you willy-nilly."
So he gave his *hand*, did Billy,
But his *heart* was true to Poll.

His heart was true to Poll,
His heart was true to Poll.
It's no matter what you do,
If your heart be only true ;
And his heart *was* true to Poll.

Away a twelvemonth sped, and a happy life he led
As the King of the Kikeryboos ;
His paint was red and yellar, and he used a big umbrella,
And he wore a pair of *overshoes* ;
He'd corals and knives, and twenty-six wives,
Whose beauties I cannot here extol :
One day they all revolted,
So he back to Bristol bolted,
For his *heart* was true to Poll.

His heart *was* true to Poll,
His heart was true to Poll.
It's no matter what you do,
If your heart be only true.
And his heart *was* true to Poll.

F. C. BURNAND.

XXI.

ODE TO THE MOON.

A CONTRIBUTION FROM COLNEY HATCH.

OH moon !
Folks take thy name, and, adding to it "honey,"
Thus term first days of wedded life ;
How funny !
Because one takes a wife
For better, worse, and life,
Why term that period "spooney,"
By nomenclature "mooney,"
Tacked on to the production of the bee,
(Which vocally we know is all a "hum")
Whilst she—
The bee is feminine, if scarcely dumb—

For the conjunction rigidly atones
(Bagpipe-avoider-like) by shunning *drones* ?

Some say that thou hast mountains, forests, seas,
Capes, promontories, rivers, lakes, and leas.

One man we see

Whose face when at thy full is passing droll.

Is he an Alexander Selkirk—sole

Inhabitant of thee ?

What does he do,

Say, when the moon is new,

And like a slender slice of Dutchman's cheese appears ?

Where does he go ? To visit other spheres ?

Call on a Star—as audiences do

When the play's over ?

There are one or two

Whose reputations are a trifle shady :

Say, does he visit some resplendent lady ?

Or, say, on Saturn call by way of fun—

Who round his centre such a radiance flings—

Saturn that "master" of no end of "rings,"

"Hengler" and "Sanger" of the sky in one ?

Stay,

Does he stray

Making a morning call "over the whey"

(Taking a milk-"walk" as we mortals say

Of vaccine ventures) ? or does he seek some sport

With *shooting* stars, or pay his court

To Venus—queen of stars,

Much to the rage of "*Mars*,"

As younger brothers

Do when they are polite

And raise the spite

Of Mayfair mothers ?

Allowed

A cloud

Behind

We find

Thou hidest often, "dousing thy glimmer ;"

And if thou chooseth
Awhile refuseth
Thy silvery shimmer,
To midnight gazers :

Why 'tis but kindness,
For wert thou to "keep up the shine" all night,
Weak mortals might
Suffer from blindness.

Eagles can stare straight at the sun, they say,
All day :
They may ;
I don't deny it ;
But as to looking at the moon all night,
As they do at the sun—
Well, I for one
Don't mean to try it.

Shakespeare calls thee "inconstant," and he knew
A thing or two ;
But is it true ?

Who says that thou hast ever broke thy word,
In snowy weather or in seasons vernal ?
I put it to the owl—that midnight bird,
Who's an authority on things nocturnal,
And from his ivy bush or hollowed tree
Gazes at thee
Without so much as blinking,
Or anything "like winking."

Oh moon, beneath whose rays,
"Walker," who never pays,
Flits from his lodging,
Landlady dodging ;
Homage he pays to thee
(Nobody *else* pays he) ;
Thou art the planet,
Helping the cheat
Beating retreat
At dead of night.
That can't be right,

Planet, can it?
 They say of him who sleeps,
 And keeps
 His hat off,
 (Thy rays upon his brain)
 His wits go pat off;
 Whilst some maintain
 Dead vampyres life regain
 Thy beams when under.
 Shakespeare says, "Slips of yew"
 "Silvered" are—is it true?—
 'Neath thy "eclipse." Ah me!
 Is it all fallacy,
 Or can such statements be
 Moonshine, I wonder?

Say, p'rhaps within thine orb
 Crowds dwell, and drink absorb—
 Nectar potations;
 That is the kind of brew
 Surely most suited to
 Such constellations.
 Most of the magnates there
 Figure in *Lemprière*.
 Not so the *Little Bear*;
 Of nectar lieu in,
 He prefers, probably, some other brewin'.

But on the other hand
 Thou mayest be vapour, and
 Some say green cheese, and thou
 Lookest, I vow
 Mere ball of wool, moon;
 Utterly free from folks,
 Empty as Jones's jokes,
 E'en when a *full* moon.
 Who can tell? By the way
 Hast thou newspapers—say,
 Though I've no wish your *vie intime* to probe,

Surely at night-time,
Thou at the right time,
Up in the sky,
Throwest thine eye
Over the *Globe*?

Hast thou a House of Commons and of Lords?
Hast thou another Lord's where cricket played is?
Hast thou a Board of Works? Hast thou School Boards?
Reformatories, where taught every trade is?
Sewing machines and slop shops? Each affords
Encouragement to impecunious ladies.
Hast parson magistrates, whose castigation
Rouses the admiration of the nation?

Hast thou a Prince's, where the summer skater
Glides as on glass? a pigeon-shooting club?
Or other clubs where no one tips the waiter,
Which open keep when's closed the humble "pub?"
Hast thou an Oxford? Cambridge? Alma Mater?
Do thy young Moonlanders smoke train and "tub?"
Hast thou a local Gladstone, D'isra—eli,
A Claimant, Poet Close, or a Kenealy?

Pardon the scribe,
O'erlook the jibe
Of one who tries—
Ridiculus mus!—
Irrepressible "cuss!"
Limited loon!—
Out of thee thus,
To get a rise—
Just a "*Rise*, gentle moon."

Bui thou art not "inconstant,"—not one ray:
Call tax-collectors fickle, postmen coy,
Policemen bashful, turncocks tremulous,
But do not dub the moon inconstant; nay,
Constant and regular as quarter-day,

Great orb, thou art indeed, and here at Colney,
In rhyme mellifluous as hymns of "Olney"—
At least, I think so in my modest way—
Maternal-fowl like, do I *hatch* my lay.

HENRY J. BYRON.

XXII.

"HAMLET" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SPRING, 1873.

"AND what did you go there to see, my dear,
And what did you go there to see?"
"I went to see 'Hamlet' produced by Tom Taylor,
Whom I now call the 'afternoon T.'"

"And what did you think of it all, my dear,
And what did you think of it all?"
"I thought the assemblage exceedingly large,
But I thought the performance was small."

'And what did you think of Mackye, my dear,
Of Regnier's pet pupil Mackye?"
"I thought him a little too mild, and I thought
Old Polonius a little too dry."

"And how were you pleased with the ghost, my dear,
The shadowy, shuddery ghost?"
"I thought he was just the right shade to select
For his very responsible post."

"And what did you think of the King, my dear,
The moody and comfortless king?"
"He did *not* look the man to give 'Spring, gentle Spring'
If requested by some one to sing."

"And what of Ophelia, my dear, my dear,
And what of Ophelia, I pray?"

"I think Miss Carlisle,—well she fairly 'struck ile,'
And was quite the best thing in the play.

"But after the whole it occurred to me,
Yes, indeed, to my mind it occurred,
That a concert, or show, or a something less slow
I should really have greatly preferred.

"I have often heard playgoers say, you know
As a joke 'twould be wicked to play
Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' *without* the sad hero (cut out)—
But I'd much rather see it that way.

"It wasn't refreshing, now was it?
The tragedy's grand, but I'm ppoz it
Is one of those plays in these pleasant spring days
Suited less to the stage than the closet."

"But what did the audience pretend, my dear,
The closely-packed audience pretend?"
"On their faces you read an expression which said,
'Intellectual, but *when* will it end!'

"'We long for the grounds and the air, oh dear,
The fountains and fun of the fair,
But we cannot afford to admit that we're bored
When we've paid two-and-sixpence a chair.

"'We're hungry and time quickly flies, oh dear!
Tempus fugit, and so do the pies;
And the joints won't be hot. A relief? ah, yes, *what*
It will be when that gentleman dies!

"'He's exceedingly well in his way, of course,
But he seems to have *so* much to say.'
Thus facially spoke all the 'unco guid' folk,
Who of course wouldn't go to 'the play.'

“For many shun playhouse and plays, you know,
But on actors are willing to gaze
In a building you call ‘Institution’ or ‘Hall,’
In these dear euphemistical days.

“Just as toppers with sanctified leer, my dear,
Pass the innkeeper’s portals, but clear
From the world’s observation the grocer’s potation
Indulge in regardless of fear.

“For here’s a respectable shop, my friend,
Where they keep not alone malt and hop,
But what’s more alcoholic—still it’s most diabolic
In taverns to think of a drop.

“So the play that is wicked at *night*,
With excitement and music and light,
And more ably presented, ’s a thing that’s resented,
But at *Two*, out at Penge, it’s all right.”

HENRY J. BYRON.

XXIIL

A TINKER’S SONG.

I LOITER down by thorp and town ;
For any job I’m willing ;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

I deal in every ware in turn ;
I’ve rings for budding Sally,
That sparkle like those eyes of her’n ;
I’ve liquor for the valet.

I steal from th’ parson’s strawberry plots,
I hide by th’ squire’s covers ;

I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes ;
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses :

I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows ;

But out again I come, and show
My face, nor care a stiver ;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

XXIV.

PEACE.

A STUDY.

HE stood, a worn-out City clerk—
Who'd toil'd, and seen no holiday.
For forty years from dawn to dark—
Alone beside Cærmarten Bay.

He felt the salt spray on his lips ;
Heard children's voices on the sands ;
Up the sun's path he saw the ships
Sail on and on to other lands ;

And laugh'd aloud. Each sight and sound
To him was joy too deep for tears ;
He sat him on the beach, and bound
A blue bandana round his ears :

And thought how, posted near his door,
 His own green door on Camden Hill,
 Two bands at least, most likely more,
 Were mingling at their own sweet will

Verdi with Vance. And at the thought
 He laugh'd again, and softly drew
 That *Morning Herald* that he'd bought
 Forth from his breast, and read it through.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

XXV.

IN THE SCHOOLS AT OXFORD.

TO AN EXAMINER.

BUTCHER-BOYS shouted without ;
 Within was writing for thee ;
 Shadows of three live men
 Talked as they walked into me ;
 Shadows of three live men, and you were one of the three.

Butcher-boys sang in the streets ;
 The Bobby was far away ;
 Butcher-boys shouted and sang
 In their usual maddening way ;
 Still in the schools, quite courteous, you were torturing men all
 the day.

Two dead men have I known,
 Examiners settled by me ;
 Two dead men have I scored,
 Now I will settle with thee ;
 Three dead men must I score, and you are the last of the three.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

XXVI.

AN OLD POCKET-BOOK.

How fast the years go ! Here's a book

I haven't seen for ages ;

I'll open it, and have a look—

How yellow are the pages !

“Belinda B—— !” Belinda B—— !

I recognise the writing,

I recollect the early tea,

The time, and the inditing.

I recollect the tea and toast,

The larking and the laughter,

The moonlit stroll to see the ghost,

The rheumatism after :

I recollect the rustic seat—

“Your friends,” you feared, “had missed you”—

I recollect you looked so sweet,

Belinda, that I kissed you.

And then, this pocket-book of mine—

How well I recollect it ;

It just had cost me one-and-nine,—

You wanted to inspect it :

And then you said you'd write your name—

“That is, if you will let me.”

You wrote “Belinda B——,” the same,

Then said, “You'll soon forget me.”

Ah, yes, Belinda B——, my rhymes

Have sung of pretty faces,

And fortune's self has set my times

In very pleasant places ;

But still, Belinda, I must own

Our younger days were jolly,

Though now we think we should have known

It was but children's folly.

How far by simply musing thus
 One's thoughts are backward carried !
 The gout has tortured one of us,
 And you've been ten years married.
 This pocket-book of mine—let's see—
 The years have gone in plenty ;
 Last year I owned to forty-three,
Then I was one-and-twenty.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

XXVIL

MISS THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THERE was a fellow, years ago, who tried
 To write a book, for undiscovered reasons ;
 Perhaps it sold,—if so, 'twas justified—
 'Twas " Thomson's Seasons."

The man who used to write in those old days
 Was quite the regulation style of poet—
 The sort of man who walked in woodland ways—
 Of course you know it.

But all my song shall be of other things—
 Of things they sang not in the days called olden,
 Of all the joys that every season brings,
 Things green and golden.

Things green and golden ! very, very green !
 But why should I dilate upon with unction
 Those welcome qualities too rarely seen
 In such conjunction ?

But I digress—these few remarks of mine
 Are introductory or parenthetic.
 Now for the story, which, as I opine,
 Is quite pathetic.

It's but the story of some incidents,
A story I have called "Miss Thomson's Seasons."
Her popularity was once immense,
For divers reasons.

Miss Thomson's Season, Number One, we'll call
Miss Thomson's Springtime ; very fond of dancing
At every rout, men said, at every ball,
"Miss T.'s entrancing."

Miss Thomson's Season, Number Two, we'll style
Miss Thomson's Summertime—the men adored her—
But while her would-be partners craved a smile,
She said they bored her.

Miss Thomson's Season, Number Three, was that
Uncomfortable thing that men call Autumn ;
Miss Thomson's charms are on the wane, that's flat ;
And no one's bought them.

Miss Thomson's Season Number Four is gone :
It brought experience she thought unpleasant ;
Miss Thomson, proud but beautiful, is on
The hooks at present.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

XXVIII.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done.
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying over-head—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "It *would* be grand !"

"If seven maids, with seven mops,
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear ?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O, Oysters, come and walk with us !"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave ~~the~~ oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat :
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"
"No hurry !" said the Carpenter :
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come
And you are very nice!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice:

I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,

"To play them such a trick,

After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:

"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

"O, Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL

XXIX.

JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son !
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch !
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch !"

He took his vorpal sword in hand :
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came !

One, two ! One, two ! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack !
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock ?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy !
O frabjous day ! Callooh ! Callay !"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL.

XXX.

YE CARPETTE KNYGHTE.

I HAVE a horse—a ryghte good horse—
Ne doe I envie those
Who scoure ye plaine in headie course,
Tyll soddaine on theyre nose
They lyghte wyth unexpected force—
It ys—a horse of clothes.

I have a saddel—“Say’st thou soe?
With styrruppes, Knyghte, to boote?”
I sayde not that—I answere “Noe”—
Yt lacketh such, I woot—
It ys a mutton-saddel, loe!
Parte of ye fleecie brute.

I have a bytte—a ryghte good bytte—
As schall bee seene in tyme.
Ye jawe of horse yt wyll not fyte—
Yts use ys more sublyme.
Fayre Syr, how deemest thou of yt?
Yt ys—thys bytte of rhyme.

LEWIS CARROLL

XXXI.

THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL.

“WILL you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail.
“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my
tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance !
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the
dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join
the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join
the dance ?

" You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up, and throw us, with the lobsters, out to
sea ! "

But the snail replied, " Too far, too far ! " and gave a look
askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the
dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not
join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not
join the dance.

" What matters it how far we go ? " his scaly friend replied.

" There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to France—

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join
the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join
the dance ? "

LEWIS CARROLL.

XXXII.

FATHER WILLIAM.

" You are old, Father William," the young man said,

" And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ? "

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
 "I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
 Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
 And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
 Pray, what is the reason of that ?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
 "I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
 Allow me to sell you a couple ?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
 For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
 Pray, how did you manage to do it ?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
 And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth ; "one would hardly suppose
 That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
 What made you so awfully clever ?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
 Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
 Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs !"

LEWIS CARROLL.

XXXIII.

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN TOWN.

Ay, 'twas here, on this spot,
In that summer of yore,
Atalanta did not
Vote my presence a bore,
Nor reply, to my tenderest talk, she had "heard all that
nonsense before."

She'd the brooch I had bought,
And the necklace and sash on,
And her heart, as I thought,
Was alive to my passion ;
And she'd done up her hair in the style that the Empress had
brought into fashion.

I had been to the play
With my pearl of a Peri—
But, for all I could say,
She declared she was weary,
That "the place was so crowded and hot," and she "couldn't
abide that Dundreary."

Then I thought, "'Tis for me
That she whines and she whimpers !"
And it soothed me to see
Those sensational simpers,
And I said, "This is scrumptious !"—a phrase I had learned
from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed, "'Twill be said
I'm a fortunate fellow,
When the breakfast is spread,
When the toppers are mellow,
When the foam of the bride-cake is white, and the fierce orange-
blossoms are yellow."

O that languishing yawn !
 O those eloquent eyes !
 I was drunk with the dawn
 Of a splendid surmise—
 I was stung by a look, I was slain by a tear, by a tempest of
 sighs.

And I whispered, " I guess
 The sweet secret thou keepest,
 And the dainty distress
 That thou wistfully weepest ;
 And the question is, ' License or banns ? ' though undoubtedly
 banns are the cheapest."

Then her white hand I clasped,
 And with kisses I crowned it.
 But she glared and she gasped,
 And she muttered, " Confound it !"
 Or at least it was something like that, but the noise of the
 omnibus drowned it.

LEWIS CARROLL

XXXIV.

AN EPITAPH.

A LOVELY young lady I mourn in my rhymes :
 She was pleasant, good-natured, and civil sometimes.
 Her figure was good : she had very fine eyes,
 And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.
 Her adorers were many, and one of them said,
 " She waltzed rather well ! It's a pity she's dead !"

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.

XXXV.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

I HEAR him heave a woeful, weary sigh ;
Love, doubly blind, o'erflows in either eye ;
 He smites his breast ; the started tear-drops fall !
" My loveliest forlornly weeps hard by,
 Mew'd up behind this melancholy wall."
A tinkling rill of laughter shrill and small !
A baby voice cries cheerily, " Don't say die,
 For Love he mocks at locks and locksmiths all."

" What shall I do, thou naughty wingèd child !
Ere Love she knew right merrily she smiled :
 And it is thou hast steep'd our souls in gall.
Our bosoms now are both with anguish wild ;
 They won't allow me any more to call !"
" Cease not your pains in lusty strains to bawl ;
Move with your moans the stones around her piled ;
 For Love he mocks at locks and locksmiths all.

" If truly her you love and she loves you,
But Death, sad sir, can plighted hearts undo.
 True Love sublime no obstacles appall :
And grim old Time pulls constant lovers through,
 Who daring climb and much enduring crawl.
 Never despair, let foul or fair befall.
All shall be well if both your hearts be true,
 For Love he mocks at locks and locksmiths all."

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.

XXXVI.

THE VIOLETS AND THE ROSE.

THE gardens of the cunning man that framed the fairy halls
Which grim Alhambra hides within her rough red sandstone
 walls ;

The gardens of the cunning man, 'mid terraces of flowers,
Perched higher still, o'erlook the hill of battlements and towers.
Up there I got some violets that wooed the mountain breeze,
And wore them in my button-hole till we had had our teas.
Then I put on my smartest clothes to pay an evening visit
At the Marquesa What's-her-name ! Her name's no matter—
is it ?

Now this Marquesa What's-her-name a daughter fair she had, a
More lovely creature to my mind than any in Granada.
To her I gave the violets ; and, as you may suppose,
Because the violets were sweet, she put them to her nose !
She raised her hand up to her head of long, black, glossy hair,
And from its folds undid the rose which Andaluzas wear !
She held the two in either hand—she seemed in doubt to be—
She kept the violets herself, and gave the rose to me.
I stuck it in my button-hole, she twined them in her hair—
There was some room for sentiment, but I have none to spare.
Indeed, I could not help but think, upon my homeward way,
Were she aware of this affair, what would my — say ?

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.

XXXVII.

A PICNIC-VISION—IN SPAIN.

“Yes, truly, a picnic is a choice thought in this hungry land.”

HERE, in the grassy hollow, would be spread
The snowy cloth—dimpled with various viands.
Ah ! cleanly damask of our native land !
Ah ! pleasant memory of pigeon-pie,
Short-crust—savoury-jellied—flow'ry-yolked !
Ah ! fair white-bosomed fowl, with tawny tongue
Well married ! lobster-salad, crisp and cool,
With polished silver from clean crockery
Forked up—washed down with drinks that make me now
Thirsty to think of.

Yes, with ginger-pop
These crags should echo.

Ah ! rare golden gleam
Of sack in silver goblets gilt within !—
'Bright evanescent raptures of champagne—
Brisk bottled stout in pewters creamy-crowned !

And here should sit, 'neath gay-fringed parasols,
Fair creatures with blue eyes and golden curls
(Not drenched with scents as foreign ladies are),
Smelling of kid-gloves and Eau-de-Cologne.
Shiny black-belted youths in braided caps
And braided blue frock-coats, should wait on them,
Making substantial laughter and slight jests—
Heroes undress from the next garrison,
With much-macassared ringlets auburn-hued,
And corkscrew-twisted moustache of brighter red—
Arch conquerors of hearts in county towns.

And the repast now ended—Cornet Phibbs
Would bear the camp-stool to yon mossy mound—
Would spread the sketch-book, and the tumbler fill
(For Cornet Phibbs is quite the ladies' man) ;
While sweet Miss Flora Tubbs, with much ado,
Seating herself in graceful attitude,
And choosing paint-brushes and mixing paints,
Declares she always makes a wretched daub
When people stand and watch her as she draws,

But Cornet Phibbs replies—"It is too bad !
'Pon honour, 'tis too bad. Gweat artists like
To make a mystewy and monopoly
Hiding the secwets of their art. Now I
Thought I should get a winkle watching you.
You didn't know I dwew ? I learnt at school."

"Perhaps you only learnt to draw your sword?"

"Why, that I can, of course—and also corks—
And covers—haw ! haw ! haw ! But what I mean,
Fortification—haw !—in Indian ink,
That sort of thing—and though I draw it mild—
Yet that—haw ! haw !—that may be called my *forte*."

"Oh fie ! for shame ! where do you think you'll go
For making such a heap of foolish puns ?"

"Why, to the Punjaub, I should think—haw! haw!
That sort of job, you know, would suit me best."

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.

XXXVIII.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

WHICH of all moments of life brims over with glory supremest?
Sweet, Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman, to pass Double
First!

Sweet, in your maiden speech to astonish the Treasury benches,
While even Palmerston grunts, "'Gad! here's a chap that can
speak."

Sweet, amid lime-trees' blossom, astir with the whispers of
springtide,

Maiden speech to hear, eloquent murmur and sigh.

Ah, but the joy of the Thames when, Cam with Isis contending,
Up the Imperial stream flash the impetuous Eights!

Sweeping and strong is the stroke as they race from Putney to
Mortlake,

Shying the Crabtree bight, shooting through Hammersmith
Bridge;

Onward elastic they strain to the deep low moan of the rowlock;
Louder the cheer from the bank—swifter the flash of the oar!

Ay, and the winners that day, whether light blue win it or dark
blue,

Seldom hereafter in life glory supreamer shall know!

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.
MORTIMER COLLINS.

XXXIX.

FONS BURTONENSIS.

To thee, O fountain ! far more fair
Than that the great Venusian praised,
As clearer than the crystal rare,
My song of admiration's raised.
For never yet from Sabine mount
Did such a pleasant streamlet come,
As that which issues from the fount
Of Bass, within its Burton home.

The glory of a sunset sky
Is with me in its amber gleam,
And, as the glittering bubbles die,
Dissolved into the foamy cream
That crowns the goblet, all that life
Can give to charm me toiling here,
Amid this weary worldly strife,
Is with me, in that glass of beer.

I may have sung in other days
Gay stanzas, glorifying wine,
And even now I dare to praise
Dry sherry, when at six I dine.
I like my claret and my port—
And make the bottle nimbly pass,
Yet at the morningtide resort
Again with rapture to my Bass !

When boating—working at the oar,
As hard as galley-slave of old,
'Tis pleasant when I come on shore,
To drain the tankard's seething gold.
Or when at cricket comrades greet
A well-played innings with a cheer,
Their praise is pleasant, but more sweet
The tumbler that they fill with beer.

I've read the poets of our land,
Who sing of beauty and of love,
Who rave about a dimpled hand,
And write sweet sonnets to a glove.
But sweeter far than maiden's kiss,
And fairer far than Jouvin's best,
Is one red-labelled quart I wis,
With Bass's well-known mark imprest.

The yellow hand that Allsopp rears,
His cognisance on wood or glass,
I honour ; but more fair appears
The scarlet pyramid of Bass.
And never yet on blazon'd shield,
Borne proudly by some stalwart knight,
Was nobler emblem ta'en a field
To shine amid the thickest fight.

And years may come and years may go,
And fortune change as fortune will,
But may my Burton fountain flow,
In shade and sunshine clearly still.
And till life's night is closing grey,
My heart shall ever hold most dear
The liquor that I sing to-day,
My childhood's friend ! my Bass's beer !

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

XL.

TO A CHILD.

SWEET wight of mine, while dancing here,
With merrie gambols on my knee,
Thy father's heart hath many a fear,
To think of all will chance to thee ;

When thou art hosed, and, all too soon,
Have grown to camlet cloak, and shoon.

Gramercy, child ! thy kirtle seems
But scant for such a day as this ;
The red sun through the window gleams,
And thy small leg's a-cold, I wis.
Thy mother smiles—but 'tis too true,
Thy nose y-pinch'd is growing blue.

A day may come thou shalt be clad
In doublet of the cramoisie,
And eke thy heart shall be right glad,
With surcoat of embroidery.
I' fackins, boy ! a coat of vair
May shield thee from the nipping air !

Sweet maids, in wimples fair y-wrought,
Shall smile upon thee. Thou shalt say,
Oft, by thy Halidome, there's naught
So gracious and so fair as they.
But what thy Halidome may be—
I trow it's useless asking me.

And when the horn shall wind-a-mort,
Whatever wind-a-mort may mean,
Thy jerkin, fashionably short,
Shall be of richest Lincoln green ;
And on thy jennet fair to see,
Thou'rt caracoll, child, on the lea !

Beshrew me, boy ! thy father's eyes
May live to see thee Knight of Shire !
He's but a witol now who flies
At humble game ; do thou rise high'r.
By'r ladye, I can soothly say
Thy mother will be proud that day.

And, now, to bed. I will assay
The wine that cometh from Bordeaux,

The Taverner at close of day
Will trust thy father. Now, child, go !
Odds life ! But there's a fearsome score
Against me on yon traitor door.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

XLI.

LINES BY A LUNATIC M.D.

OH ! fair are the halls where stern *Peritonitis*
Makes love to Miss *Asthma*, and courts the *Catarrh*,
Where the bright *Influenza* is wooed by *Iritis*,
And *Psora* joins *Measles* in " Beautiful Star."

Oh ! bright gleam the eyes of that flirt *Erythema*,
And lightly *Pneumonia* whirls round in the dance,
Pleuritis is madly in love with *Ædema*,
And *Herpes* courts *Cholera* with amorous glance.

And old Mrs. *Scabies* told Mr. *Phlebitis*
She'd brought *Melanosis* at last to the point ;
You know he's six thousand a year ; (*Laryngitis*
Will find that his nose is a bit out of joint).

Long, long I shall dream of that pet *Scarlatina* ;
She gave me a rose from her rash at the ball,
On that thrice-happy night when Miss *Gutta Serena*
Kissed Captain *Psoriasis* out in the hall.

Adieu ! sweet *Chorea* ! Farewell ! *Carcinoma* !
Hysteria ! My heart with emotion doth swell
That heart, *Anasarca*, is thine ; *Atheroma*
And bonny *Neuralgia*, a lasting farewell !

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

XLII.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

EXQUISITE wines and comestibles,
From Slater, and Fortnum and Mason ;
Billiard, écarté, and chess tables ;
Water in vast marble basin ;
Luminous books (not voluminous)
To read under beech-trees cacuminous ;
One friend, who is fond of a distich,
And doesn't get too syllogistic ;
A valet, who knows the complete art
Of service—a maiden, his sweetheart :
Give me these, in some rural pavilion,
And I'll envy no Rothschild his million.

MORTIMER COLLINS

XLIII.

IF !

If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet,
Then who would care to borrow
A moral from to-morrow—
If Thames would always glitter,
And joy would ne'er retreat,
If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet.

If care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair,
When easy-going sinners
Sit down to Richmond dinners,

And life's swift stream flows straighter—
By Jove, it would be rare,
If care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced,
And bores were kicked out straightway
Through a convenient gateway ;
Then down the year's long gradient
'Twere sad to be enticed,
If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

XLIV.

SALAD.

O COOL in the summer is salad,
And warm in the winter is love ;
And a poet shall sing you a ballad
Delicious thereon and thereof.
A singer am I, if no sinner,
My muse has a marvellous wing,
And I willingly worship at dinner
The Sirens of Spring.

Take endive—like love it is bitter,
Take beet—for like love it is red :
Crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter,
And cress from the rivulet's bed :
Anchovies, foam-born, like the lady
Whose beauty has maddened this bard ;
And olives, from groves that are shady ;
And eggs—boil 'em hard.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

XLV.

SEWING MACHINE, ESQUIRE.

THAT'S the philosopher ! T'others we'll toss over
Into the still silent sapphire abyss ;
He is the man all our puzzles to cross over.
Wisdom is his.

Heaven, sky, and earth are fine pieces of scenery :
God is a being without any will :
Man is a mortal machine whose machinery
Outdoes him still.

Great theologians, talk not of Trinity ;
Heretics, plague us no more with your fibs :
One question only, which is the Divinity,
Willcox or Gibbs ?

Sewing Machine, Esquire, writes so deliciously,
Writes on such fine ungrammatical plan,
That we're disposed just to question, suspiciously,
—“ *Can he be man ?*”

What we suspect, in this wondrously wise cycle,
When such queer notions some people of nous trap,
Is that, his noble Papa was a Bicycle—
Mother a Mousetrap.

When the two lovers were welded in marriage,
They were desirous that no one should know, so
They, when their heir came, mankind to disparage,
Christened him SEW-SO.

XLVL

SKY-MAKING.

JUST take a trifling handful, O philosopher !
 Of magic matter : give it a slight toss over
 The ambient æther—and I don't see why
 You shouldn't make a sky.

O hours Utopian which we may anticipate !
 Thick London fog how easy 'tis to dissipate,
 And make the most pea-soupy day as clear
 As Bass's brightest beer !

Poet-professor ! Now my brain thou kindlest :
 I am become a most determined Tyndallist.
 If it is known a fellow can make skies,
 Why not make bright blue eyes ?

This to deny, the folly of a dunce it is :
 Surely a girl as easy as a sunset is.
 If you can make a halo or eclipse,
 Why not two laughing lips ?

The creed of Archimedes, erst of Sicily
 And of D'Israeli . . . *forti nil difficile* . . .
 Is likewise mine. Pygmalion was a fool
 Who should have gone to school.

Why should an author scribble rhymes or articles
 Bring me a dozen tiny Tyndall-particles :
 Therefrom I'll coin a dinner, Nash's wine,
 And a nice girl to dine.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

XLVII.

THE POSITIVISTS.

LIFE and the Universe show spontaneity :
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity !
Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists :
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Wise are their teachers beyond all comparison,
Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Mill, Morley, and Harrison ;
Who will adventure to enter the lists
With such a squadron of Positivists ?

Social arrangements are awful miscarriages ;
Cause of all crime is our system of marriages.
Poets with sonnets, and lovers with trysts
Kindle the ire of the Positivists.

Husbands and wives should be all one community,
Exquisite freedom with absolute unity.
Wedding-rings worse are than manacled wrists—
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an APE in the days that were earlier ;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
Then he was MAN, and a Positivist.

If you are pious (mild form of insanity),
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.
Other religions are buried in mists ;
We're our own Gods, say the Positivists.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

XLVIII.

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION.)

LADY, very fair are you,
 And your eyes are very blue,
 And your hose ;
 And your brow is like the snow,
 And the various things you know,
 Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,
 And your Algebra and Greek
 Perfect are ;
 And that loving lustrous eye
 Recognises in the sky
 Every star.

You have pouting piquant lips,
 You can doubtless an eclipse
 Calculate ;
 But for your cerulean hue,
 I had certainly from you
 Met my fate.

If by some arrangement dual
 I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
 Then some day
 I, as wooer, perhaps might come
 To so sweet an Artium
 Magistra.

MORTIMER COLLINS

XLIX.

CHLOE, M.A.

AD AMANTEM SUAM.

CARELESS rhymer, it is true,
 That my favourite colour's blue :

But am I
To be made a victim, sir,
If to puddings I prefer
Cambridge π ?

If with giddier girls I play
Croquet through the summer day
On the turf,
Then at night ('tis no great boon)
Let me study how the moon
Sways the surf.

Tennyson's idyllic verse
Surely suits me none the worse
If I seek
Old Sicilian birds and bees—
Music of sweet Sophocles—
Golden Greek.

You have said my eyes are blue ;
There may be a fairer hue,
Perhaps—and yet
It is surely not a sin
If I keep my secrets in
Violet.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

L.

WINTER IN BRIGHTON.

WILL there be snowfall on lofty Soracte
After a summer so tranquil and torrid ?
Whoso detests the east wind, as a fact he
Thinks 'twill be horrid.

But there are zephyrs more mild by the ocean,
Every keen touch of the snowdrifts to lighten :
If to be cosy and snug you've a notion,
Winter in Brighton !

Politics nobody cares about ; spurn a
Topic whereby all our happiness suffers.
Dolts in the back streets of Brighton return a
Couple of duffers.
Fawcett and White in the Westminster Hades
Strive the reporters' misfortunes to heighten.
What does it matter ? Delicious young ladies
Winter in Brighton !

Good is the turtle for luncheon at Mutton's,
Good is the hock that they give you at Bacon's,
Mainwaring's fruit in the bosom of gluttons
Yearning awakens.
Buckstone comes hither, delighting the million,
'Mong the theatrical minnows a Triton ;
Dickens and Lemon pervade the Pavilion :
Winter in Brighton !

If you've a thousand a year, or a minute,
If you're a D'Orsay, whom everyone follows,
If you've a head (it don't matter what's in it)
Fair as Apollo's ;
If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
Seascapes divine which the merry winds whiten,
Nice little saints and still nicer young sinners—
Winter in Brighton !

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MORTIMER COLLINS.

LI.

A BLENHEIM'S VALENTINE

WRITTEN FOR MRS. WHATELY'S "DANDY," 1871.

It was the season of the Saint
Of February, when Love's constraint

Pricks every amorous soul to paint
His torments to his mistress ;
And rendered tuneful by the time,
Or pondering on his perished prime,
Dandy broke out in doggerel rhyme,
And thus proclaimed his distress :

“ The Saint's return, my mistress dear,
Which brings to lovers' hearts good cheer,
Yet makes them older by a year ;
'Tis with a touch of sorrow,
Although good breeding keeps me gay,
I feel the force of what they say,
That every dog must have his day,
And every day its morrow.

“ Ah ! what a season was my youth !
How brisk my tail ! how sharp my tooth !
How clear my bark, which now, forsooth,
Too often turns to snarling !
Then I was valued, as you know,
A thousand pounds at every show,
The cynosure of Rotten Row,
The boudoir's petted darling.

“ Now Age is on me like a blight,
Harsh coughs convulse my sides at night
A hazy film o'erspreads my sight
'Tis strange how dull my nose is ;
My every tooth is almost gone,
I can but trifle with a bone ;
Of all my pleasures barely one
Is left me but my dozes.

“ The time, too, 's out of joint like me ;
Breeding is gone, and pedigree ;
Throughout the whole dog-world I see
The free replace the feudal !
King Charles must be content to live
Shorn of his old prerogative ;

And Blenheim's noble lineage give
Room to the shop-born poodle.

"Lowe has repealed the dog-tax ; Peace
Allows the mongrel to increase ;
In spite of muzzles and police
The world each day crows cur-rier ;
A gin-bred dwarf usurps the rug ;
Belinda pets a spurious pug ;
And Mabel stoops to kiss and hug
A bandy-legged bull-terrier.

With public pique, with private pains,
With age and winter in his veins,
What joy for Dandy's heart remains ?
Ah ! you, whom dogs entitle
The best of mistresses and friends,
Your favour makes me all amends ;
In pleasing you ill-humour ends,
And service finds requital.

"You love me ! and content with that,
The obsolete aristocrat
Sleeps unrepining on his mat ;
So gladly, though I task it,
To your old pensioner's decay
Your charity its alms shall pay,
Fine mincemeat and fresh milk by day,
By night a cushioned basket.

"These while I live will seem enough ;
But when my mortal life—this stuff
That dreams are made of—death shall snuff,
Bury me like a grandee ;
With good dog-Latin epitaph,
Half humorous, pathetic half,
That they who read may weep and laugh,
And say, 'Alas ! poor Dandy !'"

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE

LII.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

NIGHTINGALE.

MAN that is born of a woman,
Man, her unweb-footed drake,
Featherless, beakless, and human,
Is what he is by mistake.
For they say that a sleep fell on Nature
In midst of the making of things ;
And she left him a two-legged creature,
But wanting in wings.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo !
Peewee ! caw, caw ! cuckoo !
Tio ! tuwheet ! tuwhoo ! pipitopan !
Chilly, unfeathered, wingless, short-tethered,
Restless, bird-nestless, unfortunate man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Therefore, ye birds, in all ages,
Man, in his hopes of the sky,
Caught us, and clapped us in cages,
Seeking instruction to fly.
But neither can cloister nor college
Accord to the scholar this boon,
Nor centuries give him the knowledge
We get in a moon.

Kluk-uk-uk !
Moon-and-star-hoping, doomed to low groping,
Fretting, bird-netting, tyrannical man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Thoughts he sends to each planet,
Uranus, Venus, and Mars,
Soars to the centre to span it,
Numbers the infinite stars.

But he never will mount as the swallows,
 Who dashed round his steeples to pair,
 Or hawked the bright flies in the hollows
 Of delicate air.

Kluk-uk-uk !

Gross, astronomical, star-gazing, comical,
 Hazy, moon-crazy, fantastical man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Custom he does not cherish :
 Eld makes room for the young ;
 Kingdoms prosper and perish ;
 Tongue gives place unto tongue.
 But we lived by the laws that were shown us ;
 In England the song in my book
 Was the same as my sire at Colonus
 Had sung to the Greek.

Kluk-uk-uk !

Mushroom in dating, ancestor-hating,
 Smattering, much-chattering, competitive man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Gold he pursues like a shadow ;
 Then, as he grasps at his goal,
 Far, afar off, El Dorado
 Shines like a star on his soul.
 So his high expectation brings sorrow,
 And plenty increases his needs ;
 But the birds took no thought for the morrow,
 Secure of their seeds.

Kluk-uk-uk !

Man the great sailor, petty retailer,
 Wealthy, unhealthy, luxurious man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Therefore his heart, unforgiving,
 Grudged us the down on our coats,
 Envied the ease of our living,
 Hated the tune in our notes ;

And he snared us too careless and merry,
Or compassed our death with his gun,
As we wheeled round the currant and cherry,
And bathed in the sun.

Kluk-uk-uk !
Close-fisted warden, pest of the garden,
Hooting, thrush-shooting, malevolent man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Little, so low was his spirit,
Deemed he the bird had a soul ,
Thought that we went to inherit
Endless repose at the Pole :
For his soul has no powers of expansion,
And fears, if she not, to trust ;
So she makes of her money a mansion ;
She cleaves to the dust.

Kluk-uk-uk !
Golden-calf-maker, money-moon-raker,
Blinded, mole-minded, material man !

NIGHTINGALE.

Though not a sigh float hither,
Crossing the circle of snows,
Deem not below us fair weather
Gladdens mankind with repose.
Still the wages of earth he is winning,
Lamentation, and labour, and pain ;
As it was in the very beginning,
And so shall remain.

Kluk-uk-uk !
Monarch of reason, slave of each season,
Wizened, imprisoned, ex-Paradised man !

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

LIII.

MAN AND THE BIRDS.

WE wish to declare how the birds of the air
 All high Institutions designed,
 And holding in awe, art, science, and law,
 Delivered the same to mankind.

To begin with : of old Man went naked and cold
 Whenever it pelted or froze,
 Till we showed him how feathers were proof against weathers ;
 With that he bethought him of hose.

And next it was plain that he in the rain
 Was forced to sit dripping and blind,
 While the reed-warbler swung in a nest with her young,
 Deep-sheltered and warm from the wind.

So our homes in the boughs made him think of the house ;
 And the swallow, to help him invent,
 Revealed the best way to economise clay,
 And bricks to combine with cement.

The knowledge withal of the carpenter's awl
 Is drawn from the nuthatch's bill,
 And the sand-marten's pains in the hazel-clad lanes
 Instructed the mason to drill.

Is there one of the arts more dear to men's hearts,
 To the bird's inspiration they owe it ;
 For the nightingale first sweet music rehearsed,
 Prima donna, composer, and poet.

The owl's dark retreats showed sages the sweets
 Of brooding to spin or unravel
 Fine webs in one's brain, philosophical, vain—
 The swallows the pleasures of travel ;

Who chirped in such strain of Greece, Italy, Spain,
And Egypt, that men, when they heard,
Were mad to fly forth from their nests in the north.
And follow the tail of the bird.

Besides, it is true to our wisdom is due
The knowledge of sciences all,
And chiefly those rare Metaphysics of air
Men Meteorology call ;

For, indeed, it is said a kingfisher when dead
Has his science alive in him still ;
And, hung up, he will show how the wind means to blow,
And turn to the point with his bill.

And men in their words acknowledge the birds'
Erudition in weather and star ;
For they say, " 'Twill be dry—the swallow is high ;"
Or, " Rain—for the chough is afar."

'Twas the rook who taught men vast pamphlets to pen,
Upon Social Compact and Law,
And Parliaments hold, as themselves did of old,
Exclaiming, " Hear, hear !" for " Caw, caw !"

When they build, if one steal, so great is their zeal
For justice, that all, at a pinch,
Without legal test will demolish his nest,
And hence is the trial by Lynch.

And whence arose love ? Go ask of the dove,
Or behold how the titmouse, unresting,
Still early and late ever sings by his mate,
To lighten her labours of nesting.

Their bonds never gall, though the leaves shoot and fall,
And the seasons roll round in their course ;
For their Marriage each year grows more lovely and dear,
And they know not decrees of Divorce.

That these things are truth we have learned from our youth,
For our hearts to our customs incline,
As the rivers that roll from the fount of our soul,
Immortal, unchanging, divine.

Man, simple and old, in his ages of gold,
Derived from our teaching true light,
And deemed it his praise in his ancestors' ways
To govern his footsteps aright.

But the fountain of woes, Philosophy, rose,
And what betwixt Reason and Whim,
He has splintered our rules into sections and schools,
So the world is made bitter for him.

But the birds, since on earth they discovered the worth
Of their souls, and resolved, with a vow,
No custom to change for a new or a strange,
Have attained unto Paradise now.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE

LIV.

THE OBSOLETE.

O UNHATCHED Bird, so high preferred,
As porter of the Pole,
From beakless things, who have no wings,
Exact no heavy toll.
If this my song its theme should wrong,
The theme itself is sweet ;
Let others rhyme the unborn time,
I sing the Obsolete.

And first, I praise the nobler traits
Of birds preceding Noah,
The giant clan, whose meat was Man,
Dinornis, Apteryx, Moa.
These, by the hints we get from prints
Of feathers and of feet,
Excelled in wits the later tits,
And so are Obsolete.

I sing each race, whom we displace
In their primeval woods,
While Gospel Aid inspires Free Trade
To traffic with their goods,
With Norman Dukes the still Sioux
In breeding might compete ;
But where men talk the tomahawk
Will soon grow Obsolete.

I celebrate each perished State ;
Great cities ploughed to loam ;
Chaldæan kings ; the Bulls with wings ;
Dead Greece ; and dying Rome.
The Druids' shrine may shelter swine,
Or stack the farmer's peat ;
'Tis thus mean moths treat finest cloths,
Mean men the Obsolete.

Shall nought be said of theories dead ?
The Plotemaic system ?
Figure and phrase, that bent all ways
Duns Scotus liked to twist 'em ?
Averroes' thought ? and what was taught
In Salamanca's seat ?
Sihons and Ogs ? and showers of frogs ?
Sea-serpents Obsolete ?

Pillion and pack have left their track ;
Dead is the "Tally-ho."
Steam rails cut down each festive crown
Of the old world and slow.

Jack-in-the-Green no more is seen,
Nor Maypole in the street ;
No mummers play on Christmas-day ;
St. George is Obsolete.

O Fancy, why hast thou let die
So many a frolic fashion ?
Doublet and hose, and powdered beaux ?
Where are thy songs, whose passion
Turned thought to fire in knight and squire,
While hearts of ladies beat ?
Where thy sweet style, ours, ours erewhile ?
All this is Obsolete.

In Auvergne low potatoes grow
Upon volcanoes old ;
The moon, they say, had her young day,
Though now her heart is cold ;
Even so our earth, sorrow, and mirth,
Seasons of snow and heat,
Checked by her tides in silence glides
To become Obsolete.

The astrolabe of every babe
Reads in its fatal sky,
"Man's largest room is the low tomb—
Ye all are born to die."
Therefore, this theme, O Birds, I deem
The noblest we may treat ;
The final cause of Nature's laws
Is to grow Obsolete.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

LV.

A DIDACTIC ODE.

OURS is a wise and earnest age, an age of thought and science,
Sir ;

To error, ignorance, and bliss we fairly bid defiance, Sir.

"Professors" everywhere abound, both in and out of colleges,
And all agog to cram our nobbs with "isms" and with "ologies."

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

Philosophy, as you're aware, material and mental,
At one extreme is "Positive," at t'other "Transcendental,"
And each of us who in these days would speculate "en règle,"
Sir,

If he can't run the rig with Comte, must take the tip from Hegel,
Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

The fundamental problem which, debated now for ages,
Is still attacked and still unsolved by all our modern sages,
Is, if an effort I may make a simple form to throw it in,
Just what we know, and why we know, and what's the way we
know it in.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

We can't assume, so Comte affirms, a first or final cause, Sir ;
Phenomena are all we know, their order and their laws, Sir ;
While Hegel's modest formula a single line to sum in,
Is "nothing is and nothing's not, but everything's becomin'."

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

"Development" is all the go, of course, with Herbert Spencer,
Who cares a little more than Comte about the "why" and
"whence," Sir.

Appearances, he seems to think, do not exhaust totality,
But indicate that underneath there's some "Unknown Reality."

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

And Darwin, too, who leads the throng "in vulgum voces
spargere,"

Maintains Humanity is nought except a big menagerie,
The progeny of tailless apes, sharp-eared but puggy-nosed, Sir.
Who nightly climbed their "family trees," and on the top re-
posed, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

There's Carlyle, on the other hand, whose first and last concern
it is

To preach up the "immensities" and muse on the "eternities ;"
But if one credits what one hears, the gist of all his brag is, Sir,
That "Erbwurst," rightly understood, is transcendental "Hag-
gis," Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

To Matthew Arnold we must go, to put us in the right, Sir,
About his elevating scheme of "sweetness" and of "light," Sir,
Which some folk say will one fine day achieve a marked
ascendency,

Though "Providence" it waters down into "a stream of
tendency."

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

The annals of our native land were lapsed in doubt and mystery,
Till Mr. Freeman t'other day discovered English History,
And now admonishes the world it is his fixed intention
To make it a monopoly and patent the invention.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

Among our thinkers unattached is FitzJames Stephen, Q.C.,
Whose pet aversions are the Pope, Comte, Mill, and Dr. Pusey;
An essay once he wrote, to show how well he could contrive, Sir,
To prove that somewhere two and two might somehow equal
five, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

Imaginative sparks, you know, electric currents kindle,
On Alpine heights or at Belfast, within the brain of Tyndall;
His late address, some people hold, is flowery, vague, and
vapoury,
And represents the "classic nude" when stripped of all its
"Draper"-y.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

Professor Huxley has essayed to bridge across the chasm, Sir,
'Twixt matter dead and matter quick by means of "protoplasm,"
Sir,

And to his doctrine now subjoins the further "grand attraction"
That "consciousness" in man and brute is simply "reflex action."

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

Then Stanley Jevons argufies, in terms stout and emphatical,
The proper mode to treat all things is purely mathematical;

Since we as individual men, communities, and nations, Sir,
Are clearly angles, lines, and squares, cubes, circles, and
equations, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

George Henry Lewes, I'm informed, had "gone off quite
hysterical"

About that feeble, foolish thing, the "theory metempirical ;"
And only found relief, 'tis said, from nervous throes and spasms,
Sir,

By banging straight at Huxley's head a brace of brand-new
"plasms," Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

Such are the philosophic views I've ventured now to versify,
And, if I may invent the phrase, in some degree to "tersify."
Among them all, I'm bold to say, fair room for choice you'll
find, Sir,

And if you don't, why then you won't, and I for one shan't
mind, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

F. D.

LVL

A SECRETARY'S SECRETARY'S LAMENT.

FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

ALAS ! we are out of our places,
It is but too true, lackaday !
Oh ! imagine our woe-begone faces,
As we are all packing away.

On Monday our colours we struck—struck,
Resigning the next afternoon ;
And all at the word of a Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

I am told the last Cabinet Council
Was something too painful to see,
And although you're aware he don't bounce ill,
You really would feel for poor G.
He is awfully down on his luck—luck,
And if some his judgment impugn,
He is better at least than a Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

There Goschen was rending his garments,
Here Cardwell was tearing his hair,
And who shall discover the torments
That agonised poor Aberdare ?
The Chancellor showed better pluck—pluck,
Though he, too, was ready to swoon,
For he thought how he'd shunted the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

Old Halifax, pining with Forster,
Their visages full of distress,
Proved how the sharp pangs of remorse stir
The muscles of men in a mess ;
Poor G., who "his bottle" would suck—suck,
Confessed he was in a balloon,
When he tipped such a chance to the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

Then Granville and Bright in a corner
Sat sorrowful, sulky, and glum,
While Kimberley even forlorn
Stood moodily biting his thumb ;
But Lowe, as malicious as Puck—Puck,
Flounced like a cantankerous loon,
And scoffed at both G. and the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

There was Hartington drying his eyes too,
There was Fortescue making his moan ;
There was Stansfeld in vacant surprise too,
Who did nothing but grumble and groan.
Argyll looked as if he'd been struck—struck
By fatuous beams from the moon ;
So scared did he seem by the Buck—Buck
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

Poor G. midst the weeping and wailing,
Attempted their feelings to calm,
And promote a return to plain sailing,
By leading the tone to a psalm.
But the words in his throttle they stuck—stuck
And besides he'd forgotten the tune,
Put out, as it were, by the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

The Council then broke up in sorrow,
In anger, contrition, and tears,
All bitterly feeling the morrow
From power would exclude them for years.
• Oh ! if to the "old House" they'd stuck—stuck,
And proffered the Income-Tax "boon,"
They thought they'd have diddled the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

But now I must finish my letter,
My pitiful story I've told,
I trust that we all shall be better
For a time of it "out in the cold."
How we have been running a-muck—muck,
We see by this inopportune,
Unexpected success of the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

You know that I am not a novice
In many affairs of the world ;
I've long felt that some day from office
We should be ignominiously hurled.

Poor G. overloaded his truck—truck,
For nobody cared a doubloon,
And thus he's been thrashed by the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire Buffoon.

F. D.

LVII.

A NEW SONG.

*APPOINTED TO BE SUNG AT ALL CONSERVATIVE FESTIVALS
DURING THE PRESENT YEAR.*

NOVEMBER 19, 1874.

GOODY Gladstone one day, since he heard people say
That his party was led by commission,
Was determined to prove by some dexterous move
That such was not at all its condition :
 He was still its presiding magician,
 Its prophet, its guide, and tactician ;
The heart and the soul, and the head of the whole,
Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" Now," quoth Goody, " although Forster, Goschen, and Lowe
I've had many years under tuition,
Yet between you and me, there's not one of the three
Who can ever assume my position.
 For Forster's a man with a mission,
 And Goschen's a crude statistician ;
And the temper of Lowe is as sweet as a sloe,
Say her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" We have had quite enough of the gifted Grant Duff,
With his sapience and pseudo-prevision ;
And all Hartington's claim to political fame,
Is his use as a wealthy patrician.
 For the Whigs like a man of condition,
 And discard every hostile suspicion

When he winks at the "fads" of the Radical cads
Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"There are Harcourt and James, who imagine the Thames
They can place in a state of ignition ;
But in this they both make an egregious mistake,
As I venture to urge with submission.

For Harcourt's a mere rhetorician,
And James sadly lacks erudition.
They're too feeble of hand e'er to grasp the command
Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" 'Flying Childers,' of course, is an obsolete horse
Whose achievements are things of tradition ;
While Stansfeld of late has been given to prate
In a manner suggesting vomition ;

And though Playfair's a worthy practitioner
Of the art of collegiate monition,
He could scarcely succeed in assuming the lead
Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"At the time I retired, I confess I required
The repose I had long set my wish on,
And I did not regret when I happened to get
From the Tories my hasty dismissal ;

Yet I hoped to receive some petition
Once again to review my decision
To relinquish the strife of political life
With her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"But Forster and Lowe, Harcourt, Goschen and Co
Were so full of vain schemes of ambition,
That they did not display an approach to dismay
At the thought of my coming elision.

They expressed neither grief nor contrition,
But indulged each his separate vision
Of the laurels he'd win, playing first violin
In her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"Thus perceiving their tack, I resolved to come back
To my post with all due expedition ;
And while still on the wing, as a popular thing,
To defend the Endowed Schools Commission—
 Always known from its smooth disposition
 As dear Lyttelton's anti-attribution—
But that wouldn't go down with the country or town,
Or her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"I then gave a hand to the Ritualist band,
And six motions announced my decision ;
But my motions were burked, and I myself shirked
The rough test of a formal division ;
 Still, Van Espen sustained my position
 Both as Doctor of Laws and logician,
And proved I was right, though not in the sight
Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"As I never had aired the great speech I'd prepared,
In the pangs of prolonged parturition,
I gave Strahan a hint to produce it in print,
And it reached a ten-thousandth edition ;
 Still it failed as a State composition,
 And excited a strong exhibition
Of a different kind to what I designed
From her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"Now Disraeli has shown, as I cheerfully own,
That he is an astute politician ;
And he made, I admit, a strategical hit
With his flourish against 'superstition,'
 With his 'antipapistic' position,
 With his 'Protestant' patriot's mission ;
And so I just took a leaf out of his book
For her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"The branches were three of that 'poisonous tree'
I consigned long ago to perdition ;
Two fell easy enough, but the third was so tough
That I could not effect its excision

Without Pio Nono's permission ;
 And amid universal derision
 I was left in the lurch by the Head of the Church,
 With her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" Since then I've found out, and I now have no doubt,
 That all Popery's simple sedition,
 For the Pontiff is free if he likes to decree
 Our heretical Queen's deposition,
 And foster intestine prodigion,
 And her lieges absolve from submission,
 And compass her fall, as he did for us all
 Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" Now every one knows that this consequence flows
 As of course from the last imposition
 Of the Jesuit crew who overboard threw
 My late scheme for impartial admission
 (Secured by the priests' supervision)
 To the seats of humane erudition,
 In that fortunate isle, the sheet anchor awhile
 Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" As we've nothing to hope from the Priests or the Pope,
 Dr. Cumming of Scotland's position
 That Rome is ' the Beast ' is deserving at least
 Of attentive and earnest revision,
 And suspension of final decision
 On the Apocalyptical vision,
 Which perchance may relate in some sense to the fate
 Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

" Be this as it may, I will venture to say
 'Twould have been an egregious omission
 Had we failed to appeal to true Protestant zeal,
 As I have in my new disquisition,
 Where I prove that the Pope's competition
 Resembles the mode of vendition
 Of those eminent firms who publish their terms
 For her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

"Thus the Tories must feel that a spoke in their wheel
I have stuck with the nicest precision,
And the People will own, if not standing alone
In the 'Protestant Patriot's' mission,
Still, on grounds of enlightened partition,
I may claim for the larger division
Of what little applause they assign to that cause
For her Majesty's scratch Opposition."

Goody Gladstone, incensed, in terms thus condensed,
Repelled the absurd proposition
That the party he rules, though of various schools,
Could ever be led by commission.

For he's its presiding magician,
Its prophet, its guide, and tactician ;
The heart and the soul, and the head of the whole
Of her Majesty's scratch Opposition.

F. D.

LVIII.

OUTWARD BOUND.

COME, Laura, patience. Time and spring
Your absent Arthur back shall bring,
Enriched with many an Indian thing,
Once more to woo you ;
Him, neither wind nor wave can check
Who, cramped beneath the "Simla's" deck,
Still constant, though with stiffened neck,
Makes verses to you.

Would it were wind and wave alone !
The terrors of the torrid zone,
The indiscriminate cyclone,
A man might parry ;

But only faith, or "triple brass,"
Can help the "outward-bound" to pass
Safe through that eastward-faring class
Who sail to marry.

For him fond mothers, stout and fair,
Ascend the tortuous cabin stair
Only to hold around his chair

Insidious sessions ;

For him the eyes of daughters droop
Across the plate of handed soup,
Suggesting seats upon the poop,
And soft confessions.

Nor are these all his pains, nor most,
Romancing captains cease to boast—
Loud majors leave their whist—to roast

The youthful griffin ;

All, all with pleased persistence show
His fate,—“remote, unfriended, slow,”—
His “melancholy” bungalow,—
His lonely tiffin.

In vain. Let doubts assail the weak ;
Unmoved and calm as “Adam’s Peak,”
Your “blameless Arthur” hears them speak

Of woes that wait him ;

Nought can subdue his soul secure ;
“Arthur will come again,” be sure,
Though matron shrewd and maid mature
Conspire to mate him.

But Laura, on your side, forbear
To greet with too impressed an air
A certain youth with chestnut hair,—

A youth unstable ;

Albeit none more skilled can guide
The frail canoe on Thamís tide,
Or, trimmer-footed, lighter glide
Through “Guards” or “Mabel.”

Be warned in time. Without a trace
Of acquiescence on your face,
Hear, in the waltz's breathing-space,
His airy patter ;
Avoid the confidential nook ;
If, when you sing, you find his look
Grow tender, close your music-book,
And end the matter.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LIX.

TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, Sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, Sir,
If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would at least pretend I recollected,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best,—the mildest "honey dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, Sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review ;"—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue ;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you !

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once ! And by express, Sir !
Where shall it be? To China—or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, Sir,
If I were you !

FRANK.

No—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you !

[Waltz—*Exeunt.*]

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LX.

AN AUTUMN IDYLL.

LAWRENCE. FRANK. JACK.

LAWRENCE.

HERE, where the beech-nuts drop among the grasses,
Push the boat in, and throw the rope ashore.
Jack, hand me out the claret and the glasses ;
Here let us sit. We landed here before.

FRANK.

Jack's undecided. Say, *formose puer*,
Bent in a dream above the "water wan,"
Shall we row higher, for the reeds are fewer,
There by the pollards, where you see the swan ?

JACK.

Hist ! That's a pike. Look—nose against the river
Gaunt as a wolf,—the sly old privateer !
Enter a gudgeon. Snap—a gulp, a shiver ;—
Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.

FRANK (*in the grass*).

Jove, what a day ! Black Care upon the crupper
Nods at his post, and slumbers in the sun ;
Half of Theocritus, with a touch of Tupper,
Churns in my head. The frenzy has begun !

LAWRENCE.

Sing to us, then. Damœtas in a choker,
Much out of tune, will edify the rooks.

FRANK.

Sing you again. So musical a croaker
Surely will draw the fish upon the hooks.

JACK.

Sing while you may. The beard of manhood still is
Faint upon your cheeks, but I, alas ! am old.
Doubtless you yet believe in Amaryllis ;—
Sing me of Her, whose name may not be told.

FRANK.

Listen, O Thames ! His budding beard is ripe,
Say—by a week. Well, Lawrence, shall we sing ?

LAWRENCE.

Yes, if you will. But ere I play the piper,
Let him declare the prize he has to bring.

JACK.

Hear, then, my Shepherds. Lo, to him accounted
First in the song, a Pipe I will impart ;
This, my Belovèd, marvellously mounted,
Amber and foam—a miracle of art.

LAWRENCE.

Lordly the gift. O Muse of many numbers,
Grant me a soft alliterative song !

FRANK.

Me, too, O Muse! And when the umpire slumbers,
Sting him with gnats a summer evening long.

LAWRENCE.

Not in a cot, begarlanded of spiders,
Not where the brook traditionally purls ;
No—in the Row, supreme among the riders,
Seek I the gem, the paragon of girls.

FRANK.

Not in the waste of column and of coping,
Not in the sham and stucco of a square ;
No—on a June-lawn, to the water sloping,
Stands she I honour, beautifully fair.

LAWRENCE.

Dark-haired is mine, with splendid tresses plaited
Back from the brows, imperially curled ;
Calm as a grand, far-looking Caryatid,
Holding the roof that covers in a world.

FRANK.

Dark-haired is mine, with breezy ripples swinging
Loose as a vine-branch blowing in the morn ;
Eyes like the morning, mouth for ever singing,
Blithe as a bird, new risen from the corn.

LAWRENCE.

Best is the ~~song~~ with music interwoven :
Mine's a musician—musical at heart—
Throbs to the gathered grieving of Beethoven,
Sways to the light coquetting of Mozart.

FRANK.

Best? You should hear mine trilling out a ballad,
Queen at a pic-nic, leader of the glees ;
Not too divine to toss you up a salad,
Great in Sir Roger danced among the trees.

LAWRENCE.

Ah, when the thick night flares with dropping torches,
 Ah, when the crush-room empties of the swarm,
 Pleasant the hand that, in the gusty porches,
 Light as a snow-flake, settles on your arm.

FRANK.

Better the twilight and the cheery-chatting,
 Better the dim, forgotten garden seat,
 Where one may lie, and watch the fingers tattling,
 Lounging with Bran and Bevis at her feet.

LAWRENCE.

All worship mine. Her purity doth hedge her
 Round with so delicate divinity, that men,
 Stained to the soul with money-bag and ledger,
 Bend to the goddess, manifest again.

FRANK.

None worship mine. But some, I fancy, love her—
 Cynics to boot. I know the children run,
 Seeing her come, for naught that I discover,
 Save that she brings the summer and the sun.

LAWRENCE.

Mine is a Lady, beautiful and queenly,
 Crowned with a sweet, continual control,
 Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
 E'en to her own nobility of soul.

FRANK.

Mine is a Woman, kindly beyond measure,
 Fearless in praising, faltering in blame ;
 Simply devoted to other people's pleasure—
 Jack's sister Florence—now you know her name.

LAWRENCE.

"Jack's sister Florence!" Never, Francis, never.
Jack, do you hear? Why, it was she I meant.
She like the country! Ah, she's far too clever——

FRANK.

There you are wrong. I know her down in Kent.

LAWRENCE.

You'll get a sunstroke, standing with your head bare.
Sorry to differ. Jack, the word's with you.

FRANK.

How is it, Umpire? Though the motto's threadbare,
"*Cælum, non animum*"—is, I take it, true.

JACK.

"*Souvent femme varie*," as a rule, is truer;
Flattered, I'm sure—but both of you romance.
Happy to further suit of either wooer,
Merely observing—you haven't got a chance.

LAWRENCE.

Yes, but the Pipe——

FRANK.

The Pipe is what we care for——

JACK.

Well, in this case, I scarcely need explain,
Judgment of mine were indiscreet, and, therefore,
Peace to you both. The Pipe I shall retain.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LXI.

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

I'D "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming ;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek ?" "I am—and you ?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer !"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do ;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read "My Plato (Plato, too,—
That wisdom thus should harden !)
Declares "blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden."

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style :
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted !"

She smiled once more—"My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concoctors."

Then I—"Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
DIANA'S apparition.'"

She blushed—this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce the doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he, too, is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
When Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential—
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LXII.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

If this should fail, why then I scarcely know
What could succeed. Here's brilliancy (and banter),
Byron *ad lib.*; a chapter of Rousseau;—

If this should fail, then *tempora mutantur*;
Style's out of date, and love, as a profession,
Acquires no aid from beauty of expression.

"The men who think as I, I fear, are few"
(Cynics would say 'twere well if they were fewer);
"I am not what I seem" (indeed, 'tis true,
Though as a sentiment it might be newer);

"Mine is a soul whose deeper feelings lie
More deep than words"—(as these exemplify).

"I will not say when first your beauty's sun
Illumed my life"—(it needs imagination);
"For me to see you and to love were one"—
(This will account for some precipitation);
"Let it suffice that worship more devoted
Ne'er throbbed," *et cætera*. The rest is quoted.

"If Love can look with all-prophetic eye"
(Ah, if he could, how many would be single!)
"If truly spirit unto spirit cry,"
(The ears of some most terribly must tingle!)
"Then I have dreamed you will not turn your face."
This next, I think, is more than commonplace.

"Why should we speak, if Love, interpreting,
Forestall the speech with favour found before?
Why should we plead?—it were an idle thing
'If Love himself be Love's ambassador."
Blot, as I live! Shall we erase it? No;
'Twill show we write *currente calamo*.

"My fate, my fortune, I commit to you"
(In point of fact, the latter's not extensive);
"Without you I am poor indeed"—(strike through,
'Tis true but crude; 'twould make her apprehensive);
"My life is yours—I lay it at your feet"
(Having no choice but Hymen or the Fleet).

"Give me the right to stand within the shrine
Where never yet my faltering feet intruded;
Give me the right to call you wholly mine"—
(That is, Consols and Three-per-Cents. included);
"To guard your rest from every care that cankers,
To keep your life"—(and balance at your banker's).

"Compel me not to long for your reply;
Suspense makes havoc with the mind" (and muscles);

"Winged Hope takes flight" (which means that I must fly,
Default of funds, to Paris or to Brussels);
"I cannot wait! My own, my queen—Priscilla!
Write by return." And *now* for a Manila!

"Miss Blank," at "Blank." Jemima, let it go;
And I meanwhile will idle with "Sir Walter."
Stay, let me keep the first rough copy, though;
'Twill serve again—there's but the name to alter;
And Love that needs must knock at every portal,
In formâ pauperis. We are but mortal!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LXIII.

A LEGACY:

AH, Postumus, we all must go;
This keen North-Easter nips my shoulder;
My strength begins to fail; I know
You find me older;

I've made my Will. Dear faithful friend—
My muse's friend and not my purse's!
Who still would hear and still commend
My tedious verses,

How will you live—of these deprived?
I've learned your candid soul. The venal,—
The sordid friend had scarce survived
A test so penal;

But you—Nay, nay, 'tis so. The rest
Are not as you: you hide your merit;
You, more than all, deserve the best
True friends inherit;—

Not gold—that hearts like yours despise ;
Not “spacious dirt” (your own expression),
No ; but the rarer, dearer prize—
The Life’s Confession !

You catch my thought ? What ? Can’t you guess !
You, you alone, admired my cantos ;—
I’ve left you, P., my whole MS.,
In three portmanteaus !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LXIV.

LOVE IN WINTER.

BETWEEN the berried holly-bush
The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush :
“ Which way did bright-eyed Bella go ?
Look, Speckle-breast, across the snow,—
Are those her dainty tracks I see,
That wind beside the shrubbery ? ”

The Throstle pecked the berries still.
“ No need for looking, Yellow-bill ;
Young Frank was there an hour ago,
Half-frozen, waiting in the snow ;
His callow beard was white with rime,—
Tchuck,—’tis a merry pairing-time ! ”

“ What would you ? ” twittered in the Wren ;
“ These are the reckless ways of men.
I watched them bill and coo as though
They thought the sign of Spring was snow ;
If men but timed their loves as we.
’Twould save this inconsistency.”

"Nay, Gossip," chirped the Robin, "nay;
I like their unreflective way.
Besides, I heard enough to show
Their love is proof against the snow :—
'Why wait,' he said, 'why wait for May,
When love can warm a winter's day?'"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LXV.

THE PATH BY THE WOOD.

As, hard by yon rustic stile,
Colin mused on love and tillage,
Pretty Phillis, with a smile,
Asked a short cut to the village :
 " Well, you should
 Take the wood—
That's the nearer way, and dearer :
As you may
Go astray,
I myself will show the way !"

Though the pair set out at noon,
Certainly it is surprising
That the scandalised young moon
Saw them there upon her rising.
People say
Of one's way,
" If one choose it, one can lose it."
But I find
Tongues inclined
On such trips to be unkind !

Now each amorous lad and lass
Never fail to take this sly way,
Saying it doth far surpass
Humdrum road and level highway !

Count no mile,
Rather smile,
Wink at reason in love's season ;
In life's May,
One can stray ;
By-and-bye you'll find the way !

H. B. FARNIE.

LXVI.

FIDELITY.

THERE is a little river path
Beneath the sunlit beeches,
And weeping willows trail their boughs
Within its watery reaches ;
Where birds may drink and men may think—
For both a wholesome diet ;
The brook's faint swirl will calm the whirl
Of brains unused to quiet.

So let us try, my dog and I,
This little rustic journey ;
He is a calm old setter ; I,
A half-employed attorney ;
He shams to smell a water-rat,
And dashes at a bramble,
Then barks—the echoes illustrate
The quiet of our ramble.

Ah, could my heart bound up like his !
Could I forget each trouble—
The broken troth that made my life
Seem but an empty bubble !
Could I bring back my youth once more,
My joy in all things human ;
My loving trust in all mankind—
Especially in woman !

But, now, I trust the world no more—
 Alas ! because I know it ;
 No friend like Ponto brings my stick
 When in the stream I throw it ;
 For man is false, and woman too—
 Especially Miss Spooner,
 The jilt ! I trust her sex again ?
 I'd trust a dog much sooner.

J. HAIN FRISWELL

LXVII

IN CHURCH.

PUSEY-CURATE slow intoning
 (Early English church and spire),
 Over sins and errors groaning
 (With a fashionable choir).
 Flock, whilst wond'ring at the manner
 Of thus putting up its prayers,
 Spells each label, scroll, or banner
 From its continental chairs.
 Little shoes the children shuffle,
 Hardly knowing what to do ;
 And, to calm my spirit's ruffle,
 Straight I turn, and look at *You*.

Yes, we're *miserable* sinners
 (Sweet response in A to G),
 First we wonder 'bout our dinners,
 Then skip back to piety.
 'Neath a gaudy new glass painting
 In memoriam of a wife,
 Scarlet king and purple saint in
 Brilliant colours large as life—

There you sit, the nimbus glowing
Paints your cheek a warmer hue ;
Curate stops—the organ's going—
I must turn to look at you.

Well, I know it's wrong ; we're mortal,
And divided wills have we ;
When I pass'd the Gothic portal,
Few more solemn, sure, could be.
But we go to church with prayerful
Thoughts most piously devout,
And a piquant little chairful
Sends them to the right-about.
Wiser were our stiff-backed grandsires,
Guarded in funeréal pew,
E'en on tiptoe or on hassock
They had fail'd to look at you.

There—I've missed the Absolution,
Reading in the Marriage Service ;
Budding Love's quick revolution
Turn'd my thoughts all topsy-turvies :
Collect, Litany, Epistle,
Heaven forgive me, scarce I heard ;
Softly as the down of thistle
Fell the blessings word by word,
Till my lips took up those blessings
Strong as tender, tried as true,
And I prayed (my sins confessing)
That each one might light on you.

Bless the kindly rev'rend preacher,
Though his sermon made me wince ;
Even bless that female teacher,
Looking sour as summer quince.
Bless the poor in all their trouble,
Bless the young, and bless the old,
Bless the single (make them double),
And to warm hearts turn the cold.

Salvos fac all sects, all churches,
In true love may they be one ;
Bless those boys on gall'ry perches—
Bless me ! why, the sermon's done !

J. HAIN FRISWELL.

LXVIII.

TO PHOEBE.

"GENTLE, modest, little flower,
Sweet epitome of May,
Love me but for half-an-hour,
Love me, love me, little fay."
Sentences so fiercely flaming
In your tiny shell-like ear,
I should always be exclaiming,
If I loved you, Phoebe, dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
Shed upon me while I sing !
Please ecstaticise existence ;
Love me, oh, thou fairy thing !"
Words like these, out-pouring sadly,
You'd perpetually hear,
If I loved you, fondly, madly ;—
But I do not, Phoebe, dear !

W. S. GILBERT.

LXIX.

TO A LITTLE MAID.

BY A POLICEMAN.

COME with me, little maid !
 Nay, shrink not, thus afraid—
 I'll harm thee not !
 Fly not, my love, from me—
 I have a home for thee—
 A fairy grot
 Where mortal eye
 Can rarely pry,—
 There shall thy dwelling be !

List to me, while I tell
 The pleasures of that cell,
 Oh, little maid !
 What though its couch be rude,
 Homely the only food
 Within its shade ?
 No thought of care
 Can enter there,
 No vulgar swain intrude !

Come with me, little maid,
 Come to the rocky shade
 I love to sing ;
 Live with us, maiden rare—
 Come, for we "want" thee there,
 Thou elfin thing,
 To work thy spell
 In some cool cell
 Of stately Pentonville.

W. S. GILBERT.

LXX.

TO MY BRIDE.

(WHOEVER SHE MAY BE.)

OH ! little maid !—(I do not know your name
Or who you are ; so, as a safe precaution,
I'll add)—Oh, buxom widow ! married dame !
(As one of these must be your present portion).
Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,
And sing the fate that fortune has in store for you.

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain—
A bachelor of *circa* two-and-thirty,
Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,—
And, when you're intimate, you'll call him " Bertie."
Neat—dresses well ; his temper has been classified
As hasty, but he's very quickly pacified.

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,
After a touch at two or three professions ;
From easy affluence extremely far—
A brief or two on Circuit—" soup " at Sessions ;
A pound or two from whist, or backing horses,
And, say three hundred from his own resources.

Quiet in harness ; free from serious vice,
His faults are not particularly shady ;
You'll never find him "*shy*," for once or twice
Already, he's been driven by a lady,
Who parts with him—perhaps a poor excuse for him—
Because she hasn't any further use for him.

Oh ! bride of mine !—tall, dumpy, dark, or fair,
Oh ! widow, wife, maybe, or blushing maiden !
I've told *your* fortune : solved the gravest care
With which *your* mind has hitherto been laden.
I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it ;
Now tell me mine, and please be quick about it !

You—only you—can tell me, an' you will,
 To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated.
 Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill?
 If so, I want to hear her income stated;
 This is a point which interests me greatly;
 To quote the bard, "Oh, have you seen her lately?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one
 Is comfortably stowed away at Woking?
 How is her hair most usually done?
 And, tell me, please, will she object to smoking?
 The colour of her eyes, too, you may mention;
 Come, Sybil, prophecy—I'm all attention.

W. S. GILBERT.

LXXI.

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA;

OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN.

PART I.

AT a pleasant evening party I had taken down to supper
 One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of love and Tupper:

Mr. Tupper and the Poets, very lightly with them dealing,
 For I've always been distinguished for a strong poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which contained a motto,
 And she listened while I read them, till her mother told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we had better, dear, be
 walking;
 If we stop down here much longer really people will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military cousins,
 There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by
 dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed them with a blessing ;
Then she let down all her back hair which had taken long in
dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agitated throttle,
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her pretty smelling-
bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear Elvira, say what can the matter be
with you ?
Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy, disagree with you ?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and more distressing,
And she tore her pretty back-hair, which had taken long in
dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling then above me,
And she whispered, "Ferdinando, do you really, *really* love
me ?"

"Love you ?" said I, then I sighed, and then gazed I upon her
sweetly,
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly neatly.

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell or my Glaisher !

"Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear one, that I may
know
Is it up the highest Andes ? down a terrible volcano ?"

But she said, "It isn't polar bears, or hot volcanic grottoes ;
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes."

PART II.

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or Mister
Tupper,
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper ?"

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that honour ;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon her.

“Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg you to inform us ;”
But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anigh to me,
And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me :—

“A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit.”
Which, of course, was very clever ; but I did not understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered, Patagonia, China, Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastry-cook his doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils and myrtle,
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock-turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth and he was rosy,
And his little wife was pretty, and particularly cozy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and laughed with laughter hearty—
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a party.

And I said, “O gentle pieman, why so very, very merry ?
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven sherry ?”

But he answered, “I’m the happiest young person of my era,—
If I am not humming ‘Tra! la! la!’ I’m singing ‘Tira! lira!’”

“First I go and make the patties, and the puddings, and the jellies ;
Then I make a sugar birdcage, which upon a table swell is ;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table lacquers ;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find inside the
crackers—"

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle pieman, you
astound me!"

Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a crowd around
him—

And I rushed away exclaiming, "I have found him! I have
found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind me trilling,
"'Tira! lira!' stop him! stop him! 'Tra! la! la!' the soup's
a shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never, never waited,
And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably mated!

W. S. GILBERT.

LXXII.

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

A VERY TRUE TALE.

AN elderly person, a prophet by trade—

With his quips and his tips

On withered old lips—

He married a young and a beautiful maid :

The cunning old blade,

Though rather decayed,

He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,
 With her tempting smiles
 And maidenly wiles,
And he was a trifle off seventy-three :
 Now what she could see
 Is a puzzle to me,
In a prophet of seventy—seventy-three !

Of all their relations, good, middling, and bad,
 With their loud high jinks,
 And underbred winks,
None thought they'd a family have, but they had ;
 A strange little lad,
 Who drove 'em half mad,
For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

For, when he was born, he astonished all by,
 With their " Law, dear me !"
 " Did ever you see ?"
He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his eye ;
 A hat all awry,
 An octagon tie,
And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.

He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,
 With his " Oh, dear, oh !"
 And his " Hang it, you know !"
And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap—
 " My friends, it's a tap
 That is not worth a rap."
(Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd say,
 With his " Fal, lal, lal "
 " You doosed fine gal !"
This shocking precocity drove 'em away :
 " A month from to-day
 Is as long as I'll stay—
Then I'd wish, if you please, for to wish you good day."

His father, a simple old gentleman, he
With nursery rhyme
And "Once on a time"
Would tell him the story of "Little Bo P."
"So pretty was she,
So pretty and wee,
As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,
With his "C'ck! oh, my!
Go along wiz 'oo, fie!"
Would exclaim, "I'm afraid 'oo a socking old fox."
Now a father it shocks,
And it whitens his locks,
When his little babe calls him a shocking old fox.

The name of his father he'd couple and pair
(With his ill-bred laugh
And insolent chaff)
With those of the nursery heroines rare;
Virginia the fair,
Or Good Golden-hair,
Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could bear.

"There's Jill and White Cat" (said the bold little brat),
With his loud "Ha, ha!"
"'Oo sly ickle pa!
Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack Sprat'
I've noticed 'oo pat
My pretty White Cat—
I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!"

He early determined to marry and wive,
For better or worse,
With his elderly nurse—
Which the poor little boy didn't live to contrive:
His health didn't thrive—
No longer alive,
He died an enfeebled old dotard at five!

MORAL.

Now, elderly men of the bachelor crew,
 With wrinkled hose
 And spectacled nose,
 Don't marry at all—you may take it as true,
 If ever you do,
 The step you will rue,
 For your babes will be elderly—elderly, too.

W. S. GILBERT.

LXXIII.

ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

MACPHAIRSON Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan
 Was the son of an elderly labouring man.
 You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,
 And perhaps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the hilly Deeside,
 Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,
 There wasn't a child, or a woman, or man
 Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan.

No other could make such detestable groans,
 With reed and with chaunter, with bag and with drones :
 All day and all night he delighted the chiefs
 With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
 And the neighbouring maidens would gather around
 To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,—
 Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

All loved their M'Clan, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot ;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way ;
Tho' his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense ;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt,—
Stick a skean in his hose, wear an acre of stripes ;
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay ;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

" Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad ;
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness, play something resembling an air !"

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson M'Clan—
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose to a man ;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween,—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

" Let's show," said M'Clan, " to this Sassenach loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let's see," said M'Clan, as he thoughtfully sat,
" ' In my Cottage ' is easy—I'll practise at that."

He blew at his " Cottage," and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
(You'll hardly believe it) M'Clan, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze ;
It wandered about into several keys ;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I declare ;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced :
He shrieked in his agony, bellowed and pranced ;
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

“Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around,
And fill a' ye lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
An air frae the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan !

The fame of his piping spread over the land ;
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green,—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgetty Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer ; he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh, loud were the wailings for Angus M'Clan !
Oh, deep was the grief for that excellent man !
The maids stood aghast at that terrible scene,—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay
To find them “take on” in this serious way ;
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words :—

“Oh, maidens,” said Pattison, touching his hat,
“Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that ;
Observe, I'm a very superior man,—
A much better fellow than Angus M'Clan.”

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
That a pleasanter gentleman never was seen,—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

W. S. GILBERT.

LXXIV.

SING FOR THE GARISH EYE.

SING for the garish eye,
When moonless brandlings cling !
Let the froddering crooner cry,
And the braddled sapster sing.
For never, and never again,
Will the tottering beechlings play,
For bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
And the throngers croon in May !

The wracking globe unstrung,
Unstrung in the frittering light
Of a moon that knows no day,
Of a day that knows no night !
Diving away in the crowd
Of sparkling frets in spray,
The bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
And the throngers croon in May !

Hasten, O hapful blue,
Blue, of the shimmering brow,
Hasten the deed to do
That shall roddle the welkin now !
For never again shall a cloud
Out-thribble the babbling day,
When bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
And the throngers croon in May !

W. S. GILBERT.

LXXV.

THE CACTUS.

IN a corner spot
Of our glass-house hot,
A cactus grows in an earthen pot :
'Tis prickly and queer,
With a blade like a spear,
And ugly and old,
And cover'd with mould ;—
Still John the gardener shows its blade,
With a wink and a nod
At its shape so odd,
As if 'twere a joke in the way of his trade,
By himself and old dame Nature made.

'Neath the slanting roof
Are a warp and a woof
Of the leaves of the vine, 'gainst the sunbeams proof ;
And spread on the wall
Is a myrtle tall ;
But the stranger knows
Where the cactus grows ;—
For John the gardener shows its blade,
With a wink and a nod
At its shape so odd,
As if 'twere a joke in the way of his trade,
By himself and old dame Nature made.

Of many a hue,
Pink, purple, and blue,
Are the flowers on benches above the flue,
Range above range
All bright and strange ;
But the strangest I ween
Is the cactus green ;—

And John the gardener shows its blade,
With a wink and a nod
At its shape so odd,
As if 'twere a joke in the way of his trade,
By himself and old dame Nature made.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

LXXVI.

'Twas Ever Thus.

I NEVER rear'd a young gazelle
(Because, you see, I never tried);
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged uncle JOHN
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle !

I never loved a tree or flower ;
But, if I *had*, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
Would soon have wither'd it away.
I've dearly loved my uncle JOHN
From childhood to the present hour,
And yet he *will* go living on—
I would he were a tree or flower !

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LXXVII.

ONLY SEVEN.

A PASTORAL STORY AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MARVELL'D why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild,
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I ask'd her why she cried ;
The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
" I've got a pain inside !

" I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven ;"
Said I, " What is it makes you bad ?
How many apples have you had ?"
She answer'd, " Only Seven !"

" And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid ?" quoth I ;
" Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie !"

" If that's the case," I stammer'd out,
" Of course you've had eleven ;"
The maiden answer'd, with a pout,
" I ain't had more nor seven !"

I wonder'd hugely what she meant,
And said, " I'm bad at riddles ;
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

" Now, if you won't reform," said I,
" You'll never go to heaven."
But all in vain ; each time I try,
That little idiot makes reply,
" I ain't had more nor seven !"

POSTSCRIPT,

To borrow WORDSWORTH'S name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied ;
And so I'd better call my song,
" Lines after ACHE-INSIDE."

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LXXVIII.

CHÂTEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

*A REMINISCENCE OF "DAVID GARRICK" AND "THE CASTLE
OF ANDALUSIA."*

ONCE upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord Dundreary,
With his quaint and curious humours set the town in such a roar,
With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently tapping—
For the man in charge was napping—at the money-taker's door.
It was Mr. Buckstone's playhouse, where I lingered at the door ;
Paid half-price and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about September—
Though it might have been in August, or it might have been
before—

Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow ;
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor,
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor ;
(I have been so once before).

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before ;
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking
With their glasses on the table, I had witness'd o'er and o'er,
Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was o'er ;
Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand the thing no longer ;

"Miss," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore. Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly have the goodness

To inform me if the drama is from Gaul's enlightened shore?" For I know that plays are often brought us from the Gallic shore ;

Adaptations—nothing more.

So I put the question lowly : and my neighbour answer'd slowly.
"It's a British drama wholly, written quite in days of yore.
'Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue is poor!"
(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue *was* poor :
Very flat, and nothing more.)

But at last a lady enter'd, and my interest grew center'd,
In her figure, and her features, and the costume that she wore.
And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music ; so I mutter'd

To my neighbour, "Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore.
Who's that rare and radiant maiden? Tell, oh, tell me ! I implore."

Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore !"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—
"Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more ;
Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appear'd so sorrow-laden

In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door?"
(With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study door).

Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore."

• • • • •

I've her photograph from Lacy's ; that delicious little face is
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door,)

And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls
From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second-floor,
(For I have not got the gas-light on my gloomy second-floor).
Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LXXIX.

EVENING.

YE birds, beneath your little wings,
Go hide your little heads ;
For, oh ! the pleasantest of things
On earth are feather-beds.
Go, seek your pens, my little sheep,
(And slumber while ye may) ;
My own will rob me of my sleep
Until the purple day.

Shine on, above the chimney-pots,
O placid Evening Star ;
While gazing at you *à la* WATTS,
"I wonder what you are."
You rose on Eden, happy place !
And still your wants relieve
The woes and wants of ADAM'S race,
Delightful Star of EVE.

The nightingales are all about—
Their song is everywhere—
Their notes are lovely (though they're out
So often in the air) ;
The zephyr, dancing through the tops
Of ash and poplar, weaves
Low melodies, and scarcely stops
To murmur, "By your leaves!"

Night steeps the passions of the day
In quiet, peace, and love ;
Pale Dian, in her tranquil way,
Kicks up a shine above.
Oh, I could bless the hour that brings
All deep and dear delight,
Unless I had a lot of things
To polish off to-night.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LXXX.

CLARENS.

LAKE LEMAN woos me with its crystal face—
(That observation is the late Lord Byron's),
And Chillon seems a damp, unpleasant place—
(Where Bonnivard, poor soul, got clapt in irons).
Beside me Vevey lies, romantic town—
(I wish the weather were not quite so damp),
And not far distant, Alpine summits frown—
(Ah, just what I expected. That's the cramp !).

Before the blast are driven the flying clouds—
(And I should like to blow a cloud as well) ;
The vapours wrap the mountain-tops in shrouds—
(I left my mild cheroots at the hotel).
Dotting the glassy surface of the stream—
(Oh, here's a cigarette—my mind's at ease),
The boats move silently as in a dream—
(Confound it ! where on earth are my fusees ?).

Methinks in such a Paradise as this—
(Thank goodness, there's a clodhopper in sight),
To live were ecstasy, to die were bliss—
(Could you oblige me, Monsieur, with a light ?).

I could live pure beneath so pure a sky—
 (The rain's completely spoilt my Sunday coat),
 And sink into the tomb without a sigh—
 (There's the bell ringing for the *table d'hôte*).

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LXXXI.

MAUD.

NAY, I cannot come into the garden just now,
 Tho' it vexes me much to refuse :
 But I *must* have the next set of waltzes, I vow,
 With Lieutenant de Boots of the Blues.

I am sure you'll be heartily pleas'd when you hear
 That our ball has been quite a success.
 As for *me*,—I've been looking a monster, my dear,
 In that old-fashion'd guy of a dress.

You had better at once hurry home, dear, to bed ;
 It is getting so dreadfully late.
 You may catch the bronchitis or cold in the head
 If you linger so long at our gate.

Don't be obstinate, Alf ; come, take my advice—
 For I know you're in want of repose :
 Take a basin of gruel (you'll find it *so* nice),
 And remember to tallow your nose.

No, I tell you I can't and I shan't get away,
 For De Boots has implor'd me to sing.
 As to *you*—if you like it, of course you can stay,
 You were always an obstinate thing.

If you feel it a pleasure to talk to the flow'rs
About "babble and revel and wine,"
When you might have been snoring for two or three hours,
Why, it's not the least business of mine.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LXXXII.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOONLIGHT.

TRUDGING across the purple sky,
The Man in the Moon looked down
Over the gaslights, and chimney-pots,
And steeples of London Town ;
The clocks were striking the midnight hour
As he peeped into a lady's bower ;
And he there saw a sight
Which made him exclaim,
"I could linger all night
To gaze on that same."
It was really rude of him to stare
At Caroline, combing her golden hair.
Enraptured with what he saw,
He sighed, "I wish I could draw——
But, stay ! I'll go to
A man who can photo."
He blew his silver whistle, and straight
Twelve little Stars from the Milky Way
Came with a curtsey, and said, "We wait,
Your Highness, to do whatever you say."
He whispered his wishes, and, forthwith, laden
With the sweet burden of that fair maiden,
They carried Caroline through the air,
Over street, and terrace, and square,
Till they arrived at Chancery Lane ;
And there, without breaking a single pane,
The crystal roof gave way at a touch.

And Caroline much
Surprised at her sudden ærial excursion,
Accomplished without the least exertion,
Found herself sitting,
After her flitting,
In Mr. Charles Watkins's patient's chair !
Then the Man in the Moon called a Comet, and said :
"Go, fetch the photographer out of his bed !"
Off flew the Comet at lightning pace,
Woke Watkins by whisking his tail in his face,
And said : "Charlie W.
Sorry to trouble you,
But you're wanted upstairs for an urgent case."
Watkins grumbles, and yawns, and wakes,
Then dresses himself in a brace of shakes.
Now for this wonderful operation !
In a state of excessive agitation
The Man in the Moon did his best to shine,
For he loved the fair sitter, Miss Caroline.
But though she sat like a statue, and her face wore a
charming expression
Though Watkins tried all he knew
To focus her sharp and true
The pieces of sensitive glass never yielded the slightest
impression.
Hour after hour passed,
And nothing was done, till at last
Red streaks in the eastern sky,
Proclaimed that day was nigh.
Then in the Shooter's Hill direction
Uprose an Orb with a ruddy complexion—
'Twas Apollo himself—the Lord of Light—
And he cried : "Some exceedingly impudent wight
Is daring to poach on my domain--
Mr. Moon, don't attempt these tricks again,
Remember, you only shine by reflection !"
Then he laughed such a laugh of utter derision,
That Caroline woke—it was only a vision !

LXXXIII.

THE OLD ALBUM.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED LADY.

My album ! It is sad to think
That thirty years have come and vanished,
Since Willie wrote in Indian ink
On its first page a name now banished.

My maiden name—for Will and I
Soon after joined our hands together,
And in each other's company,
Have since faced every sort of weather.

I've hunted out this poor old book
To please a child's pictorial fancies :
"Come, Alice, let us have a look"—
She is not mine, but daughter Nancy's ;

And while you haste from page to page,
With eager eye and restless finger,
I'll rather choose, as suits my age,
Round some old memories to linger.

Here are the lines that Willie wrote,
When he proposed and I accepted ;
Here's Mr. Jones's farewell note
In verse—half humorous, half dejected.

A valentine—when Will was winning
His suit—all laced, and flowered, and darted ;
Jones's sarcastic lines, beginning,
"Fanny is fair, but flinty-hearted."

Ah me ! as in my glass I scan
This wrinkling brow, these silvering tresses,
I scarcely can believe poor Fan
Once caused such passionate addresses.

Here is our church in coloured chalk,
A wreath of seaweed brought from Dover ;
Poor Poll—how well she used to talk !
Sketched, cage and all, by my first lover.

Pet pieces out of sundry bards—
Byron and Moore were then the fashion—
Stanzas on perforated cards,
Expressive of the tender passion.

These last are full of “eyes” and “sighs,”
No lover’s prattle could be sweeter ;
The penmanship deserves a prize,
’Tis often better than the metre.

“Here is a pretty lady, gran,
But oh, what funny sleeves !” cries Alice.
“That was my poor dear sister Anne,
Taken when leaving school at Calais.”

Alice next lays her finger on
A handsome boy in sailor jacket ;
I’ve not the heart to tell her John
Was drowned in the West India Packet.

Nor need I say that brother Tom,
Whose scarlet coat sets Alice staring,
Died by the bursting of a bomb,
In some forgotten deed of daring.

My first-born ! thus I saw thee lie
In death—shall Alice think thee sleeping ?
Or shall I tell her babes can die ?—
Sweet Willie, I am almost weeping,

Though nearly thirty years have flown—
See, on his breast a bunch of lilies ;
This lock of hair was Willie’s own,
Such golden, silken hair was Willie’s.

"Oh, grandmamma, just then there fell
 Upon the page two drops of water ;
 Where could they come from ?" Shall I tell ?
 " We'll shut the book, my daughter's daughter."

ARTHUR LOCKER.

LXXXIV.

SAINT MONDAY.

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

"SINCE week after week we have toiled in the City,
 Next Monday at ten, if the morning is fair,
 Let us meet at the Waterloo Station, dear Kitty,
 And worship Saint Monday in fresh country air."

Monday's sky was a picture—I counted upon it
 In the ocean of blue a few islands of white ;
 King Sun, I am sure, thought of Kitty's new bonnet,
 And warned all the rain-clouds to keep out of sight.

I dressed in my best, and went down to the Garden—
 That famed Convent Garden, where nuns long ago,
 Lest their feelings, for lack of real lovers, should harden,
 Made roses, and pansies, and lilies, their beaux.

The nuns have departed, but flowers still abound there,
 And fruits of all climates, the choicest and best :
 A basket of strawberries for Kitty I found there ;
 I pulled a blush-rose to be pinned at her breast.

How sweetly she smiled as I entered the station !
 How softly she chid me because I was late !
 I glanced round the platform with some exultation,
 For I saw not a girl to compare to my Kate.

We did not make love in the train, for our carriage
Was full, and my Kitty is shy of display ;
So we sat like a pair after ten years of marriage,
Inhaling the breath of the newly-mown hay.

Arrived at the Palace, we looked at the pictures
Of warriors who frown, and of ladies who charm.
How patiently Kate heard my critical strictures !
How happy I felt as she leant on my arm !

We praised the Court beauties of Lely and Kneller ;
"But yon carved oaken frame, which hangs low on the wall,
Contains, dearest Kate, so I ventured to tell her,
"By far the most beautiful portrait of all."

"'Tis only a mirror," she answered. "No, really,
Dear Kitty, a picture has come into view—
Such a pretty young lady! Can she be by Lely?
My darling, I vow 'tis exactly like you!"

Kate coloured, then laughed, then began to chastise me
With her parasol-tip, as if I was to blame :
I glanced round, and as no one was near to surprise me,
I kissed her in front of that old oaken frame.

Our sight-seeing done, we were tempted to linger
Beneath an old yew, on the smooth-shaven lawn :
Kate dealt out our fruit, till each dear little finger
Was rosily tipped, like Aurora's at dawn.

Then I read in our guide-book of Wolsey and Harry,
Of Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr,
And, methought, had bluff Hal had the rare luck to marry
My Kitty, he couldn't have ventured so far.

We finished our day with a row on the water,
I pressed Kate to steer, and in each little hand
Put a tiller-rope—then, as I carefully taught her,
She timidly gave me the word of command.

Then I grew sentimental, and said, "If this river,
Instead of the Thames, were the dark stream of Fate,
Contented I'd row on for ever and ever
With just such a dear little coxswain as Kate."

We were loth to return, but the sun was descending,
And Kitty's mamma would be wanting her tea ;
"Pleasures never seem sweeter than just as they're ending."
The same thought occurred both to Kitty and me.

And how kind was the guard, who contrived to discover—
I think the good soul had a love of his own—
That I stood towards Kate in the light of a lover,
And gave us a box, by ourselves, all alone.

Of all folks that evening he did us the best turn—
Perhaps he was Cupid, in charge of the train—
If so, for our next trip we'll choose the South Western,
And worship Saint Monday at Hampton again.

ARTHUR LOCKER.

LXXXV.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

I RECOLLECT a nurse call'd Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up, and kiss'd the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection !
Thinks I, "*Aha !*
When I can talk I'll tell Mamma"
—And that's my earliest recollection.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

LXXXVI.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

PAPA was deep in weekly bills,
Mamma was doing Fanny's frills—
Her gentle face full
Of woe ; said she, " I do declare
He can't go back in such a PAIR,
They're quite disgraceful !"

The butcher's book, that fearful diary,
Had made my father's temper fiery,
And bubble over :
So quite in spite he flung it down,
And spilt the ink, and spoilt his own
New table-cover

Of scarlet cloth ! Papa cried " Pish !"
(Which did not mean he did not wish
He'd been more heedful) :
" And yet what luck ! This cloth will *dip*,
And make a famous PAIR—get Snip
To do the needful."

'Twas thus that I went back to school
In garb no boy could ridicule,
And soon becoming
A jolly child, I plunged in debt
For tarts, and promised fair to get
The prize for summing.

But oh ! my schoolmates soon began
Again to mock my outward man,
And make me hate 'em !
Long sitting will broadcloth abrade,
The dye wore off, and so display'd
The red substratum !

To both my parents then I flew—
Mamma shed tears, papa cried "Pooh,
Come, stop this racket!"
He'd still some cloth, so Snip was bid
To stitch me on two tails; he did—
And spoilt my jacket!

And then the boys, despite my wails,
Would sily come and lift my tails,
And smack me soundly.
O, weak Mamima! O, wrathful Dad!
Although your doings drove me mad,
Ye loved me fondly.

Good friends, your Little Ones (who feel
These bitter woes, which only heal
As wisdom mellows)
Need sympathy in deed and word;
So never let them look absurd
Beside their fellows.

My wife respects the THINGS I've doff'd,
And guards them carefully, and oft
She'd take and—air them!
The little puss adores this PAIR,
And yet she doesn't seem to care
That I should wear them.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

LXXXVII.

ON AN OLD MUFF.

TIME has a magic wand!
What is it meets my hand,
Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
Cover'd with fluff?

Faded, and stiff, and scant ;
Can it be ? no, it can't—
Yes, I declare, it's Aunt
Prudence's Muff !

Years ago, twenty-three,
Old Uncle Doubleddee
Gave it to Auntie P.
Laughing and teasing—
" Pru., of the breezy curls,
Whisper those solemn churls,
What holds a pretty girl's
Hand without squeezing ?"

Uncle was then a lad
Gay, but, I grieve to add,
Sinful ; if smoking bad
Baccy's a vice ;
Glossy was then this mink
Muff, lined with pretty pink
Satin, which maidens think
" Awfully nice ! "

I seem to see again
Aunt in her hood and train,
Glide, with a sweet disdain,
Gravely to Meeting ;
Psalm-book, and kerchief new,
Peep'd from the Muff of Pru. ;
Young men, and pious too,
Giving her greeting.

Sweetly her Sabbath sped
Then ; from this Muff it's said,
Tracts she distributed :—
Converts (till Monday !)
Lured by the grace they lack'd,
Follow'd her. One, in fact,
Ask'd for—and got his tract
Twice of a Sunday !

Love is a potent spell ;
Soon this bold *Néer-do-well*.
Aunt's too susceptible
Heart undermining,
Slipt, so the scandal runs,
Notes in the pretty nun's
Muff, triple-corner'd ones,
Pink as its lining.

Worse follow'd, soon the jade
Fled (to oblige her blade !)
Whilst her friends thought that they'd
Lock'd her up tightly ;
After such shocking games
Aunt is of wedded dames
Gayest, and now her name's
Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct flaw
Sadder I never saw,
Faith still I've in the law
Of compensation.
Once Uncle went astray,
Smoked, joked, and swore away ;
Sworn by he's now by a
Large congregation.

Changed is the Child of Sin,
Now he's (he once was thin)
Grave, with a double chin,—
Blest be his fat form !
Changed is the garb he wore,
Preacher was never more
Prized than is Uncle for
Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
Mortals of slender wits,
Then beg this Muff and its
Fair Owner pardon :

*All's for the best, indeed
Such is my simple creed ;
Still I must go and weed
Hard in my garden.*

FREDERICK LOCKER.

LXXXVIII.

EPISODE IN THE STORY OF A MUFF.

SHE'S jealous ! Am I sorry ? No !
I like to see my Mabel so,
Carina mia !
Poor puss ! That now and then she draws
Conclusions, not without a cause,
Is my idea.

We love, and I'm prepared to prove
That jealousy is kin to love
In constant women.
My jealous Pussy cut up rough
The day before I bought her muff
With sable trimming.

These tearful darlings think to quell us
By being so divinely jealous ;
But I know better.
Hillo ! Who's that ? A damsel ! Come,
I'll follow : no, I can't, for some
One else has met her.

What fun ! He looks " a lad of grace."
She holds her muff to hide her face ;
They kiss—the Sly Puss !
Hillo ! Her muff,—it's trimmed with sable !.....
It's like the muff I gave to Mabel !.....
Good-l-o-r-d ! SHE'S MY PUSS !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

LXXXIX.

GERALDINE GREEN.

MY LIFE IS A —

AT Worthing, an exile from Geraldine G—,
How aimless, how wretched an exile is he !
Promenades are not even prunella and leather
To lovers, if lovers can't foot them together.

He flies the parade ;—by ocean he stards ;
He traces a "Geraldine G." on the sards ;
Only "G. !" though her loved patronymic is "Greer,"—
"I will not betray thee, my own Geraldine."

The fortunes of men have a time and a tide,
And Fate, the old fury, will not be denied ;
That name was, of course, soon wiped out by the sea ;
She jilted the exile, did Geraldine G.

They meet, but they never have spoken since that ;
He hopes she is happy,—he knows she is fat ;
She, woo'd on the shore, now is wed in the Strand,—
And *I*—it was I wrote her name on the sand.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

XC.

MRS. SMITH.

LAST year I trod these fields with Di,
Fields fresh with clover and with rye ;
They now seem arid !
Then Di was fair and single ; how
Unfair it seems on me, for new
Di's fair—and married !

A blissful swain—I scorn'd the song
Which says that though young Love is strong,
The Fates are stronger ;
Breezes then blew a boon to men,
The buttercups were bright, and then
This grass was longer.

That day I saw and much esteem'd
Di's ankles, which the clover seem'd
Inclined to smother ;
It twitch'd, and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbon of her shoes, first one,
And then the other.

I'm told that virgins augur some
Misfortune if their shoe-strings come
To grief on Friday ;
And so did Di, and then her pride
Decreed that shoe-strings so untied
Are "so untidy !"

Of course I knelt ; with fingers deft
I tied the right and then the left ;
Says Di, "The stubble
Is very stupid !—as I live,
I'm quite ashamed !—I'm shock'd to give
You so much trouble !"

For answer I was fain to sink
To what we all would say and think
Were Beauty present :
"Don't mention such a simple act—
A trouble? not the least ! In fact
It's rather pleasant !"

I trust that Love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover.
She's happy now as *Mrs. Smith*—
And less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover !

Heigh-ho ! Although no moral clings
 To Di's blue eyes, and sandal strings,
 We've had our quarrels !—
 I think that Smith is thought an ass ;
 I know that when they walk in grass
 She wears *balmorals*.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

XCI.

SUSAN.

A KIND PROVIDENCE.

HE dropt a tear on Susan's bier,
 He seem'd a most despairing swain ;
 But bluer sky brought newer tie,
 And—would he wish her back again ?

The moments fly, and when we die,
 Will Philly Thistle-top complain ?
 She'll cry and sigh, and—dry her eye,
 And let herself be woo'd again.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

XCII.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE ORANGE.

IT ripen'd by the river banks,
 Where, mask and moonlight aiding,
 Dons Blas and Juan play their pranks,
 Dark Donnas serenading.

By Moorish damsel it was pluck'd,
Beneath the golden day there ;
By swain 'twas then in London suck'd—
Who flung the peel away there.

He could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
And—wish them at the devil !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

XCIII.

AN OLD BUFFER.

" A KNOCK-ME-DOWN sermon, and worthy of Birch,"
Says I to my wife as we toddle from church ;
" Convincing indeed ! " is the lady's remark ;
" How logical, too, on the size of the Ark ! "
Then Blossom cut in, without begging our pardons,
" Pa, was it as big as the ' Logical Gardens ? "

" Miss Blossom," says I, to my dearest of dearies,
" Papa disapproves of nonsensical queries ;
The Ark was an Ark, and had people to build it,
Enough that we read Noah built it and fill'd it ;
Mamma does not ask how he caught his opossums."
—Said she, " That remark is as foolish as Blossom's ! "

Thus talking and walking, the time is beguiled
By my orthodox wife and my sceptical child ;
I act as their *buffer*, whenever I can,
And you see I'm of use as a family man.
I parry their blows, and I've plenty to do—
I think that the child's are the worst of the two !

My wife has a healthy aversion for sceptics,
 She vows they are bad—they are only dyspeptics !
 May Blossom prove neither the one nor the other,
 But do as she's bid by her excellent mother.—
 She thinks I'm a Solon ; perhaps, if I huff her,
 She'll think I'm a something that's denser and tougher !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

XCIV.

THE BEAR PIT.

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WE liked the bear's serio-comical face,
 As he loll'd with a lazy, a lumbering grace ;
 Said Slyboots to me (just as if she had none),
 "Papa, let's give Bruin a bit of your bun."

Says I, "A plum bun might please wistful old Bruin,
 He can't eat the stone that the cruel boy threw in ;
 Stick yours on the point of mamma's parasol,
 And then he will climb to the top of the pole.

"Some bears have got two legs, and some have got more,
 Be good to old bears if they've no legs or four ;
 Of duty to age you should never be careless,—
 My dear, I am bald, and I soon may be hairless !

"The greatest aversion exists among bears
 For rude forward persons who give themselves airs,—
 We know how some graceless young people were maul'd
 For plaguing a Prophet, and calling him bald.

"Strange ursine devotion ! Their dancing days ended,
 Bears die to 'remove' what, in life, they defended :

They succour'd the Prophet, and since that affair,
The bald have a painful regard for the bear."

MY MORAL—Small People may read it, and run.
The child has my moral,—the bear has my bun !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

xcv.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"AH, had but Nature granted wings to me,
How I would soar and hover in sweet air,
Soon from this stagnant element set free,
Free from this dull despair !"

Thus at the bottom of his native pond,
Where o'er him wander'd thro' the weedy drench
The shadows of bright birds above, beyond,
Gurgled a tiny Tench.

"Fool !" lisped an old fat Carp, with belly cool,
Couch'd in calm mud, "Of what dost thou complain ?
Fins hast thou. Swim. Enjoy this pleasant pool ;
Wishes are ways to pain."

"Nay," sighed the Tench, "doth the Almighty Whale
Plague us with wishes, only to deny 'em ?
Oh but for wings !" "Stuff worms, and stop thy wail,"
The Carp said. "*Carpe diem !*"

"Deadly for such as thou and such as I
The air above. Thou could'st not breathe in it."
"Yet," said the Tench, "methinks I have seen fly,
Or if not fly, still flit

"Almost like flying, fishes such as we,
Or such as we with added gift of flight ;
Fishes, methinks, of genius they must be,
That love and live i' the light !"

"Ay," carped the Carp, and slapp'd with surly tail
The sullen ooze, disturbing dormant stench,
"Fools such as thou be they, as fond, as frail,
Wingless and wishful Tench !

"And such as theirs will be the end some day
Of thy star-gazing, if vouchsafed thy wish,
For fishes out of water, what are they ?
Neither flesh, fowl, nor fish !

"They from their natural element ascend,
Drawn by a hook ; at that hook's end a string ;
At that string's end a rod ; at that rod's end
Death. And the quivering

"Thou takest for the thrill of inspiration
Is but the agony of idiots hook'd,
The victims of their own imagination,
Fisht-for, and caught--then cook'd.

"Keep thou the bottom of the pond. Even that
With cause for caution (curse the pike !) is rife.
Fatten thyself, not others ; to grow fat
Is the fit end of life."

Sage was the counsel of the Carp. And yet
Himself soon after (for the time was Lent)
Being too lazy to escape the net,
Was in it caught, and went

To fatten the plump Prior. The same dish
Held the small Tench. And him the Sacristan
Cramm'd his lean crop with. Sage or simple, fish
Come to the frying-pan.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

XCVI.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE LITTLE.

Two cousins (they were but of distant degree,
But blood's thicker than water, and each was a Flea)
Met each other by chance. Bid not history tell
(For the goings of Fleas are inscrutable)
Whereabouts it was in their nightly walk
The dark kinsmen, meeting, fell into a talk,
In the usual over-emphatic style,
Of friends who, when after a long, long while
They meet unawares, in that unwilled meeting
Evince, by a nervously-cordial greeting,
Keener care for each other's affairs
Than they honestly feel. For if one of them wears
A threadbare coat, though as warm, perhaps,
As the weather in June be the breast it wraps,
At the sight of it something shuts somewhere
In the heart, like a door in a draught of air.
Now one of these two was a fine fat Flea :
To the other, a lean one, "Coz," quoth he,
In a tone of compassionate semi-suspicion,
"You seem to be terribly out of condition."
"Alas !" said the lean one, "friend, in me,
The ruin'd, though innocent victim you see
Of one fatal error beyond recall.
My means of life I invested all
In the skin of an Ape. It was juicy and fat.
I married in haste on the strength of that,
Had a numerous family, daughters, sons,
Nor was ever Flea father of fairer ones.
Now wife and little ones, all are lost !
Ah ! had I but counted the care and cost,
Or had I but dream'd of the danger and toil
When I settled first on that fertile soil !
I confess my fault. I was taken in.
Who could guess that an Ape has so ticklish a skin !

The brute was prurient, and idle, too,
With nothing better all day to do
Than scratch, scratch, scratch ; you conceive the despair
Of a Flea whose whole livelihood hangs by a hair.
But enough of the miseries *I* have gone through,
My illustrious friend, how much better with *you*
Has the world, since we parted, been wagging?" "So, so,"
Complacently nodded the other. "I know
Nothing much, on the whole, I can grumble about,
Save a plaguy sharp twinge now and then of the gout.
'Tis the fruit of good fare and the life that I lead,
Which is pleasant enough." "So it *must* be, indeed!"
The lean Flea said with a hungry sigh.
"But where are you living?" "Luxuriously,
With my friend the Lion." "The Lion? alack!"
The starveling stammer'd as he skipp'd back ;
"Have, then, his terrible claws and teeth
Their use foregone? How! dwelling beneath
Those dread conditions, hast thou possest
A single moment of ease or rest?"
Scornfully smiled the superior Flea,
"What are his claws or his teeth to me?
Leonine talons may tear wild bulls ;
They cannot fidget a Flea. Fear dulls,
O foolish cousin, thy feeble wit.
Apes scratch themselves at each itching fit,
And in public pick out their private fleas,
Not resenting disgust if they get but ease.
Thine own insignificance prudently trust.
A Lion bears nobly what nobleness must.
Of a friend's experience this maxim learn,
And I'll warrant you, cousin, 'twill serve your turn :
*From a world of foes would'st thou live exempt ?
Then shelter thyself in the world's contempt ;
'Tis a fortune subscribed by all creatures for thee.
Go trade on it ! safe—if thou art but a flea.*"

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

XCVII.

CZAR NICHOLAS AND THE BRITISH LION.

CZAR NICHOLAS called to North and South,

“Come, see the world’s great show!

I’ll thrust my head in the Lion’s mouth,”

And he laughed, “Ha! ha! ho! ho!

I am the Lion-Tamer dread—

I make the old brute quail!”

The Lion he shook his incredulous head,

And wagged his dubious tail.

O the Lion lay down in the pride of his might;

’Twas a brave, magnanimous beast!

O the Lion leapt up to his shaggiest height;

The lord of a bloody feast!

Now hold, now hold, thou desperate man,

Or thy braggart cheek may pale;

Terror is towering up in his mane,

And Vengeance tugs at his tail.

Like a statue of Satan, Nick, alas! stood,

And he chuckled a low lying laugh:

“The world is my Knoutship’s whipping-top:

Hot blood for wine I quaff!”

He called to North, he called to South,

“Come, see the old brute quail:

I’ll thrust my head in his mumbling mouth.”

The Lion he wagged his tail.

He thrust his head in the Lion’s mouth:

Ho! ho! but the sport was rare!

The Lion smelt blood in the giant’s breath,

And his clenched teeth held him there.

Then he cried, from between the gates of death,

With the voice of a Spirit in valed,

“Now God-a-mercy on my soul!

Does the Lion wag his tail?”

And each one strove to say him yea,
But each one held his breath ;
For the fires of hell lit the Lion's eyes,
His looks communed with Death !
The Giant's heart melts like snow in his mouth,
His voice is a woman's wail ;
The avenger knocks at the door of his life
In that lash of the Lion's tail.

A low, dread sound, as from underground,
Now signals the realms of the dead ;
And the Tamer lies tamed on the earth full-length ;
That is, except—a head.
And the poor old beast, at whose aspect mild
The meanest thing dared rail,
Shakes his mane like a Conqueror's bloody plumes,
And—quietly wags his tail.

GERALD MASSEY.

XCVIII.

THE TWO NAPOLEÓNS.

ONE shook the world with earthquake. Like a fiend
He sprang exultant—all hell following after !
The other, in burst of bubble and whiff of wind,
Shook the world too—with laughter !

The one outwearied wingèd Victory—
So swift he went, his spirit would outfly her ;
The other wore her out with waiting—he
So failed to keep up by her !

One bitted France like some wild beast ; and when
He had mounted, reined, and rode until he tamed it,
The other threw it down by stealth, and then
Most infamously maimed it.

The first at least a splendid meteor shone !
The second fizzed, and falls an aimless rocket :
Kingdoms were pocketed for France by one,
The other picked her pocket.

Such as it was, Napoleon gave her all
The dazzle of his glory, to bedeck her !
This Mute spreads out his gloom for a funeral pall,
Like Glory's undertaker.

In the eyes of France one shook down showers of stars
As jewels for her breast ; this breaks her heart. A
Vain dream to think of Bonaparté's wars
Without your Bonaparté !

That showed the sphinx in front with lion-paws,
A calm cold lust of death in the sleek face of it ;
And this unfolds the tail, the currish claws,
The hindermost disgrace of it.

One took the world as 'twere his natural throne,
And God himself had crowned him at the portal.
But for this second-hand Napoleon,
The lie had been immortal.

That was a living thing whose shadow made
The heart of nations shiver. *This* was never
More than the shadow of a dead man's shade,
The world shakes off for ever.

GERALD MASSEY

XCIX.

THE OLD CHARTIST.

WHATE'ER I be, old England is my dam !
So there's my answer to the judges, clear.
I'm nothing of a fox, or of a lamb ;
I don't know how to bleat nor how to leer :

I'm for the nation !
That's why you see me by the wayside here,
Returning home from transportation.

It's Summer in her bath this morn, I think.
I'm fresh as dew, and chirpy as the birds :
And just for joy to see old England wink
Thro' leaves again, I could harangue the herds :
Isn't it something
To speak out like a man when you've got words,
And prove you're not a stupid dumb thing ?

They shipp'd me off for it : I'm here again.
Old England is my dam, whate'er I be !
Says I, I'll tramp it home, and see the grain :
If you see well, you're king of what you see :
Eyesight is having,
If you're not given, I said, to gluttony.
Such talk to ignorance sounds raving.

Yon dear old brook, that from his Grace's park
Comes bounding ! on yon run near my old town :
My lord can't lock the water ; nor the lark,
Unless he kills him, can my lord keep down.
Up, is the song-note !
I've tried it, too ;—for comfort and renown,
I rather pitch'd upon the wrong note.

I'm not ashamed : Not beaten's still my boast :
Again I'll rouse the people up to strike.
But home's where different politics jar most.
Respectability the women like.
This form, or that form—
The Government may be hungry pike,
But don't you mount a Chartist platform !

Well, well ! Not beaten—spite of them, I shout ;
And my estate is suffering for the Cause.—
Now, what is yon brown water-rat about,
Who washes his old poll with busy paws ?

What does he mean by it?
It's like defying all our natural laws,
For him to hope that he'll get clean by't.

His seat is on a mud-bank, and his trade
Is dirt :—he's quite contemptible ; and yet
The fellow's all as anxious as a maid
To show a decent dress, and dry the wet.
Now it's his whisker,
And now his nose, and ear : he seems to get
Each moment at the motion brisker !

To see him squat like little chaps at school,
I can't help laughing out with all my might.
He peers, hangs both his fore-paws :—bless that fool,
He's bobbing at his frill now !—what a sight !
Licking the dish up,
As if he thought to pass from black to white,
Like parson into lawny bishop.

The elms and yellow reed-flags in the sun,
Look on quite grave ;—the sunlight flecks his side ;
And links of bindweed-flowers around him run,
And shine up doubled with him in the tide.
I'm nearly splitting,
But nature seems like seconding his pride,
And thinks that his behaviour's fitting.

That isle o' mud looks baking dry with gold.
His needle-muzzle still works out and in.
It really is a wonder to behold,
And makes me feel the bristles of my chin.
Judged by appearance,
I fancy of the two I'm nearer Sin,
And might as well commence a clearance.

And that's what my fine daughter said :—she meant :
Pray, hold your tongue, and wear a Sunday face.
Her husband, the young linendraper, spent
Much argument thereon :—I'm their disgrace.

Bother the couple !
I feel superior to a chap whose place
Commands him to be neat and supple.

But if I go and say to my old hen :
I'll mend the gentry's boots, and keep discreet,
Until they grow *too* violent—why, then,
A warmer welcome I might chance to meet :
Warmer and better.
And if she fancies her old cock is beat,
And drops upon her knees—so let her !

She suffered for me :—women, you'll observe,
Don't suffer for a Cause, but for a man.
When I was in the dock she show'd her nerve :
I saw beneath her shawl my old tea-can
Trembling she brought it
To screw me for my work : she loath'd my plan,
And therefore doubly kind I thought it.

I've never lost the taste for that same tea :
That liquor on my logic floats like oil,
When I state facts, and fellows disagree.
For human creatures all are in a coil ;
All may want pardon.
I see a day when every pot will boil
Harmonious in one great Tea-garden !

We wait the setting of the Dandy's day,
Before that time !—He's furbishing his dress—
He *will* be ready for it !—and I say,
That yon old dandy rat amid the cress,—
Thanks to hard labour !—
If cleanliness is next to godliness,
The old fat fellow's Heaven's neighbour !

You teach me a fine lesson, you old boy !
I've looked on my superiors far too long,
And small has been my profit as my joy.
You've *done* the right while I've denounced the wrong.

Prosper me later !
Like you I will despise the sniggering throng,
And please myself and my Creator.

I'll bring the linendraper and his wife
Some day to see you ; taking off my hat.
Should they ask why, I'll answer : in my life
I never found so true a democrat.
Base occupation
Can't rob you of your own esteem, old rat !
I'll preach you to the British nation.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

C.

THE BEGGAR'S SOLILOQUY.

Now, this, to my notion, is pleasant cheer,
To lie alone on a ragged heath,
Where your nose isn't sniffing for bones or beer,
But a peat-fire smells like a garden beneath.
The cottagers bustle about the door,
And the girl at the window ties her strings.
She's a dish for a man who's a mind to be poor ;
Lord ! women are such expensive things.

We don't marry beggars, said she : why, no :
It seems that to make 'em is what you do ;
And as I can cook, and scour, and sew,
I needn't pay half my victuals for you.
A man for himself should be able to scratch,
But tickling's a luxury :—love, indeed !
Love burns as long as a lucifer match,
Wedlock's the candle ! Now, that's my creed.

The church-bells sound water-like over the wheat ;
And up the long path troop pair after pair.
The man's well brushed, and the woman looks neat :
It's man and woman everywhere !
Unless, like me, you lie here flat,
With a donkey for friend, you must have a wife :
She pulls out your hair, but she brushes your hat.
Appearances make the best half of life.

You nice little madam ! you know you're nice.
I remember hearing a parson say
You're a plateful of vanity pepper'd with vice ;
Yon chap at the gate thinks t'other way.
On his waistcoat you read both his head and his heart :
There's a whole week's wages there figured in gold !
Yes ! when you turn round you may well give a start :
It's fun to a fellow who's getting old.

Now, that's a good craft, weaving waistcoats and flowers,
And selling of ribbons, and scenting of lard ;
It gives you a house to get in from the showers,
And food when your appetite jockeys you hard.
You live a respectable man ; but I ask
If it's worth the trouble ? You use your tools,
And spend your time, and what's your task ?
Why, to make a slide for a couple of fools.

You can't match the colour o' these heath mounds,
Nor better that peat-fire's agreeable smell.
I'm cloth'd-like with natural sights and sounds ;
To myself I'm in tune : I hope you're as well.
You jolly old cot ! though you don't own coal :
It's a generous pot that's boil'd with peat.
Let the Lord Mayor o' London roast oxen whole :
His smoke, at least, don't smell so sweet.

I'm not a low Radical, hating the laws,
Who'd the aristocracy rebuke.
I talk o' the Lord Mayor o' London because
I once was on intimate terms with his cook.

I served him a turn, and got pensioned on scraps,
And, Lord, sir! didn't I envy his place,
Till Death knock'd him down with the softest of taps,
And I knew what was meant by a tallowy face!

On the contrary, I'm Conservative quite;
There's beggars in Scripture 'mongst Gentiles and Jews:
It's nonsense trying to set things right,
For if people will give, why, who'll refuse?
That stopping old custom wakes my spleen:
The poor and the rich both in giving agree:
Your tight-fisted shopman's the Radical mean:
There's nothing in common 'twixt him and me.

He says I'm no use! but I won't reply,
You're lucky not being of use to him!
On week-days he's playing at Spider and Fly,
And on Sundays he sings about Cherubim!
Nailing shillings to counters is his chief work:
He nods now and then at the name on his door:
But judge of us two at a bow and a smirk,
I think I'm his match: and I'm honest—that's more.

No use! well, I mayn't be. You ring a pig's snout,
And then call the animal glutton! Now, he,
Mr. Shopman, he's nought but a pipe and a spout
Who won't let the goods o' this world pass free.
This blazing blue weather all round the brown crop,
He can't enjoy! all but cash he hates.
He's only a snail that crawls under his shop;
Though he has got the ear o' the magistrates.

Now, giving and taking's a proper exchange,
Like question and answer: you're both content.
But buying and selling seems always strange;
You're hostile, and that's the thing that's meant.
It's man against man—you're almost brutes;
There's here no thanks, and there's there no pride.
If Charity's Christian, don't blame my pursuits,
I carry a touchstone by which you're tried.

—"Take it," says she, "it's all I've got :"
I remember a girl in London streets :
She stood by a coffee-stall, nice and hot,
My belly was like a lamb that bleats.
Says I to myself, as her shilling I seized,
You haven't a character here, my dear
But for making a rascal like me so pleased,
I'll give you one, in a better sphere !

And that's where it is—she made me feel
I *was* a rascal : but people who scorn,
And tell a poor patch-breech he isn't genteel,
Why, they make him kick up—and he treads on a corn.
It isn't liking, it's curst ill-luck,
Drives half of us into the begging-trade :
If for taking to water you praise a duck,
For taking to beer why a man upbraid ?

The sermon's over : they're out of the porch,
And it's time for me to move a leg ;
But in general people who come from church,
And have called themselves sinners, hate chaps to beg.
I'll wager they'll all of 'em dine to-day !
I was easy half-a-minute ago.
If that isn't pig that's baking away,
May I perish !—we're never contented—heigho !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

CL.

SOMEBODY'S POODLE.

INTO a quad with four grey walls,
Where little dogs often stray,
To pick up whatever within their way falls,
Somebody's poodle toddled one day.

Somebody's poodle so sleek and so white,
Wearing upon his impudent face
A swaggering air of conscious might,
As if he were ruler and lord of the place.

Carefully combed are the milk-white curls
On the body and neck of that young bow-wow;
And his dignified tail he proudly twirls,
And he opens his mouth to make a row.
Some one had certainly combed his hair;
Was it some ugly wizen old fright?
Or had the hands of a maiden fair
Tended those curls of immaculate white?

There's not the least doubt he was somebody's pet;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
And wouldn't she worry, and fidget, and fret
When she found he was gone and didn't know where!
She's probably sending and looking for him,
All over the house, in every part;
There he stands within four walls grim,
Where his dainty skin shall presently smart.

For a cruel scout's boy comes from his place,
And flings a boot at his delicate head,
And the porter appeared with a lowering face
And a long-lashed whip, and after him sped.
Kick him once for mischief's sake;
Lay on your whip with many a blow,
Till the lash a piece from his skin shall take—
He is only a dog, you know!

DOUGLAS MOFFAT.

CII.

HORÆ TENNYSONIANÆ.

I.

THE cup with trembling hands he grasps,
Close to his thirsty lips he clasps,
Ringed with its pewter rim—he gasps.

The eddying floor beneath him crawls,
 He clutches at the flying walls,
 Then like a lump of lead he falls.

II.

Rise up, cold reverend, to a see;
 Confound the unbeliever!
 Yet ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
 For ever and for ever.

Preach, softly preach, in lawn and be
 A comely, model liver,
 But ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
 For ever and for ever.

And here shall sleep thy Alderman,
 And here thy pauper shiver,
 And here by thee shall buzz the "she,"
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand men shall sneer at thee,
 A thousand women quiver,
 But ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
 For ever and for ever.

III.

Break, break, break!
 My cups and saucers, O scout;
 And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter
 The oaths that my soul points out.

It's well for the china-shop man
 Who gets a fresh order each day;
 And it's deucedly well for yourself,
 Who are in the said china-man's pay.

And my stately vases go
 To your uncle's, I ween, to be cashed;
 And it's oh for the light of my broken lamp,
 And the tick of my clock that is smashed.

Break, break, break !
At the foot of my stairs in glee ;
But the coin I have spent in glass that is cracked
Will never come back to me.

E. B. IWAN-MÜLLER.

CIII.

PROCURATORES.

O VESTMENT of velvet and virtue,
O venomous victors of vice,
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
Oh, calm, cruel, colder than ice ;
Why wilfully wage ye this war ? Is
Pure pity purged out of your breast ?
O purse-prigging Procuratores,
O pitiless pest !

Do you dream of what was and no more is,
When fresher and freer than air ?
Does it pain you, proud Procuratores,
These badges of bondage to bear ?
In your youth were you greener than grass is,
And fearful of infinite fines,
Or casual, careless of classes,
Frequenters of wines ?

Was it woe for a woman who jilted,
Or dread of your debts or a dun ?
Or was it your nose was tip-tilted,
Or a frivolous fancy for fun ?
Did duty, dark despot, decide you,
That fame to the dogs must be hurled ?
Or was it a whim, woe betide you,
To worry the world ?

Five shillings ye fine the frail freshmen,
Five shillings, which cads call a crown,
Men caught in your merciless mesh, men
Who care not for cap or for gown.
When ye go grandly garbed in your glories,
With your coarse, callous crew of canines,
O pitiless Procuratores,
Inflictors of fines.

We have smote and made redder than roses,
With juice not of fruit nor of bud,
The truculent town's-people's noses,
And bathed brutal butchers in blood ;
And we, all aglow with our glories,
Heard you not in the deafening din,
And ye came, O ye Procuratores,
And ran us all in.

I write not as one with no knowledge,
Unaware of your weird, wily ways,
For you've often inquired my college,
And fined me on subsequent days.
Oft stopped, I have stuffed you with stories,
When wandering wildly from wines ;
Pawned property, Procuratores,
To find you your fines.

E. B. IWAN-MÜLLER.

CIV.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

A NEW SONG.

HAVE you heard of this question the Doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and it now shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete ;
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great-great-grandsire,
To little or nothing at first did aspire ;
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
Which nobody can deny.

This Monad, becoming a father or mother,
By budding or bursting produced such another ;
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer designates them well—
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell ;
But which of the two, doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

These beings increasing, grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was husband and wife ;
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labour would do ;
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus Plato supposes that, severed by fate,
Human halves run about, each in search of its mate,
Never pleased till they gain their original state,
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot ;
Some put out a finger, some put out a foot,
Some set up a mouth, and some sent down a root,
Which nobody can deny.

Some, wishing to walk, manufactured a limb ;
Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim ;
Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,
As Nature sent food for the few or for all ;
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching, became a Giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall Pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes ;
And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

The four-footed beast which we now call the Whale
Held its hind-legs so close that they grew to a tail,
Which it uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, fantails, and tumblers are from the same source
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse :
So Men were developed from Monkeys, of course,
Which nobody can deny.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair ;
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
And, reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their views,
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to an oyster, or insect, some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus, losing Humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the Monad, from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny.

CHARLES (LORD) NEAVES.

CV.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

'TIS not very easy to say
How language had first a beginning,
When Adam had just left the clay,
And Eve hadn't taken to spinning ;
Or if we suppose them to spring
Tongue-tied from the lower creation,
What power cut their chattering string,
Or prompted their speechification ?

Some think men were ready inspired
With lexicon, syntax, and grammar,
And never like children required
At lessons to lisp and to stammer.
As Pallas by Jove was begot
In armour all brilliantly burnished,
So Man with Liddell and Scott
And old Lindley Murray was furnished.

Some say that the primitive tongue
Expressed but the simplest affections ;
And swear that the words said or sung
Were nothing but mere Interjections.
O ! O ! was the signal of pain :
Ha ! Ha ! was the symptom of laughter ;
Pooh ! Pooh ! was the sign of disdain,
And *Hillo !* came following after.

Some, taking a different view,
Maintain the old language was fitted
To mark out the objects we knew,
By mimicking sounds they emitted.
Bow, wow, was the name of a dog :
Quack, quack, was the word for a duckling ;
Hunc, hunc, would designate a hog,
And *wee, wee*, a pig and a suckling.

Who knows if what Adam might-speak
Was mono- or poly-syllabic ;
Was Gothic, or Gaelic, or Greek,
Tartàric, Chinese, or Aràbic ?
It may have been Sanscrit or Zend—
It must have been something or other ;
But thus far I'll stoutly contend,—
It wasn't the tongue of his mother.

If asked these hard things to explain,
I own I am wholly unable ;
And hold the attempt the more vain,
When I think of the building of Babel.
Then why should we puzzle our brains,
With Etymological clatter ?
The prize wouldn't prove worth the pains,
And the missing it isn't much matter.

In courtship suppose you can't sing
Your Cara, your Liebe, your Zoè,
A kiss and a sight of the ring
Will more quickly prevail with your Chloe.

Or if you in twenty strange tongues
Could call for a beef-steak and bottle,
A purse, with less learning and lungs
Would bring them much nearer your throttle.

I've ranged, without drinking a drop,
The realms of the dry Mithridates :
I've studied Grimm, Burnouf, and Bopp,
Till patience cried, "*Ohe jam satis.*"
Max Müller completed my plan,
And, leave of the subject now taking,
As wise as when first I began,
I end with a head that is aching.

The speech of old England for me ;
It serves us for every occasion !
Henceforth, like our soil, let it be
Exempted from foreign invasion.
It answers for friendship and love,
For all sorts of feeling and thinking ;
And lastly, all doubt to remove—
It answers for singing and drinking.

CHARLES (LORD) NEAVES.

CVI.

YE CLERKE OF YE WETHERE.

A CHAUCERIAN FRAGMENT.

A CLERKE ther was, a puissant wight was hee,
Who of ye wethere hadde ye maisterie ;
Alway it was his mirthe and his solace—
To put eche seson's wethere oute of place.

Whanne that Aprille shoures wer our desyre,
He gaf us Julye sonnes as hotte as fyre ;
But sith ye summere togges we donned agayne,
Eftsoons ye wethere chaunged to cold and ra, *ne.*

Wo was that pilgimme who fared forth a-foote,
 Without ane gyngham that him list uppe-putte ;
 And gif no mackyntosches eke had hee,
 A parlous state that wight befelle—pardie !

We wist not gif it nexte ben colde or hotte,
 Cogswounds ! ye barde a grewsome colde hath gotte !
 Certes, that clerke's ane mightie man withalle,
 Let non don him offence, lest ille befalle.

WALTER PARKE.

CVII.

THE YOUNG GAZELLE.

A MOORE-ISH TALE.

IN early youth, as you may guess,
 I revelled in poetic lore,
 And while my schoolmates studied less,
 I resolutely studied *Moore*.

Those touching lines from "Lalla Rookh"—
 "Ah, ever thus—" you know them well,
 Such root within my bosom took,
 I wished *I* had a young Gazelle.

Oh, yes ! a sweet, a sweet Gazelle,
 "To charm me with its soft black eye,"
 So soft, so liquid, that a spell
 Seems in that gem-like orb to lie.

Years, childhood passed, youth fled away,
 My vain desire I'd learned to quell,
 Till came that most auspicious day
 When *some one* gave me a Gazelle.

With care, and trouble, and expense,
 'Twas brought from Afric's northern cape ;
 It seemed of great intelligence,
 And oh ! so beautiful a shape.

Its lustrous, liquid eye was bent
With special lovingness on me ;
No gift that mortal could present
More welcome to my heart could be.

I brought him food with fond caress,
Built him a hut, snug, neat, and warm ;
I called him " Selim," to express
The marked *s(e)limness* of his form.

The little creature grew so tame,
He "learned to know (the neighbours) well ;"
And then the ladies, when they came,
Oh ! how they "nursed that dear Gazelle."

But, woe is me ! on earthly ground
Some ill with every blessing dwells ;
And soon to my dismay I found
That this applies to young Gazelles.

When free allowed to roam indoors,
The mischief that he did was great ;
The walls, the furniture, the floors,
He made in a terrific state.

He nibbled at the table-cloth,
And trod the carpet into holes,
And in his gambols, nothing loth,
Kicked over scuttles full of coals.

To view his image in the glass,
He reared upon his hinder legs ;
And thus one morn I found, alas !
Two porcelain vases smashed like eggs.

Whatever did his fancy catch
By way of food, he would not wait
To be invited, but would snatch
If from one's table, hand, or plate.

He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,
And scared the gold-fish into fits ;
He butted through my newest hat,
And tore my manuscript to bits.

'Twas strange, so light his hoofslets weighed,
His limbs as slender as a hare's,
The noise my little Selim made
In trotting up and down the stairs.

To tie him up I thought was wise,
But loss of freedom gave him pain ;
I could not stand those pleading eyes,
And so I let him go again.

How sweet to see him skip and prance
Upon the gravel or the lawn ;
More light in step than fairies' dance,
More graceful than an English fawn.

But then he spoilt the garden so,
Trode down the beds, raked up the seeds,
And ate the plants—nor did he show
The least compunction for his deeds.

He trespassed on the neighbours' ground,
And broke two costly melon frames,
With other damages—a pound
To pay, resulted from his games.

In short, the mischief was immense
That from his gamesome pranks befel,
And, truly, in a double sense
He proved a *very* "dear gazelle."

At length I sighed—"Ah, ever thus,
Doth disappointment mock each hope ;
But 'tis in vain to make a fuss ;
You'll have to go, my antelope."

The chance I wished for did occur ;
A lady going to the east,
Was willing ; so I gave to her
That little antelopian beast.

I said, " This antler'd desert child
In Turkish Palaces may roain,
But he is much too free and wild
To keep in any English home."

Yes, tho' I gave him up with tears,
Experience had broke the spell,
And if I live a thousand years,
I'll never have a young gazelle.

WALTER PARKE.

CVIII.

NURSERY NONSENSE.

AFTER THE APPROVED FASHION.

THERE was an old consul in China,
The name of whose daughter was Dinah ;
Said she, " It's a shame
I own such a name ;
I ought to be called Wilhelmyna !"

There was an old waiter at Wapping,
Drew corks for a week without stopping ;
Cried he, " It's too bad !
The practice I've had !
Yet cannot prevent them from popping !"

There was a young prince in Bombay,
Who always would have his own way ;
He pampered his horses
On five or six courses,
Himself eating nothing but hay.

There was an old priest in Peru,
Who dreamt he converted a Jew ;
 He woke in the night
 In a deuce of a fright,
And found it was perfectly true.

There was an old sexton in Rome,
Who climbed up St. Peter's his dome ;
 When safe at the top
 He cried, " Here I'll stop ;
By jingo ! I'll never go home ! "

There was a young man who was bitten
By twenty-two cats and a kitten ;
 Sighed he, " It is clear
 My finish is near ;
No matter ; I'll die like a Briton ! "

There was a princess of Bengal,
Whose mouth was exceedingly small ;
 Said she, " It would be
• More easy for me
To do without eating at all ! "

There was an old witch of Malacca,
Who smoked such atrocious *tobacca*,
 When tigers came near
 They trembled with fear,
And didn't attempt to *attacca*.

There was an old stupid who wrote
The verses above that we quote ;
 His want of all sense
 Was something immense,
Which made him a person of note.

WALTER PARKER.

CIX.

A VAGUE STORY.

PERCHANCE it was her eyes of blue,
Her cheeks that might the rose have shamed,
Her figure in proportion true
To all the rules by artists framed ;
Perhaps it was her mental worth
That made her lover love her so,
Perhaps her name, or wealth, or birth—
I cannot tell—I do not know.

He may have had a rival, who
Did fiercely gage him to a duel,
And, being luckier of the two,
Defeated him with triumph cruel ;
Then *she* may have proved false, and turned
To welcome to her arms his foe,
Left *him* despairing, conquered, spurned—
I cannot tell—I do not know.

So oft such woes will counteract
The thousand ecstasies of love,
That you may fix on base of fact
The story hinted at above ;
But all on earth so doubtful is,
Man *knows* so little here below,
That, if you ask for proof of this,
I cannot tell—I do not know.

WALTER PARKE.

CX.

BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.

AN IDYLL.

HE stood on his head on the wild sea-shore,
And joy was the cause of the act,
For he felt as he never had felt before,
Insanely glad, in fact.

And why? In that vessel that left the bay
His mother-in-law had sailed
To a tropical country far away,
Where tigers and snakes prevailed.

And more than one of his creditors, too—
Those objects of constant dread—
Had taken berths in that ship "Curlew,"
Whose sails were so blithely spread.

And *now* he might hope for a quiet life,
Which he never had known as yet ;
'Tis true that he *still* possessed a wife,
And was not *quite* out of debt.

But he watched the vessel, this singular chap,
O'er the waves as she up'd and down'd,
And he felt exactly like Louis Nap.,
When "the edifice was crowned."

Till over the blue horizon's edge,
She disappeared from view,
Then up he leapt on a chalky ledge,
And danced like a kangaroo.

And many and many a joysome lay
He pealed o'er the sunset sea ;
Till down with a "fizz" went the orb of day,
And then he went home to tea.

WALTER PARKER.

CXI.

MY MADELINE

SERENADE IN M FLAT.

Sung by Major Marmaduke Muttonhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendoza.

My Madeline ! my Madeline !
Mark my melodious midnight moans ;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline!"

Muster 'mid midnight masquerades,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien ;
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy musing mine ;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine,
My mournfulness's magnitude
Melts—make me merry, Madeline !

Match-making mas may machinate,
Manœuvring misses me mis-ween ;
Mere money may make many mate,
MY magic motto's "Madeline !"

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine ;
Meet me 'mid moonlight ; marry me,
Madonna mia ! my Madeline !

WALTER PARKE.

CXII.

HARD LINES.

It was the huge metropolis
With fog was like to choke ;
It was the ancient cabby horse
His seedy knees that broke :

And oh, it was the cabby-man
That swore with all his might,
And did request he might be blow'd
Particularly tight,
If any swell should make him stir
Another step that night !

Then up and spake that bold cabman
Unto his inside fare :

" I say, you Sir, come out of that !
I say, you Sir, in there,—

" Six precious aggrawatin' miles
I've druv to this here gate,
And that poor injer'd hanimal
Is in a fainting state.

" There ain't a thimbleful of light,
The fog's as black as pitch,
I'm flummox'd 'tween them postesses
And that most 'ateful ditch.

" So bundle out ! my 'oss is beat,
I'm sick of this 'ere job ;—
I say, you Sir, in there—*d'you 'ear ?*
He's bolted ! Strike me, Bob !"

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

CXIII.

HOW THE DAUGHTERS COME DOWN AT
DUNOON.

How do the daughters
Come down at Dunoon ?
Daintily,
Tenderly,
Fairily,
Gingerly,
Glidingly,

Slidingly,
Slippingly,
Skippingly,
Trippingly,
Clippingly,
Bumpingly,
Thumpingly,
Stumpingly,
Clumpingly,
Starting and bolting,
And darting and jolting,
And tottering and staggering,
And lumbering and slithering,
And hurrying and scurrying,
And worrying and flurrying,
And rushing and leaping and crushing and creeping ;
Feathers a-flying all—bonnets untying all—
Petticoats rapping and flapping and slapping all,
Crinolines flowing and blowing and showing all
Balmorals, dancing and glancing, entrancing all ;
Feats of activity—
Nymphs on declivity—
Mothers in extacies—
Fathers in vextacies—
Lady-loves whisking and frisking and clinging on
True-lovers puffing and blowing and springing on,
Dashing and clashing and shying and flying on,
Blushing and flushing and wriggling and giggling on,
Teasing and pleasing and squeezing and wheezing on,
Everlastingly falling and bawling and sprawling on,
Tumbling and rumbling and grumbling and stumbling on,
Any fine afternoon,
About July or June—
That's just how the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon !

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

CXIV.

DAILY TRIALS.

BY A DYSPEPTIC.

Prestissimo.

"LUNCH, Sir? Yes, 'er. Pickled salmon,
Lobster, kidneys, greens, and ——" "Gammon!
Have you got no wholesome meat, Sir?
Flesh or fowl that one can eat, Sir?"
"Eat, Sir? Yes, 'er. Heaven bless yer!
Pork, Sir." "Pork, Sir, I detest, Sir."
"Oysters?" "Are to me unblest, Sir."
"Duck, Sir?" "No, Sir; gutter-roker—
Sooner eat the kitchen poker."
"Fish, Sir!" "Pish, Sir!" "Bones, Sir?" "Devil!"
"Sausage?" "I shall be uncivil!
Hath a puppy charms for Briton?
Can the soul rejoice in kitten?"
"Shrimps, Sir? Prawns, Sir? Crawfish? Winkle?
Scallops ready in a twinkle?
Wilks and cockles? Crabs to follow?"
"Heavens! *nothing* I can swallow!"
"Swallow? Yes, 'er; on the dresser
Dishes stand, from one to twenty."
"Cuss you, Waiter! bring a tater—
I shall starve in midst of plenty!"

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

CXV.

OUR TRAVELLER.

IF thou would'st stand on Etna's burning brow,
With smoke above, and roaring flame below;
And gaze adown that molten gulf reveal'd,
Till thy soul shudder'd and thy senses reel'd:

If thou would'st beard Niag'ra in his pride,
Or stem the billows of Propontic tide ;
Scale all alone some dizzy Alpine *haut*,
And shriek "Excelsior !" among the snow :
Would'st tempt all deaths, all dangers that may be—
Perils by land, and perils on the sea ;
This vast round world, I say, if thou would'st view it—
Then, why the dickens don't you go and do it?

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

CXVI.

SCHOOL FEEDS.

AY, there they sit ! a merry rout
As village green can show,
That were such woful little wights
An hour or two ago !

Such woful, weary little wights !
And precious hungry too—
And now they look like sausages
All smiling in a row.

For they have fed on dainty meat,
This jolly summer's day,
And ate—as only people eat
When *other* people pay !

A pyramid of roasted ox
Has vanished like a shot ;
Plum puddings brobdignag have gone,
A second time, to pot.

Deluded fowls have come to grief,
With persecuted geese ;
And ducks (it is a wicked world !)
Departed life in *peas*.

My Lord and Lady Bountiful
Have done the civil thing ;
The lovely patrons of the "turf"
Have waited in the "ring ;"

The Grand Controller of the cake
Can hardly hold the knife ;
The milk-and-water Ganymede
Is weary of her life ;

Yet still the conflict rages round !
But now there comes a lull—
The edge of youthful appetite
Is waxing somewhat dull—
And fat Fenetta bobs, and says,
"No, thank ye, mum—I'm 'ful !"

Alone amid the festive throng
One infant brow is sad !
One cherub face is wet with grief—
What ails you, little lad ?

Why still with scarifying sleeve
That woful visage scrub ?
Ah, much I fear, my gentle boy,
You don't enjoy your grub.

It's clear you're sadly off your feed ;
Your laughing looks have fled ;
Perhaps some little faithful friend
Has punch'd your little head ?

You miss some well-remembered face
The merry rout among ?
The lips that blest, the arms that prest,
The neck to which you clung ?—
A brother's voice ? a sister's smile ?—
Perhaps—you've burnt your tongue ?

Here, on a sympathetic breast,
Your tale of suff'ring pour.
Come darling ! tell me all—" *Boo - boo ;—*
I can't eat any more !"

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL

CXVII.

A LITERARY SQUABBLE.

THE Alphabet rejoiced to hear
That Monckton Milnes was made a Peer,
For in this present world of letters
But few, if any, are his betters :
So an address, by acclamation,
They voted, of congratulation,
And H O U G T and N,
Were chosen the address to pen,
Possessing, each an interest vital,
In the new Peer's baronial title.
'Twas done in language terse and telling,
Perfect in grammar and in spelling ;
But when 'twas read aloud—O, mercy !
There sprang up such a controversy
About the true pronunciation
Of said baronial appellation.
The vowels O and U averred
They were entitled to be *heard*.
The Consonants denied their claim,
Insisting that they *mute* became.
Johnson and Walker were applied to,
Sheridan, Bailey, Webster, tried too :
But all in vain, for each picked out
A word that left the case in doubt.
O, looking round upon them all,
Cried, " If it be correct to call

THROUGH 'throo' \
H O U G H must be 'Hoo,'
Therefore, there can be no dispute on
The question. We should say 'Lord Hooton.'"
U "brought" "bought," "fought," and "sought" to show
He should be doubled, and not O,
For sure if "ought" was "awt" then "nought" on
Earth could the title be but "Hawton."
H, on the other hand, said he
In "cough" and "trough" stood next to G,
And like an F was thus looked soft on
Which made him think it should be "Hofton."
But G corrected H, and drew
Attention other cases to ;
"Tough," "rough," and "chough," more than "enough"
To prove O U G H spelt "uff,"
And growled out in a sort of gruff tone,
They must pronounce the title "Huffton."
N said emphatically "No!"
There is D O U G H "Doh,"
And *though* (look there again !) that stuff
At sea, for fun, they nick-named "duff,"
He should propose they took a vote on
The question, "should it not be Hoton?"
Besides, in French, 'twould have such force—
A lord, was of "Haut ton" of course.
Higher and higher contentions rose,
From *words* they almost came to blows,
Till T, as yet who hadn't spoke,
And dearly loved a little joke,
Put in his word and said "Look there!
'Plough' in this *row* must have its *share*."
At this atrocious pun each page
Of Johnson whiter turned with rage,
Bailey looked desperately cut up,
And Sheridan completely shut up ;
Webster, who is no idle talker,
Made a sign indicating "Walker,"
While Walker, who had been used badly,
Just shook his dirty dog's ears sadly.

But as we find in prose or rhyme,
A joke made happy in time,
However poor, will often tend
The hottest argument to end,
And smother anger in a laugh ;
So T succeeded with his chaff,
(Containing as it did some wheat),
In calming this fierce verbal heat.
Authorities were all conflicting,
And T there was no contradicting.
P L O U G H was *plow*.
Even "enough" was called "enow ;"
And no one who preferred "enough"
Would dream of saying "Speed the Pluff !"
So they considered it more wise
With T to make a compromise,
And leave no loop to hang a doubt on,
By giving three cheers for " Lord { ^{Hough}
_{how} } ton !"

1863.

J. R. PLANCHÉ

CXVIII.

PROLOGUE TO "THE FORTY THIEVES."

1860.

Two or three sentences with your good leaves,
Ere you pass one upon the "Forty Thieves,"
Who, in a winding-up act, now propose
To bring this stock-joint business to a close.
The rumour runs—and each of us believes in it—
A joint-stock company with forty thieves in it,
Who all may act with more or less rascality,
Cannot lay claim to much originality ;
And this deponent solemnly swears
That every one who has in ours ta'en shares,

Paid for them but in joke—and yet feels certain
He can't be call'd on—save before the curtain—
An after-clap he has no cause to dread ;
Our liability is limited.
Too limited, I fear, you may reply
Is our ability—without a lie.
No matter. In this desp'rate speculation
We did not seek the "bubble reputation,"
Nor our own nests to feather do we aim ;
To succour others is our "little game ;"
And should you find we've played it well to-night,
We can but be—transported with delight.
Atrocious punsters ! villainous jest-breakers !
We laugh the dull old dictionary maker's
Abuse to scorn. Admit the fact, and mock it.
The men who made these puns would pick your pocket,
And don't mind getting two months with hard labour
Like this again, to help a needy neighbour.
Boldly we say, friends, countrymen, and lovers !
Lend us your hands. Though pledged to Gallic gloves,
You'll grant, we're sure, as patriotism bids,
Some small protection to poor English kids.
By you, we trow, Sirs, will the boys be breeched ;
The ladies for the girls shall be beseeched.
Petticoat influence was always great,
And, judging by the petticoats of late,
We may presume, without being offensive,
Such influence was never more extensive.
Hear us, ye beauties, then, in box and stall,
Come with a hoop, and, kindly, at our call,
From your vast superfluity let fall
Some drapery for those who've none at all.
Though, iron-bound, your garments may not yield
Your hearts by fashion never can be steeled ;
And you can aid us, without impropriety,
In the wide circle of your sweet society.
Don't frown, for we are serious, we protest ;
There's many a true word may be spoke in jest ;
We've double meanings, but no double dealings,
And though we play on words we don't on feelings.

The charity which soothes misfortune's pillow
We hope will cover every peccadillo,
And save the Thieves who shall, in crambo verses,
Cry "Open Sesame" to cram-full purses.
When we can screen one shorn lamb from sharp weather,
Hang us if we don't always hang together !

J. R. PLANCHÉ

CXIX.

JOHN BROWN'S ANSWER TO "THE POOR
MAN'S PHILOSOPHY."

I've listened to your song, and, unless I'm very wrong,
There is much in it of what we now call bosh—Tom Smith.
It is easy so to sing, but to *do* 's another thing,
And I fear that your philosophy won't wash—Tom Smith.
Of course that's not your name—but 'twill answer all the same
For the person I'm presumed to argue with—Tom Smith.
And offended you can't be, as you've done the same to me,
For I'm no more John Brown than you're Tom Smith—Tom
Smith.

What you love and what you hate—you're at liberty to state,—
I've nothing upon earth with that to do—Tom Smith.
De gustibus non est—I've no doubt you know the rest,
And besides, I've much the same dislikes as you—Tom Smith.
It's on matters of finance, in which there's no romance,
I would break with you a lance—if you please, Tom Smith.
I'm myself a family man, and I don't believe you can
Contrive to live with yours on bread and cheese—Tom Smith.

You've "a hundred pounds a year"—well, let's even say it's clear
Of income-tax, that's not two pounds a week—Tom Smith.
But the cottage is "your own," so the rent must in be thrown,
Which I grant will help your income out to eke—Tom Smith.

Per contra, you've a wife, as dear to you as life,—
I hope she is, I'm sure, for both your sakes—Tom Smith.
But the more you hold her dear, the more must be your fear,
If anything your little income shakes—Tom Smith.

Of children you've a troop—an interesting group,
But to tell how many form it you forgot—Tom Smith.
Say five or six in all, which for "a troop" is small,—
Of bread and butter they must eat a lot—Tom Smith.
Of their clothes you may be spare, but they cannot go *quite* bare,
And whooping cough and measles you must count—Tom Smith.
And if only one be ill, I'm afraid the doctor's bill
Might at Christmas prove a serious amount—Tom Smith.

'Tis philosophy, no doubt, trifles **not** to fret about,
And "sufficient for the day" is a fine text—Tom Smith ;
But at your garden gate do you never scratch your pate,
When you think what's in the cupboard for the *next*—Tom
Smith ?

The pot you know must boil, 'twould be better sure to toil,
And add by honest labour to your store—Tom Smith,
Than moon away your time, in philosophic rhyme,
Or sitting 'neath your shady sycamore—Tom Smith.

You bid me, as I pass, come and drain with you a glass,
But it cannot be of wine, or beer, or grog—Tom Smith.
It's more like "Adam's Ale," I'm afraid, than "Bass's Pale,"
And to drink, I water shun like a mad dog—Tom Smith.
If "a guinea you've to spend," I advise you as a friend,
To put it in the Savings' Bank forthwith—Tom Smith.
You will want it before long, and sing another song,
Unless, as I suspect, you are a myth—Tom Smith.

J. R. PLANCHÉ

CXX.

A QUEER STORY.

THERE is a fact that's well authenticated
As being neither very strange, nor new,
But bearing proofs, received as soon as stated,
And, altogether, comfortably true,
That all your families of good position,
Or who of anything like birth can boast,
Have got their well-established apparition,
And rather pride themselves upon their ghost.
Sometimes the spectre is a black-browed squire
Who has his portrait in "The Crimson Room,"
Which, when lit up at Christmas by a fire,
Startles the simple guest with scowl and gloom ;
Something in ruffles and a plaited shirt,
With woful eye, and brownish velvet coat,
Who seems to be particularly hurt
If you don't gaze upon his yawning throat.
Sometimes it is a lady-ghost that sweeps
Through wall, or tapestry, or wainscot crack—
Wizened and lined, all satin, starch and hoops—
Like Walter Scott's weird "Lady in the Sacque."
Sometimes it *isn't* in a decent room,
But hovers by the stables, or the park,
Merely the phantom of some scurvy groom,
Who likes to be a nuisance after dark.
But—(I repeat it)—ancient taste to suit,
And by the rules of ancient legends guided,
In every family of good repute
There's something supernatural provided.
In fact, it's as essential to a "Hall,"
An "Abbey," or a "Manor," or a "Court,"
To have a ghost walk after even-fall,
As to have old Madeira or old port ;
Which statement on ancestral spectral glory
Makes all the more remarkable my story.

* * * *

SCENE FIRST—A Wasted Heath.

(And here I think

The adjective I'm using, *id est* "Wasted,"

Is nicer than Will Shakespere's—none can shrink

At *my* Heath ; his, you know, was coarse and "blasted.")

A Wasted Heath, with here and there a clump

Of furze, some dandelions, and a briar,

A broken gate, a half-demolished stump

Of beech, whose branches long had fed the fire.

A solitary footpath, winding far

Beyond the reach of ordinary sight,

And when not honoured by a light

From moon or star,

Almost as useless (howsoe'er you tried

To follow it) as any Bradshaw's Guide.

But when the sun to shine would condescend,

If you walked on and on,

Till eye got weary, and the cheek grew wan,

You'd come across a house at t'other end.

* * * *

Such a queer House ! so wildly built and strange !

Square, angled, turreted, pilastered, gabled,

An architect were easily enabled

To count a score of ill-assorted styles ;

And this same residence was called "The Grange,"

A very noted object round for miles.

So dull, so draughty, so o'ergrown, so gaunt,

So utterly devoid of any grace,

It made one wonder who on earth should want

To plant a dwelling in so dull a place.

Some seven good miles from any "neighbour-town,"

And not a neighbour's house within a "call ;"

As for necessities, you got them all

In lump, and brought a mighty cargo down

Of bread and flesh—

Some salt, some fresh,

Whilst, from the wretched garden on the moor,

You plucked your long-leaved cabbages and beans,

And scrubbed up potatoes lean and poor,

Together with some minor class of "greens."
 To briefly put the case,
 It was a dismal place.
 Yet, one fine day, though long "The Grange" had laid
 Unoccupied, and running fast to seed,
 A would-be tenant came from town by train,
 Got o'er the moor with most praiseworthy speed,
 Look'd at "The Grange" with gleeful eye,
 Admired the towers that hung awry,
 Was seen to gloat
 Over the festering moat,
 Chuckled at iron-barred casements, shook
 With secret joy o'er darksome nook,
 Beamed at the gaping cracks that let in mice,
 Praised the dank moss-grown stones,
 And finally, in anxious, trembling tones,
 Enquired the price.
 This was so moderate, it told a story
 Enough one's ardour for possession damping ;
 But the new tenant seemed ablaze with glory,
 And then came duly signing, sealing, stamping ;
 The owner making promise to repair
 Some chimneys, and some walls that let in air,
 But not in any way to spoil,
 By skilled mechanics' toil
 The precious rust, and antique dust,
 "Which undisturbed remain," said the new comer, "*must!*"

* * * *

So eager was the tenant for admission
 Into the glories of the priceless place,
 The very *next* day he was in transition
 With paper-shavings, hay, and packing-case ;
 Joyful to leave the town,
 And settle down ;
 Which drove the servants into such a flutter
 That even patient Joseph, buttoned sham,
 Exasperated, as a trunk he'd slam,
 Was heard by Jane to utter

A word at which to *hint* ashamed I am—
(’Twas an important *third* of Amsterdam).

* * * *

Now for our tenant. He was one who’d gained
A living by an industry that hallows
The meanest means by which great wealth’s attained :
With *him*, he made his fortune out of “tallows.”
While yet a lad, and serving in the shop,
If he could get a moment on the sly,
Into the parlour he would swiftly pop,
And o’er some old romance would gloat, and cry ;
Indeed, to such a mighty pitch romantic
He soared, that all his speech was interlarded
With mediæval phrases which he stored
Within a brain for knightly action frantic,
(But rather by his humble life retarded)
And these he inconsiderately poured
On all ;—his fellow-shopmen he called “*loons !*”
And as he served the humble, useful dip,
By something of a slip,
Dropped out “by’rlakin,” “quotha,” and “eftsoons !”
This passion with his growing fortune grew,
And he had vowed a vow his whole life through
To have an antique dwelling, ivied, lone,
Such as in old romances he had known,
Without a touch of anything that’s new,
Where he might reign in mediæval state,
Together with his rather simple mate,
(Who didn’t think her girls were much the gainers),
Where everything was solemn and sedate,
And Jane and Joseph might be called “retainers !”
Upon this dreary waste of ground,
The very thing he’d found ;
And now behold him ! wealthy and retired,
Still with his old romantic notions fired,
But quite removed from work, and life’s hard rubs ;
I’ll introduce you ; Reader !—Mr. Stubbs !

* * * *

No need for a description of the man ;
 You've had experience of many creatures
 Who seemed designed upon a vulgar plan
 With vulgar instincts and with vulgar features.
 Poor Mrs. S., his better-half and prop,
 With no romance in her, was always sighing
 For the dear days of dips and dirt and shop,
 Selling, and weighing, tasting, haggling, buying ;
 Her daughters, Leonora and Maria,
 Had but young ladies' notions, you'll believe—
 Each thought the greatest sorrow was to die a
 Spinster ; and they'd some cause, I own, to grieve.

* * * *

SCENE SECOND—In the Grange, as I've related ;
 Time, just two days after possession gained,
 The family, of course, like Stubbs, translated
 With glory at the dearest wish attained ;
 So quiet, and so roomy, and remote ;
 Delightful ! Here and there, of course, a draught ;
 Stubbs would have liked to sit in his great-coat,
 The wind *did* get at him so, fore and aft ;
 But not a word of his discomfort ! No !
That would have bred the very worst of scandals ;
 He suffered till 'twas time to ring for candles,
 And shivered till 'twas time to bed to go.
 The dear young ladies' noses looked quite blue
 As to her bed-room stole each fair Lucretia,
 And Leonora (*this* 'twixt me and you)
 Uncorked a bottle labelled " Rondeletia ;"
 Old Stubbs and Mrs. Stubbs, to banish cares,
 Had " Rondeletia " hot and strong, down-stairs !

* * * *

The iron tongue of time had long told TWO,
 Indeed, of THREE 'twas very near the stroke,
 When, somehow, by some cause she never knew,
 Old Mrs. Stubbs awoke !

She had been dreaming of—well, never mind—
It isn't worth *our* while to be enlightened ;
But she felt very nervously inclined,
All of a tremble, fanciful, and frightened.
She thought she'd heard a noise : she tried to grin,
And muttered, "Everything, of course, is right !"
When once again she heard a din,
And there was Stubbs, as pale as death,
With trembling limbs, and catching breath,
Awake, and bolt upright !
"*What's that ?*" the couple whispered feebly : "*Hush !*"
First, silence ; then that horrid sound again ;
A swoop, a hollow rattle, and a rush,
Just like a ghostly train ;
'Twas in the air—and at some distance, too :
They sat together, each like any mouse ;
Again !—it thrilled their very marrow through !
'*Twas in the house !*
In spite of fright,
Stubbs struck a light,
And drew his dressing-gown about him,
Followed by Mrs. S.
In cool undress,
She wasn't going to be left without him !
Then opening with care the room
They peered into the gloom,
But started back with an unstinted "*Ah !*"
At two white figures flitting ghostly by,
Till Leonora's and Maria's cry
Showed who they were—" *Great Heavens ! Pa and Ma !*
"*You've* heard it ! Oh, it's dreadful ! We can't sleep !
"It makes one's very blood to creep !"
"It's all your foolish father's fault, my dears !
"He knows my fears,
"Yet goes and buys a place like this
("A pretty lonesome place it *is* /)
"Which, like all houses of its kind, inherits
Sperits !"
"My dear," expostulated Stubbs—"Dear *me* !
Hadn't we better see ?

Perhaps it's windows, or——" It wasn't *that*,
 Nor yet the cat !
 Again the horrid rushing, rattling,
 Like wings of vampires battling ;
 Mingled with a distant shriek ;
 They *couldn't* speak !
 Back to their rooms with timid squeak
 The ladies fled ;
 The doughty Stubbs with haste doth seek
 His feather-bed ;
 There, with doors double-locked, he lies,
 Hearing his partner's sighs—
 When suddenly the eldritch noises cease,
 And all is peace.
 Worn out by such a watch, so grimly kept,
 All slept !

* * * *

But in the morn such opening of throats !
 And such comparison of notes !
 Stubbs bravely laughed, and said 'twas only fancy
 They were not yet accustomed to the place,
 They none of 'em was frightened, except Nancy !
 (Stubbs meant his spouse)
 It was some queer arrangement of the house ;
 And each one made out quite a little case ;
 But this was *in the light* !
 You should have seen 'em on the following night !
 I shall not here to paint the scene endeavour,
 The noise was worse than ever !
 The shivering ladies prayed old Stubbs to look
 Into the west wing—in the yellow room,
 In fact, to peer into the noisy nook ;
 Whereupon
 Stubbs called up John,
 The groom.
 John, with the smile with which he news receives,
 Says " Thieves !"
 And looks as if he rather fancied fighting,
 Speaking of burglars in manner slighting ;

Stubbs tells the case, and John
Looks pale and wan,
"He don't mind *men*, no more than pillar-posts,
"But blow your ghosts!"
Roused up by Stubbs, he ventures on the landing
Close by the staircase, which you know
Opens quite widely in the court below,
And whence, by looking from the place you're standing,
You see the west wing—straight as flies the crow.
John jumped when first he heard the noise,
It wasn't burglars, that was certain quite;
And, if the author the strict word employs,
He'll say John suffered from a kindred *fright*!
The five pale faces stared at one another—
This was no time timidity to smother—
When John with pointing finger to the leads
Of the west wing;—with open mouth, and eyes
That glared with something more than mere surprise,
Screamed "LOOK! oh! Lord!" and at his cries
The party turned their heads!

* * * *

Oh! for the pen of him of whom you've heard
As author of the "Lost Sir Massingberd!"
Oh! Mr. Payn! if *you* had but been here!
It can't be done, I fear,
Except by your weird craft;—*my* skill is nought
To draw the scene to which my story's brought.

* * * *

High on the roof a ghastly form was planted,
Thin, devilish, with wild, upstanding hair,
Black as the Night, and gaunt as wild Despair,
A Fiend, that these west towers for ever haunted!
Nodding its filthy head as if to greet them,
And dancing in its hideous glee,
Mopping and mowing, they could see,
Gnashing its teeth as if it wished to eat them;

'Twas more than mind could bear,
Five cries went up upon the morning air,
"The Devil!"—(rather blacker than he's painted).

* * * *

All comfortably fainted.

* * * *

Next morning—no one said a word, or laughed—
But Stubbs he telegraphed
With a portentous frown
To Town.

By the ensuing train arrives a form,
Which looks as if well-battered by the storm,
Clad in a "dread-nought" coat, and oilskin hat,
Short, somewhat fat ;
Which, saying to old Stubbs, "Joe ! here I am !"
Revealed the countenance of uncle Sam.

* * * *

'Twas after dinner that the speech was made,
But, warming with his wine, you'll understand,
And having brother Samuel at hand,
Stubbs certainly said, "D——e, who's afraid !"

* * * *

Without a light
All watched that night ;
The hideous goblin barely showed his head,
But still his wild hair could be seen,
His dancing was as wild as it had been,
But he retired sooner ; so Sam said
" 'Twas devilish strange : " and then he went to bed.
Now, in the morning everything was white,
It snowed last night ;
And Sam, the dauntless, issuing forth
Under the keen wind from the north,
Looks up at the west wing's fiend-haunted roofs,
Surveys the spot, and peeps with care around—
When straight before his eyes upon the ground
He sees the print of HOOFS !

More horror of the Stubbses ! worse and worse !
 The Grange is under curse !
 "Why did Pa *here* his fated children bring ?"
 When, with a voice that made their hearing ring,
 Their faces all turn white,
 Sam says, "*This blessed night*
I'll sleep in the west wing !"

* * * *

They packed his bed up safely, but with fears
 And tears ;
 Sam said he'd get his pistols, and his rum,
 (A sturdy flask he never left behind !)
 And "if the Devil had a mind,
 Well ; let him come !"

* * * *

Two struck ! the Stubbses wide awake with fright,
 Watched through the dreary night ;
 "*Will the noise come again ?*"
 It *did* that *very* moment ! They were hushed,
 And to the staircase window rushed !
There was the Fiend !—Yes ! there ! and there !
 Uprose his shaggy, jetty hair !
 Above the roof he peered about,
 When—BANG !! *the pistol shots rang out !*
 With scarce a lock upon his head,
 The spirit fled !

Then shouts were heard from uncle Sam,
 "Where are you, Joe ?" "Here ! here I am !"
 And rushing headlong to the place,
 They found the sailor holding tight,
 And watching with his bullseye light,
 A person with a very grimy face !
 Here is a scene for a descriptive poet !
 "He's got the Devil !" with dishevelled nerves
 They cry ; when suddenly a voice observes,
 "Just stow it !
 You've done enough, I thinks, to blow to smash
 Wot cost me heaps o' cash,

I can't afford another, s'elp me bob,
And how I'm *now* to finish this here job
I'm blowed if *hi* can tell !

Well !

I'm on a contrack with old Price to sweep
These chimneys, and I does my best to keep
Square with my darned employers,
(And them as says I don't is loyers !)
But if he makes me sweep up there in Town,
And 'spects these chimlies done at the same time,—
(Poverty ain't no crime,
And I must work, I must,
Until I bust)

Well, there I has to walk across this moor
When I'm just fit to lay a-bed and snore,
And get these blarmed old chimneys done *somehow* !
So, as I won't get into no bless'd row,

I comes up here a-nights

And does the flues to rights ;

And, as to carry sacks o' sut's no joke,

I borrered Grimshaw's moke !

And now you've blowed my instrument to flinders,
And tore my rags till only fit for tinders,
And then you calls me 'Devil !' This here natio.
Allows a fellow-creature compensation,
And that I'll have ! as sure as I'm a man !"

* * * *

Guess how this story through the country ran !
While uncle Sam was known at Christmas revel
As the surprising mæn who'd caught the Devil !

ROBERT REECE.

CXXI.

THE STROLLERS.

THE little village, all astir,
Has turned out, to a man, to greet them ;
And anxious urchins, wide agape,
Run down the leafy lanes to meet them ;
The crone who basks her wint'ry hair
Half hidden in a russet hood,
Looks up and wisely shakes her head,
And murmurs, " Player folk's no good !"
The sturdy clay-streaked ploughmen pause,
As two by two the strollers pass,
And wonder if the Squire will swear
At folk who " furret up his grass."
The busybodies of the place
Watch as the bills are posted there,
And know exactly who these are,
And how they've seen them at the Fair.
How, " him, the thin one walking yon—
Him with the lass that moves so slow,
And leads the child with golden hair,
Had played in Lunnon years ago !
And though their faces seem so wan,
And though their clothes are far from bright,
Them two could play the King and Queen,
And look—ah ! mortal fine at night !"

* * * * *
Then slowly wags the lumbering cart,
And slowly rises stage and tent,
And through the cracks of yawning planks
Sly youngsters peep in wonderment.
And ere the sun has quite gone down,
The band—a fiddle, horn, and drum—
Perambulate the lanes, and urge
Reluctant villagers to come.
Whilst, ere they play kings, queens, and knaves,
And ere one-half the seats are taken,

The company has sallied forth
To buy their humble eggs and bacon.
What if they strut and fume and make
Sad havoc with the text and action,
They have their mystery, their fame,
And "give their patrons satisfaction."
And children point and wonder how
That stooping man with face so long,
With husky cough and dragging gait,
"Be chap as sang that funny song!"
And that same meagre figure there,
So worn, so broken, and so mild,
Could be the haughty tyrant king
Who slew his wife and cursed his child!
Ah! little fleeting fame ye seek!
And little fleeting means of life!
Too little for the hard-worked man,
Too little for the ailing wife.
No wonder if the tyrant seems
So stern, so bony, and so gaunt;
No wonder if his captive acts
And "looks" so well disease and want!
The Ghost is halfway to his grave,
And weakness gives his measured walk,
And poor Ophelia's face is pale
Without the adventitious chalk.
The testy dotard of the stage,
The "*heavy father*," as they say,
Is heavy only in his heart,
Nor wants a wig to make him gray,
And he, whom vacant hinds applaud
And roar at ere his jest is sped,
May have his private tragedy,
And scarce a place to lay his head.
Ah! pardon all their little faults
For the great woes they struggle through,
And, when you quit the booth to-night,
Pray God to bless the strollers too

CXXII.

THE BANISHED TUTOR.

I PUSH aside the blinding books ;
The reverend pages seem to wink ;
Each *letter* like a *dozen* looks,
Which *doesn't let a* student think !
It must be done, and that with speed ;
Rouse up, poor heart, and say your say ;—
Write you the letter she must read,
At *two a.m.* from *one M.A.* !
Within my ears I hear a " thrum ;"
Before my eyes there floats a haze ;
And mocking shadows flit and come,
And make my *nights* a constant *daze* !

* * * * *

I love you ! aye ! it seems absurd,
Altho' to prove it I was sedulous ;
The *ink* is *black* that writes the word,
Yet you will read it all *incredulous* !
Where was my sense once so acute
To dream myself a hopeful suitor ?
I should have been much more *astute* ;
I came to you, you know, *as tutor* !
My passion on an instant grew—
(Spontaneous love is scarce a crime !)
How swift those early minutes flew !
And, *odd* to say, 'twas *even-time* !
At tea you took my heart by storm,
And now, whene'er the leaf I view,
I find—to use a Latin form—
Tea the accusative of "*tu* !"
Maddened with love, I penned a note,
And placed it where 'twould catch your sight ;
Alas for me ! but when I *wrote*,
Of course I thought that *I did right* !

Tutor's reward is like the ape's—
 Few ha'pence pay him for his tricks ;
 And *my* poor fate *no* grief escapes,
 Whatever *happens* I get *kicks* !
 I got them there ! kind Time has lent
 Some balm ; but still the thought is sore !
 It was, indeed, a punishment
 I know I never felt *before* !

* * * *

What is "degree" in love ? Can birth
 Make of the master-passion more ?
 His equal I was quite in worth,
 And *higher* in my classic *lore*.
 My head's a study, full of books ;
 I twaddle not as vapid men do ;
 There's intellect in all my looks,
 They are not "*looks a non lucendo* !"
 My height is not a theme for sport,
 Altho' you laughed, and dubb'd me "small ;"
 It is no comfort to the *short* -
 To know you cannot love *at all* !
 My meekness aided you to scoff,
 Because I could not, while you shone,
 Run all that heartless babble off
 That marks the modern *Babylon*.
 And yet I love you, cruel fair !
 And, tho' dismiss'd, assert with pride
 And confidence, I should not care,
 So we were *link'd*, whate'er *betide* !
 I'm English ! and I will not blench,
 Altho' my failure has been such,
 And tho' the leave I take is French,
 And half my courage purely Dutch !
 My love to you I've now outspoken,
 Farewell ! and may you happy be !
 I'll, like a flow'r that's crush'd and broken,
 Bury my blooms in Bloomsbury !

ROBERT REECE.

CXXIII.

THE LAND OF ONETY-ONE.

FROM Turvey-top harbour 'tis easy to run
To the wonderful island of Onety-one,
With its daily weeks and its weekly months,
And its singular people the Onety-oneths.

That "One is one, and that nothing is naught,"
Is the primitive creed the people are taught,
And Nature and Art, Faith, Science and Fun,
Go to hallow the mystical Number One.

Each one his one function in Onety-one knows,
And so for his proper vocation he grows :
He has only a mouth who lives merely to eat,
And professional walkers are nothing but feet !

The toilers and moilers and tillers of lands,
Are what they are called : they are literal "hands,"
And those who do nothing but work supervise,
And live on its fruits, are but pockets and eyes.

Each statesman of rank has a couple of faces :
The lawyers are bills, made to fit into cases,
And people of high descent, say from the flood,
Like over-fed leeches are—nothing but blood.

A parson's all tongue, ever wagging to please,
A quack, thumb and finger for pulses and fees,
While soldiers, a maimed, lamed and scarified lot,
Are the refuse of men, good enough to be shot.

For the ladies, each one has a singular charm,
Fine eyes, a ripe lip, or a smoothly-turned arm,
And a score of them laughingly tell you, "Between us
We manage to club up a passable Venus."

The country is laid out with consummate care ;
The mountains are cubes, and each meadow's a square :

A tree *is* a fruit, and crops solidly sway,
And the scenery's "set" like the scenes in a play.

The meat is all prime, nice to carve and to swallow,
A sheep's "chop-and-chop," always ready to "follow,"
The oxen are square—mere animal cakes—
Compacted of juicy, enjoyable steaks.

The game hunts itself to get flavour : *au reste*,
The ducks are all leg, and the chickens all breast,
While the lakes and the ponds, all so creamy and wavy,
Are simply tureens holding ready-made gravy.

On its natural sauce each animal's fed,
The lamb on its mint, and the pheasant its bread.
And as for the stuffing, why, simply enough
To fit it for table is deemed *quantum suff.*

Thus void of complexity, Nature and Art
To this island their simplified favours impart.
Life's game's single wicket ; or say at Life's club
'Tis a single, no double, and never a rub.

Reduced to their elements, all things go well,
No conflict of passions, no feelings to quell,
In smiles a hyena : in weeping an onion,
Just one *per se* one, is the true Onety-one-ian.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

CXXIV.

CREMATION.

BY A BURNING ADMIRER OF SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

To Urn, or not to Urn? that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler for our frames to suffer
The shows and follies of outrageous custom,
Or to take fire—against a sea of zealots—

And by consuming, end them? To Urn—to keep—
No more : and while we keep, to say we end
Contagion and the thousand graveyard ills
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consume-ation
Devoutly to be wished ! To burn—to keep—
To keep ! Perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub :
For in the course of things what duns may come,
Or who may shuffle off our Dresden urn,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes inter-i-ment of so long use.
For who would have the pall and plumes of hire,
The tradesman's prize—a proud man's obsequies,
The chaffering for graves, the legal fee,
The cemetery beadle and the rest,
When he himself might his few ashes make
With a mere furnace? Who would tombstones bear,
And lie beneath a lying epitaph,
But that the dread of simmering after death—
That uncongenial furnace from whose burn
No incremate returns—weakens the will,
And makes us rather bear the graves we have
Than fly to ovens that we know not of?
This, Thompson, does make cowards of us all.
And thus the wisdom of incineration
Is thick-laid o'er with the pale ghost of nought,
And incremators of great pith and courage
With this regard their faces turn awry,
And shudder at cremation.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

CXXV.

THE RECOGNITION.

HOME they brought her sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall and broad and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered ere he spoke ;
But she said—"What man is this
Comes to play a sorry joke ?"

Then they praised him—call'd him "smärt,"
"Tightest lad that ever stept ;"
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
Set a pigeon-pie in sight ;
She saw him eat—" 'Tis he ! 'tis he !"
She knew him—by his appetite !

WILLIAM SAWYER.

CXXVI.

A "CAUDAL" LECTURE.

PHILOSOPHY shows us 'twixt monkey and man
One sinious line in unbroken extendage ;
Development only since first it began—
And chiefly in losing the caudal appendage.

Our ancestors' holding was wholly *in tail*,
And the loss of this feature we claim as a merit ;
But though often at tale-bearing people we rail,
'Tis rather a loss than a gain we inherit.

The tail was a rudder—a capital thing
To a man who was half—or a quarter—seas over ;
And as for a sailor, by that he could cling,
And use for his hands and his feet both discover.

In the Arts it would quickly have found out a place ;
The painter would use it to steady his pencil ;
In music, how handy to pound at the bass !
And then one could write by its coilings prehensile.

The Army had gained had the fashion endured—
'Twould carry a sword, or be good in saluting ;
If the foe should turn tail, they'd be quickly secured ;
Or, used as a lasso, 'twould help in recruiting.

To the Force 'twould add force—they could "run 'em in" so
That one to three culprits would find himself equal ;
He could collar the two, have the other in tow—
A very good form of the Tale and its Sequel.

In life many uses 'twould serve we should see—
A man with no bed could hang cosily snoozing ;
'Twould hold an umbrella, hand cups round at tea,
Or a candle support while our novel perusing.

In fact, when one thinks of our loss from of old,
It makes us regret that we can't go in for it, or
Wish, like the Dane, we a *tail* could unfold,
Instead of remaining each one a *stump* orator.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

CXXVII.

THE PATRIOT MARINER.

"O, WELCOME to thy sunny cliffs,
Welcome thy shining strand ;
Dear to these aching eyes art thou,
My own, my native land !"

Thus spake an ancient mariner,
As on the deck stood he,
Watching, with eager gaze, the sight
Of land upon the lee.

"Avast !" a burly comrade cried ;
"What rigmaroles are these ?
A sailor's land is any land—
His home is on the seas."

"O England, O my country!" still
He cried in accents rough;
"The sight of thee is bliss indeed!"
The comrade muttered, "Stuff!"
"Tell me the meaning of this joy?"
Quoth he, "The meaning's plain—
I'd sworn off rum till I should see
Old England's cliffs again!"

WILLIAM SAWYER.

CXXVIII.

OCH, BIDDY, MY OWN.

OCH, Biddy, my own, shure ye don't think it right
On this stile to be kaping me sitting all night.
To your feelings appealing—for shure I can tell
It's a paling it is to my feelings as well.
Arrah, Biddy, my darlint, my own brightest jewel,
Don't be worse than the shark that is said to be cruel;
For, faith, in the sea whin the poor man he met,
Says the shark, "Sir," says he, "come in out of the wet."

Shure it's spaking ye are; did ye say ye would come?
It's distinct I can't hear, for the could's made-me dumb.
Och! it's just the swate voice of the pigs whin they snore;
It's sivin of my senses I'm losing, or more;
Arrah, shure ye will say now, "What next?" like the frogs,
(But blest be ould Ireland, there's none in thim bogs.)
Whin they looked in astonishment round thim to foind
Their tails had dropt off, and they'd nothing behoind.

Biddy darlint, my own—och, bother that pig;
May th' ould one take the hair of its head for his wig!
Ye won't catch me waiting here night after night,
So I'll give ye the answer that seems to be right;

Shure it's what said the pig t'other day to the boy
Whin he cut off its tail for to make a new toy—
Says the pig, "Sir," says he, "ye young spalpeen, now thin
Ve can't if ye thry, do that same thing agin."

Och, shure, an' it's dark—for she's blown out the light—
Troth I needn't be sitting up here all the night.
So now, Biddy dear, I'll be off to my nest,
And bid ye good-bye in the fond words addressed
By me silver repeater, that suddenly wint
Away from its owner without his consint—
"Arrah shure," said it thin, "all this time I can tell,
On the guard have I been, but must now say—Farewell !"

JAMES A. SIDEY.

CXXIX.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

"COME here, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir ;
Just tell me who King David was—
Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"King David was a mighty man,
And he was king of Spain, Sir ;
His eldest daughter ' Jessie ' was
The ' flower of Dunblane, ' Sir."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir ;
Sir Isaac Newton—who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Sir Isaac Newton was the boy
That climbed the apple-tree, Sir ;
He then fell down and broke his crown,
And lost his gravity, Sir."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir ;
Jist tell me who ould Marmion was—
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Ould Marmion was a soldier bold,
But he went all to pot, Sir ;
He was hanged upon the gallows tree,
For killing Sir Walter Scott, Sir."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.
Jist tell me who Sir Rob Roy was ;
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to
The King of the Cannibal Islands ;
He spoiled a pair of breeches, and
Was banished to the Highlands."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.
Then, Bonaparte—who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Old Bonaparte was King of France
Before the Revolution ;
But he was kilt at Waterloo,
Which ruined his constitution."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.
Jist tell me who King Jonah was ;
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"King Jonah was the strangest man
That ever wore a crown, Sir ;
For though the whale did swallow him,
It couldn't keep him down, Sir."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.
Just tell me who that Moses was,
Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Shure Moses was the Christian name
Of good King Pharaoh's daughter ;
She was milkmaid, and she took
A *profit* from the water."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.
Jist tell me now where Dublin is ;
Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Och, Dublin is a town in Cork,
And built on the equator ;
It's close to Mount Vesuvius,
And watered by the 'crathur.'"

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir ;
Jist tell me now where London is ;
Now tell me if you can, Sir ?"

"Och, London is a town in Spain ;
'Twas lost in the earthquake, Sir :
The cockneys murther English there
Whenever they do spake, Sir."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
Ye're now a jintlemàn, Sir ;
For in history and geography
I've taught you all I can, Sir.
And if any one should ask you now,
Where you got all your knowledge,
Jist tell them 'twas from Paddy Blake,
Of Bally Blarney College."

JAMES A. SIDEY.

CXXX.

YE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TOM THUMB.

THERE once lived a man, and he was a smali 'un,
And some folks would say he wasn't a tall 'un

But his life and his deeds were so terribly rum,
He was "50 O.P.," was this little Tom Thumb.

'Tis said that he lived upon bacon and beans,
And that sometimes he dined upon salt pork and greens ;
But he thought that such feeding was rather humdrum,
"I've gone the whole hog," said little Tom Thumb.

The story-books tell us how the brindled cow ate him,
But that is all wrong, for a sheep first did get him ;
Which is proved by his words, tho' 'tis doubted by some—
"I've walked into his mutton," said little Tom Thumb.

One day, as his mother was making some paste,
Tom into it fell—as he wanted to taste ;
So he was mixed up, for he looked like a crumb—
"I'm off on the batter," said little Tom Thumb.

His mother then covered the pie with a crust,
Put it into the oven,—when out her son burst ;
He looked rather warm, but he cried out "By gum !
Done Brown, I declare !" said little Tom Thumb.

A pedlar came past, said the pie was bewitched,
Put it into his bag,—then suddenly hitched ;
It over his shoulders, walked off with his chum,
"It's over the left," said little Tom Thumb.

As Tom once was crossing a river close by,
A salmon snapped up, as it would at a fly ;
But as it was dark Tom did sing rather mum,—
"I am down in the mouth," said little Tom Thumb.

Next day a black raven poor Tom did espy,
Which carried him up in the heaven so high ;
If the bird let him go, to the ground would he come,
"I'll be dashed if I do," said little Tom Thumb.

But just at the time when the bird let him go,
A cook, with a basin of broth, passed below ;
Tom fell into it, straight down like a plumb,—
"I'm a broth of a boy," said little Tom Thumb.

The cook took a fright, and he lost all his wits ;
At least, what he had, were all scatter'd to bits.
For he thought in his face he had got all the scum,—
“ It's all in my eye,” said little Tom Thumb.

He grabbed at poor Tom, and he took him to town,
And swore in a water-butt he would him drown ;
But water was scarce—not enough for a “ tum.”
“ It's all up the spout,” said little Thumb.

But at last a whole reg'ment of soldiers came round,
And from that day to this Tom has never been found ;
But I have heard said that he lives in the drum :
“ I'm bound up in parchment,” said little Tom Thumb.

This tale may be long for such a short man,
And yet I've curtailed it as much as I can ;
But of poor little Tom you've the whole total sum ;
So that's the sum total of little Tom Thumb.

JAMES A. SIDEY.

CXXXI.

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

WEE Joukydaidles,
Toddlin' out an' in :
Oh, but she's a cuttie,
Makin' sic a din !
Aye sae fu' o' mischief,
An' minds na what I say :
My very heart gangs lowp, lowp,
Fifty times a day !

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the stumpie noo ?
She's tumblin' i' the cruivie,
An' lauchin' to the soo !

Noo she sees my angry e'e,
An' aff she's like a hare !
Lassie, when I get ye,
I'll scud ye till I'm sair !

Wee Joukydaidles—
Noo she's breakin' dishes—
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,
Catchin' little fishes—
Noo she's i' the barn-yard,
Playin' wi' the fowls ;
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,
Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles—
Oh my heart it's broke !
She's torn my brow new wincey,
To mak' a dolly's frock—
There's the goblet owre the fire !
The jaud ! she weel may rin !
No a tattie ready yet,
An' faither comin' in !

Wee Joukydaidles—
Wha's sae tried as me !
See ! the kettle's doun at last !
Waes me for my tea !
Oh it's angersome, atweel,
An' sune 'll mak' me grey :
My very heart gangs lowp, lowp,
Fifty times a-day !

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the smoukie noo ?
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
Cryin' " Kecky-bo !"—
Noo she's at the fireside,
Pu'in' pussy's tail—
Noo she's at the broun bowl,
Suppin' a' the kail !

Wee Joukydaidles,
 Paidlin' i' the shower—
 There she's at the wundy !
 Haud her, or she's owre !
 Noo she's slippit frae my sicht;
 Where's the wean at last ?
 In the byre amang the kye,
 Sleepin' sound an' fast !

Wee Joukydaidles—
 For a' ye gie me pain,
 Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
 My ain wee wean !
 An' gin I'm spared to ithet days—
 Oh may they come to pass !—
 I'll see my bonnie bairnie
 A brow, brow lass !

JAMES SMITH.

CXXXII.

CLAP, CLAP, HANDIES.

CLAP, clap, handies !
 Clap hands again :
 Mammy's sonsy tot-tot,
 Mammy's bonnie wean !
 I'll buy ye a fishie,
 In a little dishie :
 Clap, clap, handies,
 My wee wean !

Clap, clap, handies !
 Deddy's comin' ben,
 Wi' siller bells an' coral shells,
 Three score an' ten ;

A' to gie his laddie—
His bonnie wee bit laddie—
Clap, clap, handies !
Deddy's comin' ben !

Clap, clap, handies !
Craw, cocky, craw,
Blithely to my wee bird,
Cockyleerielaw !
Craw awa' sae cheery
To mammy's bonnie dearie—
Clap, clap, handies !
Cockyleerielaw !

Clap, clap, handies,
My muckle man ;
I'll buy ye a coachy,
To ride thro' a' the lan' !
Wi' a mappie, an' a puggie,
An' a bonnie barkin' duggie ;
Clap, clap, handies,
My muckle man !

Clap, clap, handies !
Kissy mammy noo !
Eh ! where's my sugar-ploom ?
Eh ! where's my doo ?
Cuddle in, my trootie !
Mammy's tootie-lootie !
Clap, clap, handies !
Kissy mammy noo !

Clap, clap, handies !
Lammie dear to me !
May ye never grieve my heart,
Or dim yer deddy's e'e !
Lauch awa', my petty—
Mammy's pretty-pretty ;
Clap, clap, handies !
Lammie dear to me !

CXXXIII.

TWO AND TWO :

A SONG OF SCHOOL-GIRLS.

COME the little ones in frocks,
With their broidered knickerbocks,
And their tangled sunny locks—

Laughing crew !

Come the dimpled darling pets,
With their tresses all in nets,
And their snow-white pantalettes

Full in view :

Come the gay and graceful girls,
With their chignons and their curls—
Sweetest string of Beauty's pearls,

Two and two !

What delicious laughter trills,
When rude BOREAS half wills,
Just to flutter fairy frills

All askew ;

And as petticoats are short,
Frequent glimpses may be caught—
Though p'raps this may be naught

Unto you—

Of small, deftly-booted feet,
Of slim legs and ankles neat,
Passing by you much too fleet

Two and two !

On the Book of Beauty's page
Fairer girls of ev'ry age,
Skilful artist, I'll engage,

Never drew.

Tender Ten may dote on teys,
While for Twelve jam tarts have joys,
Feat Fourteen 's in love with boys,

Not a few ;

And sweet, bonny, bright Sixteen
Wears an arch coquettish mien,
As they walk upon the Green
Two and two !

Here the coming flirt appears,
With the belle of after-years
And the beauty even peers
May pursue :
Each Lilliputian fair,
Gallant Guardsmen may ensnare,
Or enthrall a millionaire,
And subdue !
Who would think such mischief lies
In the future of their sighs,
Or such pretty childlike eyes,
Two and two ?

There are eyes of peerless brown,
That in time may take the town ;
There are others drooping down—
Black or blue—
Whose bright flashes you may find
Will bedazzle, nay, may blind,
E'en the wisest of mankind,
False and true.
Pouting lips we cannot miss—
Sweet foreshadowings of bliss—
Which, in truth, seem made to kiss
Two and two !

When school studies are all done,
And life's lessons have begun,
And rich lovers, one by one,
Gladly sue ;
When each bright-eyed little pet
Leaves De Porquet for Debrett,
Or perchance a coronet
Comes to woo—

They have learnt, for after-life,
That the husband and the wife
Should together face its strife
Two and two !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

CXXXIV.

THE SEVEN AGES OF GIRLHOOD.

AT TWO, she is a tiny lass,
And joy she scarcely knows from sorrow ;
She scarce consults her looking-glass,
She has no thought of sad to-morrow !

At FOUR, she is a merry maid,
And looks on aught but play as folly ;
She can't believe bright flowers fade,
That only sawdust is her dolly. •

At EIGHT, her troubles come in scores—
For oft she is perverse and haughty—
A pouting puss in pinafores,
Who's sometimes whipped when she is naughty !

At TWELVE, she is a saucy tease,
Who knows full well her glances rankle ;
Her petticoats scarce veil her knees,
And dainty frills scarce kiss her ankle.

At FIFTEEN, she's the pearl of pets,
And feels assured her pow'r is strengthened
Her snowy school-girl trouserettes
Are hidden when her skirt is lengthened.

At SIXTEEN, she's the sweetest sweet,
And dresses in the height of fashion ;
She feels her heart 'neath bodice beat,
In earnest for the tender passion.

AT EIGHTEEN, p'raps she may be sold
Her lot to share, for worse or better ;
She'll either sell her heart for gold—
Or give it for a golden fetter !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

CXXXV.

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

O, IF my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather !

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses.

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty jewelled fetters.

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

CXXXVI.

BLUE MOONSHINE.

BY O'PSHAWNESSY.

MINGLED aye with fragrant yearnings,
Throbbing in the mellow glow,
Glint the silvery spirit burnings,
Pearly blandishments of woe.

Ay! for ever and for ever,
Whilst the love-lorn censers sweep,
Whilst the jasper winds dissever,
Amber-like, the crystal deep ;

Shall the soul's delirious slumber,
Sea-green vengeance of a kiss,
Teach despairing crags to number
Blue infinities of bliss.

FRANCIS G. STOKES

CXXXVII.

MUSINGS ON MUMMY PAPER.

OH, shade of Memnon !
Cheops and Rameses, shake in your cere-cloths !
Save smoke-dried Pashas of true eastern phlegm, none
Can read, unmoved, the end of all your glory,
Announced in the Grand Cairo *Spettatore*,
How, in the place of mere cloths
Of woollen, linen, cotton,
More or less rotten,
As made at Manchester, and sold by every draper,
They're going to take the bier-cloths
That wrap the sons and daughters of old Nile,
From gilded kings to rough-dressed rank and file,
And turn them into paper !

We're not told in the Egyptian *Spectator*
What daring speculator
Conceived the notion ; but I'd make a bet he grew
Up to the thought from watching Dr. Pettigrew
At some learn'd West-End *conversazione*,
Midst talk of Young, Champollion, and Belzoni,
And much hieroglyphic twaddle,
Unwinding nimbly, swaddle after swaddle,
The wrappings aromatic
Of some aristocratic
Dandy of hundred-gated Heliopolis,
Consigned to our mushroom of a metropolis
Per last Peninsular and Oriental packet ;
And from the hush of his Necropolis—
So deep and drear—
Tumbled ashore 'mid the unholy racket
Of the Southampton Pier.

Heaven only knows what acreage of mummy-hood
Is resting in its thousand-year-old dummy-hood
Under the desert sands ;
Nor what score miles on miles of linen bands
Are rotting in the bosom of the lands
Which Mehemet commands.
But there are times when not e'en mummies
Can longer rest as dummies ;
And as the grains of wheat found at their side
Were sown, have grown, and now grow far and wide,
So must old Egypt's gentlemen and ladies,
To the disgust of each old-fashioned ghost,
Give up their cerements to the land whose trade is
To turn them into foolscap or Bath post,
To fly round all creation,
In tongues of every nation,
Spreading (at least we'll hope it) useful information.

But yet, methinks, the venerable sheets
In which have slept, their tri-millennial night,
Those who once trod Theban or Memphian streets,
Should not receive the vulgar black and white,

Impressed by common types on common reams ;
No—mummy-paper should record the dreams
Of those who'd have society rolled back
 Into the track
Which the world left five hundred years ago—
The lovers of the stony *statu quo*—
“Standers in the old ways,” whom nothing stirs,
To whom “the wisdom of our ancestors”
Is wisdom yesterday, to-day, for ever ;
Who, midst a world of change, boast, blind, of changing
 never.

On mummy-paper a Lord George might find
Fit place for utterance of his “stable mind ;”
On mummy-paper Gladstone should dilate
On old-world theories of Church and State ;
Let mummy-paper bear our penal laws
For those who hold a different faith or cause ;
On mummy-paper print the out-worn story,
And useless Shibboleths of Whig and Tory—
Watch-words that rouse no cry—exploded shams—
“Our Glorious Constitution,” and such flams :
In short, print on it (we'll lend aid most hearty)
A Library for next year's “Country Party!”

TOM TAYLOR.

CXXXVIII.

MAY DAY'S LIBERTY TREES.

MAY has come up with quickening breath to breathe about the
 flowers,
That thro' the mould of wood and wold peep up from April
 showers ;
All is blossom, bloom, and burgeon on trim lawns and wood-
 land leas,
And Freedom's trees are sprouting, like other kinds of trees ;

So kindly Lady Liberty, to her May Day game address,
Has thrown her nursery open to the nations of the West.
"Fair speed! old friends and new ones, let each his skill essay
To choose his Tree of Liberty, this merry month of May.

"Mine is a Dryad's nature—I flourish and I fade,
I have my scathings and my blights, bare time and time of
shade;
So each of you his tree shall plant, and call it after me,
And I shall wane or wax as fades or flourishes my tree.

I have laurels whose green glossiness is due to bloody rains,
Whose roots suck strength from that dark loam which fattens
battle plains;

I have mountain pines, rock-rifted, slow of growth as they are
strong,
Poplars, in one night spindled up, as weak as they are long.

I have broad platanes, such as cooled Ilissus' waters clear;
Olives, the growth of Italy, no longer shrunk and sere;
And this green sire, whose gnarled limbs still blunt the axe's
stroke,
Ringed with a thousand summers—the knotty British Oak."

To mingled *Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie*,
Musket in hand, red cap on head, sprang France to choose his
tree.

"Laurels? Bah! Of *that* plant—for me at will to pluck and
pull—

The Little Corporal stuck France, if possible, too full.

"Pines? Ah, *oui*—*Guillaume Tell, et ce grand ténor, Duprez!*
Olives? *pas mal* for a dessert, or to help a salad—*mais!*—
The Oak? Ah, *par exemple!* The Oak for France? *Que non!*
The Oak!—*d grand, grand, grand jamais!* Ah, *perfidé Albion!*

"*Voyons*—what's left? Ah, yes; this trunk, so *gentille* and so
slim,

So nobly sudden, too, in growth—I fix my choice on him!
The tree of Liberty for France, the Poplar I proclaim,
And with a grand fraternal *fête* inaugurate the same!"

Next Gerniany came, much bemused with Burschen-schaft and beer :

He first was all for fixing there, then all for fixing here ;
One moment hot for Poplar, the next agog for Oak,
Till Liberty began to think his choice would end in smoke.

So she left him roaming vaguely thro' her garden for a tree,
Now roaring an "*auf, Brüder,*" now a "*Crambambuli,*"
Hid in clouds of his own blowing—*moyen-âge* in coat and hat,
And apparently quite hazy as to what he would be at.

Then Italy came leaping, like a strong man out of sleep,
And with outspread arms the Laurel boughs and Olive down did sweep :

"Be these my trees, and thine this wreath—for peace and for renown."

And Liberty looked on well-pleased, and took the proffered crown.

But Britain in that garden stood, like one familiar there,
And watched the rush of stranger guests, with an untroubled air,

And shook his head, or nodded, as each chose his tree of choice,

But never shifted foot the while, nor lifted up his voice.

"*Your tree?*" at last quoth Liberty, when Britain, calm of soul,

Turned fondly to the Oak, and spread his broad hand on the bole.

"'Tis gnarled," he said, "but honest—slow of growth, but firm of grain ;

Up from the ground he drinks the dew ; down from the skies the rain.

"*This is my tree ; the Liberty I crave like this should thrive—*
A thing of growth, however slow, and in each vein alive.
Let France have Poplars, if she will, and at your garden call
For a tree per Revolution : my Oak is once for all."

"All he asks is careful tending. Foul things, at times, no doubt,
Will roost in his broad branches ; I must put them to the rout.
He has dead wood to cut away ; bruised branches to sustain :
But still my Oak, through all, is Oak—through all, shall Oak remain."

TOM TAYLOR.

CXXXIX.

THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason,
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But, ah ! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursed note !"
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
"So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder :

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CXL.

THE NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an'
agoän:

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool:
Git ma my aäle, for I beänt a-göoin' to breäk my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways true:
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
"The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," a said,
An' a' tow'd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in
hond;

I done my duty boy 'um, as I'a done boy the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot so mooch to larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barne,
Thaw a knaws I hallus voätet wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woorst o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eerd um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower
my 'eäd,

An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a' ad summut
to saäy,

An' I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy.

Bessy Marris's barne ! tha knaws she laäidit to meä.
Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond ;
I done moy duty by 'um as I'a done boy the lond.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
"The amoighty's a taäkin' o' you to 'issén, my friend," says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in 'aäste :
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby
waäste.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass ? naw, naw, tha was not born
then ;

Theer wur a boggle in it. I often 'eerd 'um mysen ;
Moäst loike a butter-bump, for I 'eerd 'um aboot an' aboot,
But I slubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled u'm oot.

Keäper's it wur ; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Doon i' the woild 'enemies afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby—toäner 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my 'aäle.

Dubbut look at the waäste : theer warn't not feeäd for a cow ;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' look at it now—
Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd,
Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it doon i' seeäd.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruffit an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squire's, an' lond o' my oän.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä ?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä ;
An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear !
And I 'a managed for Squire coom Michaelmas thutty year.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant nor a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins—a niver mended a fence :
But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
Wi' aäf the cows to sauve an' Thurnaby hoälmis to plow !

Loook 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessén naw doubt "what a man a beä sewer-loy!"
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to
the 'All,
I done my duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty by hall.

Squoire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the aäle?
Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus 'i the oyd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CXLI.

THE NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

DOSN'T thou 'ear my 'erses' legs, as they canters awaäy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saäy.
Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass for thy paaäns:
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braaäns.

Woä—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's parson's
'ouse—

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a man or a mouse?
Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty to weeäk.
Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee ;
 Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she beän a tellin' it me.
 Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's lass—
 Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on us thinks tha
 an ass.

Seeä'd her to-daäy goa by—Saäint's-daäy—they was ringing the
 bells.

She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o' gells,
 Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as
 blaws.

But propuppy, propuppy sticks, an' propuppy, propuppy graws.

Do'ant be stunt : taäke time : I knaws what maäkes tha sa mad.
 Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?
 But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as aften 'as tow'd ma this :
 "Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is !"

An' I went wheer munny war : an' thy mother coom to 'and,
 Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.
 Maäybe she warn't a beauty :—I niver giv it a thowt—
 But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt?

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when 'e's deäd,
 Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle her breäd :
 Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt nivir git naw 'igher ;
 An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the shire.

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' 'Varsity debt,
 Stook to his taäil they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet.
 An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im a shove,
 Woorse nor a far-welter'd yowe : fur, Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
 Maakin' 'em goä together as they've good right to do.
 Couldn' I luv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by?
 Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it : reason why.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
 Cooms of a gentleman burn : an' we boäth on us thinks tha
 an ass.

Woa then, proputty, wiltha?—an ass as near as mays nowt—
Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as fell as owt.

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o' the fence!
Gentleman burn! What's gentleman burn? Is it shillins an'
pence?

Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular meäls.
Noa, but it's them as nivir knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot.
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leastwaäys 'is munny was 'id.
But 'e tued an' moil'd issén deäd, an' 'e died a good un, 'e did.

Look thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck comes out by the 'ill!
Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs up to the mill;
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see;
And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the land to thee.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leäve the land to Dick.—
Coom oop, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'im saäy—
Proputty, proputty, proputty—canter an' canter awaäy.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CXLII.

MOANING.

BY A MODERN MOTHER.

SINCE Britain first, to hear her charter sung
In florid numbers by angelic tongue,
At Heaven's injunction left the azure deep:
Since acres, kine, and tenements, and sheep

Enrich the eldest, while the younger sons
Monopolise the talents and the duns ;—
Since pretty Phillis first began to hook
Reluctant shepherds with her maiden crook,
By female instinct taught to spurn the notes
Of Strephon's pipe for Damon's vine and goats :—
In every age, so rule the Powers above,
Maternal foresight makes a toil of love ;
From past repulses learns that all in vain
The net is spread in sight of any swain ;
And wins an uphill battle, foot by foot,
From Introduction on to Question put.

I need not then your conscience to perplex
With strictures on the mission of our sex.
No London mother ever yet repined
Beneath a burden shared by all her kind.
In one short line my grievance thus I state :—
Our youngest girls come out a year too late.
For in the days when Pam retained the wheel
We knew the men with whom we had to deal.
Then sucking statesmen seldom failed in seeing
The final cause and import of their being.
They dressed ; they drove a drag ; nor sought to shirk
Their portion of the matrimonial work.
They flocked to rout and drum by tens and twelves ;
Danced every dance ; and left their cards themselves,
While some obliging senatorial fag
Slipped their petitions in the Speaker's bag.
They charged their colleagues of maturer ages
With pushing local bills through all their stages ;
Consigned the dry routine of public life
To legislators furnished with a wife ;
And thought it much if once in twenty nights
They sauntered down to swell the party fights.

But now what fond regrets pervade my breast
To note a stripling, from some lofty nest
Of bright historic fame but lately fledged ;
To no loved object, save the ballot, pledged ;

By travel taught less sharply to recoil
 From notions grown on Transatlantic soil ;
 Weaned from the creed of all his kin and kith ;
 On Bentham nursed, and fed on Goldwin Smith ;
 And fresh from learning at the feet of Grote
 How governors should rule and freemen vote ;
 His one supreme intent, through woe and weal,
 To hold by Gladstone as *he* held by Peel.
 Refined yet negligent ; for want of taste
 In every groom's and valet's eyes disgraced,
 Scorned by his tailor ; little apt to mind
 Though fashion leave him half a year behind.
 In social wiles unversed, a rumoured ball
 Extracts from him no mild suggestive call :
 Nor deigns he in the ranged quadrille to stand,
 Unless to claim a fair constituent's hand
 Or serve some party end ; and, if by chance
 On some of our dear girls *he* wastes a dance,
 She hears him wonder, 'midst the figure's pause,
 How Coleridge will dispose of Heathcote's clause :
 Dead words, which damp, beyond all power to scorch,
 The match that might have kindled Hymen's torch.

And when at noon along the joyous Row
 The ceaseless streams of youth and beauty flow,
 Though azure habit and artistic hat
 Invite to snatches of half-tender chat,
 He turns where, grave and silent, yet serene,
 His chieftain rides two mirthful troops between,
 And meets the kindly breeze that fans away
 Each trace and relic of the mighty fray ;—
 The trifling slip, by eloquence retrieved ;—
 'The words misconstrued, purpose misconceived :
 The forced and mocking laugh of feigned surprise
 That down the hostile lines by concert flies ;
 The taunt of fear too fevered to be just,
 And shallowness which *deems* itself mistrust ;—
 The venomed stab of envy, that would fain
 Assume the mien and language of disdain.

Yet long we suffered, chastened to endure
The ills that picnics and July might cure.
But summer wanes, and visions once so fair
Result in Prorogation and despair.
The mother sees a wan and jaded band
Unwed, undanced-with, and untalked to, stand.
The wife, beguiled by dim and flickering hopes
Of random callers, in her boudoir mopes,
Or sits, with ears intent on casual knocks,
Though Patti sings, sole inmate of her box.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

CXLIII.

THE OWLS' SONG.

COME hither and listen, whoever
Would learn from our pages the miracle
Of passing for witty and clever
Without being voted satirical !
He'd better be apt with his pen
Than well-dressed and well-booted and gloved
Who likes to be liked by the men,
By the women who loves to be loved :
And Fashion full often has paid
Her good word in return for a gay word,
For a song in the manner of Praed,
Or an anecdote worthy of Hayward.
And hither, you sweet schoolroom beauties,
Who only at Easter came out !
We'll teach you your dear little duties
At ball-room, and concert, and rout :
With whom you may go down to supper,
And where you may venture to please ;
And what should you say about Tupper,
And what of the cattle disease ;

And when you must ask a new member
Why *he* did not move the Address,
And hint how you laughed last November
On reading his squibs in the Press.

You Pitts of the future, we'll get you
To show yourselves modest and smart,
And, if you speak hastily, set you
Three pages of Hansard by heart.
Whenever with quoting you bore us
(As pert young Harrovians will)
Your last repetition from Horace,
You'll write out a chapter of Mill.
But if you can think of a hit
That's brilliant and not very blue,
We'll greet it by piping "Tu-whit,"
And mark it by hooting "Tu-whoo."

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

CXLIV.

TU NE QUÆSIERIS FINEM.

MATILDA, will you ne'er have ceased Apocalyptic summing.
And left the number of the beast to puzzle Dr. Cumming?
What can't be cured must be endured. Perhaps a gracious
heaven
May spare us till the fated year of eighteen sixty seven.
Perchance Jove's Board of Public Works the dread decree has
passed :
And this cold season, with its joys, is doomed to be our last.
Let's to the supper-room again, though Kitmatgars may frown,
And in Lord Elgin's dry champagne wash all these tremors
down.
And book me for the fifteenth valse : there, just beneath my
thumb,
No, not the next to that, my girl ! The next may never come.

CXLV.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

SCENES that are brightest, the song in the play says,
 Fleetest and first are to go ;
 Sadly we sigh for the fancies and faces,
 Past like a Lord Mayor's Show.

Still the faint echoes of childhood are calling
 Pleasures no longer to be ;
 Dead as the leaves that keep falling and falling
 Round the old roots of the tree.

Ah ! the time seems to me ages and ages
 Since I was chubby and small ;
 Turning life's wonderful picture-book pages,
 Now near the last page of all.

When shall my soul drink again at your fountains,
 Beauty, Affection, and Truth ?
 When the swift river runs back to the mountains—
 When you restore me my youth.

Where are my friends of the playground and schoolroom,
 Comrades in short corduroys ?
 Sometimes I meet one or two in a full room,
 Bald-headed, snuff-taking boys.

Where are the objects of early devotion,
 Beautiful beings of eight ?
 Married, perhaps : but I have not a notion
 As to their conjugal state.

'Mid his grey embers young Love lies a-dreaming,
 How with old Time he may range ;
 Nothing is left us but shadows and seeming ;
 Nothing is constant but change.

GODFREY TURNER.

CXLVI.

A LOVE PLAYNT.—1370.

To yow, my Purse, and to noon other wighte,
Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere !
I am so sorry now that ye been lyghte,
For, certes, yf ye make me hevy chere,
Me were as leef be layde upon my beere.
For whiche unto your inercie thus I crye,
Beethe hevy ageyne, or elles mote I die !

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hyt be nighte,
That I of yow the blissful soun may here,
Or see your colour lyke the sunnè brighte,
That of yellownesse haddè never pere.
Ye be my lyf ! ye be myn herty's stere !
Quenè of comfort and good companye !
Beethe hevy ageyne, or elles mote I die !

Now, Purse ! that ben to me my lyve's lyghte,
And surety as doune in this world here,
Out of this tounne helpè me through your myghte,
Syn that you wole not bene my tresorere ;
For I am shave as nigh as is a frere.
But I pray unto your curtesye,
Beethe hevy ageyne, or elles mote I die !

GODFREY TURNER.

CXLVII.

A LOVE PLAINT.—1870.

FLED are the charms that so brightly did shine,
Light love of mine ;
Gone are the golden persuasions that late
Carried such weight.
Still thou art dear for the virtues again
Thou may'st contain.
“Lady,” I'll call thee, because of thy strange
Leaning to change.

Now full of music most merry to hear,
 Clinking so clear ;
Now glum and dumb as a cracked violin,
 Not worth a pin.
Listen, belov'd one, and pity my cry,
 Else I shall die !
Darling, from sad empty silence awake,
 Sing for my sake !
Sing the gay song that will never be old,
 Gold, princely Gold !
Chirp, pretty Purse, let me catch from thy throat
 One precious note !
Smile with a colour as bright as the sun,
 Banishing *dun*.
Dearest, from sad empty silence awake,
 Sing for my sake !

GODFREY TURNER.

EXLVIII.

SYNCHORESIS.

WOULD you adopt a strong logical attitude,
 Bear this in mind, and, whatever you do,
Always allow your opponent full latitude,
 Whether or not his assumption be true.
Then, when he manifests feelings of gratitude
 Merely because you've not shut him up flat,
Turn his pet paradox into a platitude,
 With the remark, "*Why, of course, we know that !*"
So, if you'd learn a good logical attitude,
 Keep this infallible maxim in view,
Always to grant your opponent full latitude,
 Whether or not his inductions be true.

Many an ass of a turn argumentative,
 Many a wiseacre, windy and dull,
Many a maniac tied to a tentative
 System that long ago turned out a mull.—

Many a bore, in short, loud though his patter is,
Bent on the effort an issue to raise,
You may demolish, and silence his batteries,
Just by agreement with all that he says ;
That is to say, by adopting the attitude
I've recommended so plainly to you,
Namely, to grant an opponent full latitude,
Whether or not his assumptions are true.

GODFREY TURNER.

CXLIX.

THE CHANGE OF POTIONS

ONE day came the doctor and told me,
" Good brother and patient of mine,
A prophet infallible hold me—
You'll die, if you don't give up wine."

His dismal prognostic alarmed me.
On water some weeks did I pine ;
Till, finding that beverage harmed me,
Last evening I left it for wine.

So gay and so happy it made me,
So brightly my spirit did shine
In sleep so delicious it laid me,
I'll never again give up wine.

No matter what ill may remind me
I'm mortal, I ne'er will repine :
So, Death ! when you will, come and find me ;
By Bacchus, you'll find me with wine !

GODFREY TURNER.

CL.

ALL SAINTS.

IN a church which is furnish'd with mullion and gable,
 With altar and reredos, with gargoye and groin,
 The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
 The odour of sanctity 's eau-de-Cologne.
 But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,
 Gaze down on this crowd with its panniers and paints,
 He would say, as he look'd at the lords and the ladies,
 "Oh, where is All Sinners', if this is All Saints'?"

EDMUND YATES.

CLI.

POMMERY GRÉNO.

DINING with Malvine,
 Captain of Militia,
 Ne'er was dinner seen,
 Soupier or fishier.
 Said to me, my host,
 Man of wit and brain, "Oh,
 In this club we boast
 Excellent champagne." "Oh,
 Not for me," I frowned ;
 "This Amontillado
 Suits me to the ground,
 He'd to please be hard, who
 Wanted better drink."
 "Come, now, drop that flummery,"
 Said he, with a wink,
 "And let us try the Pommery."
 I could ne'er refuse
 In past times or present,
 Any person whose
 Invitation's pleasant !

Doubt I never long,
But go'a moral cropper,
Though what's proposed is wrong,
Or not too strictly proper,
When a man says "Wine!"
Straight I drain the flagon;
When a girl says "Thine!"
I ne'er put virtue's drag on.
Feeling thus inclined,
I to cry was fain, "Oh,
Hang it, never mind,
Produce your Pommery Gréno!"

Dry as Compton's fun,
Dry as author's pocket;
Bright as that loved one
Whose face adorns my locket;
At the beaker's brim
Beading brittle bubbles,
Sea in which to swim,
And cast away all troubles;
Sea, where sorrow sinks,
Ne'er to rise again—oh,
Blessedest of drinks,
Welcome, Pommery Gréno!

EDMUND YATES.

CLII.

INVITED AND DECLINING.

FRANK AYLMER'S hand! I know it well;
So manly, vigorous, and clear—
Rare gift in such a thorough swell,
And heir to thousands ten a-year.
What says old Frank? Some cheery word,
Some lightsome jest, some chaff absurd,

Some hospitable hope
Of future fun.—Ay, so I thought !
Here, read his note ! with feeling fraught,
Though clothed in many a trope.

“ You’ll come for Christmas to The Ferns,
You know the Governor expects you ;
You’ll flirt with all the girls by turns,
And always have some nice one next you ;
You’ll ride The Rip—he’s well again,
Seems quite recovered from the sprain
He got with Tommy Hinde ;
Before I’d let that feeble lad
Cross horse of mine, however bad,
I’d see him—— never mind !

“ Bulbul, the poet, comes that week,
And Charley Chesterton—‘ the Smiler’
They call him in the Tenth—and Creek,
The scalping-knife of the *Reviler*.
Jack Tremlett would, but daren’t ; his wife
Has led him the—et-cetera’s—life,
Since last you dined at mess :
She caught him shawling Nelly Hughes,
The *coryphée*, and saw him use
The ‘ Freedom of the Press.’

“ Kate Brandeth comes to us, I hope,
And Anne (‘ I wish I was with Nancy !’).
You won’t see much of Gertrude Cope,
As Horne comes with her—her *fiancé* ;
Tom Selwyn brings his pretty bride,
But, never stirring from her side,
He’s lost to human ken ;
We’ve asked Du Singe, who shot the apes ;
The great art lecturer, Dr. Gapes,
And other noted men.

“ Snorter will have the cedar-room
(It is the Moor—I know his trumpet !) ;
E’en his sonorous nasal boom
Won’t wake his neighbour, deaf aunt Crumpet.

Flemming, his handkerchief and cough,
We've put a little farther off ;
While—penance for your crimes !—
You'll share my den—you know the spot.
Where Latakie and whiskies hot
Shall flout the midnight chimes.

“ So come, Ned ; fling the pen aside,
Upset the ink and tear the paper
Shake up your liver with a ride ;
And brace up your muscles with a caper.
That pile of notice-waiting books,
Those rounded shoulders, careworn looks,
In London leave behind ;
And bring back to our eyes once more
The man who made the cricket-score,
And beat the navvy blind.”

No, dear old Frank ! though heaven knows
A kinder missive ne'er was sent ;
Rousseau like, I myself oppose
All for my own enjoyment meant !
I—bah ! begone the stale device !
Too oft the cynic's heart of ice
Is warm upon his sleeve !—
I'll tell you truly why I stay
From your bright ingle-side away,
And what I say believe !

For thirty years, Frank, Christmas found
Me sitting by the side of one
Whose every draught in life was bound
In me, Frank, and who called me “ Son.”
The autumn came ; that sacred tie
Was loosed by Death's cold hand, and I
Have since then stood alone :
Half of my heart within me glows ;
The better half—which no one knows—
Is hid—beneath a stone !

And I have dreamed that when the air
Is resonant with Christmas bells,
When all have laid aside their care,
And happiness amongst us dwells,—
A step will echo on my floor :
A thin white hand will chafe once more
My sorrow-clouded brow ;
A sweet, sweet face will bend to mine,
A soft voice whisper, " Why repine,
My boy? *I'm* with thee now !"

God grant it, Frank ! though false and vain
The promise given by such a thought,
The happiness it brings I'd fain
Acknowledge to be cheaply bought.
And if, friend, in your hour of glee,
A random fancy flies to me,
So paint me in your mind,
As one who, fenced with fields of snow,
Looks back, and sees a sunset glow
On vineyards left behind !

EDMUND YATES.

CLIII.

AGED FORTY.

No *Times* ! no book !—and I must wait
A full half-hour ere Doldrum comes !
Brown would find pictures in the grate,
Jones watch the twirling of his thumbs :
Both noble aims ; but, after all,
E'en such delights are apt to pall.
Confound the stupid place !
What shall I do the time to pass ?
I'll give five minutes to the glass,
And contemplate my face.

My face ! Is this long strip of skin,
Which bears of worry many a trace,
Of fallow hue, of features thin,
This mass of seams and lines, my face ?
The aspect's bad, the glass is wrong,
Some cheating ray must fall along
The surface of the plate !
I've known myself now forty year,
Yet never saw myself appear
In such a sorry state.

I'll speak to Doldrum—wait awhile !
Let's think a little while before deciding.
Of late I've noticed Nelly's smile
Has been less kind and more deriding.
Can I be growing old ? Can youth
Have said farewell ? The simple truth
I'll have, no doubt concealing ;
Straightway I'll put my heart to school,
And though I find I've played the fool,
I'll speak out every feeling.

When introduced to Minnie Blair
Last night on waltzing purpose bent,
I saw that rosebud smile and stare,
Half pity, half astonishment.
“Engaged,” she murmured as I bowed
But ere I mingled with the crowd,
I caught her muttered word—
“*I waltz with him !* How can Grace bring
Me such a pompous stout old thing ?
She's really too absurd !”

A “stout old thing !” Oh, Lucy, love,
Ten long years resting in the grave,
Whose simply-sculptured tomb above
The feathery-tufted grasses wave—
Couldst thou bear such a term applied
To him who won thee for his bride,

Whose heart for thee nigh broke?
Round whose slim neck thine arm would twine,
As round the elm the eglantine,
Or ivy round the oak.

'Twas but last week, in Truefitt's shop,
A man, with aspect grave and calm,
Said I was "thinning at the top,"
And recommended some one's Balm!
What "balm in Gilead" could recall
The mother's touch that used to fall
Upon my childish brow?
That soft sweet hand that used to toy
With thick curl clusters of her boy
Where is that mother now?

Gone is my hack, my gallant roan,
Too hot for use. I've in his place
A cob "well up to fourteen stone."
Of ambling gait and easy pace.
The arm that stopped the Slasher's blow,
Or clave Rhine's flood, hangs listless now,
No grist to any "mill."
The legs so stalwart and so strong
Which, all unfaltering, climbed Mont Blanc,
Now ache at Primrose Hill.

My heart! my what?—ten years have passed,
Ten dreary years of London life
And worldly selfishness, since last
My heart was quickened in Love's strife:
A look would make my pulses dance;
How swift would dim my bright eye's glance
When Grief turned on her main!
Naught makes my eye now brightly glow
Save Mümm's Moselle, or Clos Vaugeot,
Or Veuve Cliquot's champagne.

Yet I have known—ay, I have known,
If e'er 'twere given to mortal here,
The pleasure of the lowered tone,
The whisper in the trellised ear;

The furtive touch of tiny feet,
 The heart's wild effervescing beat,
 The maddened pulse's play :
 Those hearts are now all still and cold,
 Those feet are 'neath the churchyard mould,
 And I—have had my day !

What ! quiv'ring lips and eyelids wet
 At recollection of the dead !
 No well-bred man should show regret
 Though youth, though love, though hope be fled !
 Ha ! Doldrum, man, come back ! What news ?
 So Frank's gazetted to the Blues !
 And Jack's got his divorce.
 I'll toddle down towards the club ;
 A cutlet—then our usual " rub "—
 You'll join us there, of course !

EDMUND YATES.

CLIV.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

THE newspapers lately have taught us to know
 How some strong-minded hens are beginning to crow.
 But, dear ladies, beware : take the word of a friend,
 That, when rivalry comes, all affection must end.
 With the brightest of *spoons* 't would be war to the *knife*
 In political contests 'twixt husband and wife ;
 And the sentence of doom might be sudden and brief,
 If a feminine subaltern jilted her chief.
 We men take a pride in concealing our chains,
 And would like to be thought to monopolise brains ;
 So I'll give you this maxim, my counsels to crown,—
If the stockings are blue, keep the petticoats down.

ANON.

CLV.

CHIGGS.

To see me here with my glass and my jug,
And my fire, and my cat, and my meerschaum, too,
You'd think that I ought to be jolly and snug,
And so I am, thank you—the same to you.

Yet, somehow, sitting cosily here,
I think of the sunny summertime hours,
When the what-do-you-call-'em warbles clear,
And the breezes blow—likewise the flowers.

For the summer I love with a love as bright
As a poet feels for his Chloe or Nancy,
And musing dreamily here to-night,
I try to hurry it on in fancy.

I am lying, we'll say, in the nook I love,
Screen'd from the sunlight's scorching glow,
Watching the big clouds up above,
And blowing a lazy cloud below ;

Blowing a cloud from my meerschaum black,
And thinking or not, as I feel inclined,
With a light alpaca coat on my back,
And nothing particular on my mind ;

Dreaming, may be, of fame or strife,
Of hopes that kindle, of loves that bless—
Some people might call it wasting life,
But it's very pleasant, nevertheless.

And pleasanter still, when, after a while,
I hear a low footfall i' the grass ;
And lo ! with a fluttering blush and a smile,
She comes to meet me, my own wee lass.

My love of the blue eyes, tender and soft,
And yellow hair, in the sun that glisten'd,
With a smile that's the same I've seen so soft,
And a new pork-pie and a feather that isn't

Cara mia, love is sweet,
Love and beauty, summer and youth,
And true is the love that I lay at your feet—
You may laugh, my dear, but you know it's the truth.

So with love at our hearts—ecstatic boon !
And now and then a word and a smile,
We dream thro' the summer afternoon
In the Owen-Meredith-Bulwer style.

And then when the "Good-night" kiss o' the sun
Has touch'd her cheek to a daintier red,
And twilight is soberly stealing on,
And yokels are toddling home to bed ;

Arm-in-arm on our homeward walk,
Thro' the country lanes and the corn-fields dear,
We wile the way with such tender talk
As maidens and young men love to hear.

Heigho ! this is all very nice, you know,
Yet somehow no maiden nor summer is nigh,
And the only corn is the corn on my toe,
And that'll want cutting by-and-by.

As for thinking my dream 'll come true, why that
Would be one of the most-absurd o' rigs ;
For I'm rather bald, and uncommonly fat,
And my name isn't Norval, but only Chiggs.

ANON.

CLVI.

ALL SIDES OF THE RIVER.

THE MAIDENS.

WE with distaste across the water wan
The broadcloth of our modern lovers scan ;
We each prefer a mediæval man.

THE YOUTHS.

We would not reach you, if we could dryshod ;
Not one of us would change, for even, his odd ;
The Girl we like not of the Period.

THE MOTHERS.

O daughters ! make your markets while you can,
For bloom soon groweth like the water wan ;
The early bird picks up the marrying man.

THE MAIDENS.

Perhaps, O lovers, if we did our hair
À la Medea, and if our garments were
Draped classically, we should seem more fair.

THE YOUTHS.

By doing this ye would not us befool ;
Medea ! the idea makes our blood run cool ;
Besides, of classics we'd enough at school.

THE BOYS.

Come, I say, now, the girls can darn, and hem,
And cook a chop, and clean a meerschaum-stem ;
Our sisters take, we are so tired of them.

THE MAIDENS.

Perhaps if ruffs around our necks were tied,
Or you with idiotic stare we eyed
All angles, with our heads upon one side,
In short, the middle-age style——

THE WIDOWS.

Suitors ! stay ;
We are less far from middle-age than they.

THE YOUTHS.

Maidens, we then to you would make our way.

THE MAIDENS.

Cross ye the water wan, then——

MR. SW*NB*RN*.

I demur
To "water wan"—it comes too often, sir ;
Write next, as I should, rhyming, "wan wàtèr."

THE MAIDENS.

Lovers, we pray you, gaining our consents,
Let us, too, have *our* mediæval bents ;
Give us, for cricket matches, tournaments.

THE WIDOWERS.

We are stout, nor will uncomfortably truss
Our arms and legs, like fowls ; no jousts for us ;
In armour we should look ridiculous.

THE FATHERS.

Of money, tournaments would cost a heap ;
Humour your sweethearts, sons, with something cheap ;
But look to settlements before you leap.

THE YOUTHS.

O maidens ! we in verse will call you queens,
And publicly extol your minds and miens,
Sending our poems to the magazines.

THE MAIDENS.

Sith of life's arches bloom hath shortest span,
We will give up our mediæval man,
And meet you half-way on the water wan.

THE EDITORS.

Alas ! the maidens have removed *their* ban ;
We, vex'd with verses vile, e'en when they scan,
Shall very soon be as the waters wan.

ANON.

CLVII.

SAMBO.

If it be but a dream or a vision,
The life that is after the grave,
The wail of the metaphysician
Is vain—but an answer I crave ;

Amid bright intellectual flambeaux,
I shall find no light clearer than thee,
O sable and sensual Sambo,
The servant of me.

I beheld thee beholding the ballet,
Dumps doleful display'd deep despair ;
Thou didst think of thine own land, my valet,
The land in which naught thou didst wear.
O statue, us Philistines loathing,
Of Phœbus !—our tailors we fear ;
Come down, and redeem us from clothing,
O nude Belvedere !

We are wise—and we make ourselves hazy ;
We are foolish—and, so, go to church ;
While Sambo but laughs, and is lazy,
(Vile discipline ! lend me thy birch) ;
He dreams of no life save the present,
His virtue is but when it suits ;
Sometimes, which is not quite so pleasant,
I miss coat or boots.

ANON.

CLVIII.

TO AN IMPORTUNATE HOST.

DURING DINNER AND AFTER TENNYSON.

Ask me no more : I've had enough Chablis ;
The wine may come again, and take the shape,
From glass to glass, of " Mountain " or of " Cape ;"
But, my dear boy, when I have answered thee,
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give,
I love not pickled pork nor partridge pie ;
I feel if I took whisky I should die !
Ask me no more—for I prefer to live :
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : unless my fate is sealed,
And I have striven against you all in vain.
Let your good butler bring me Hock again :
Then rest, dear boy. If for this once I yield,
Ask me no more !

ANON.

CLIX.

THE SESSION OF THE POETS.

AUGUST, 1866.

AT the Session of Poets, held lately in London,
The Bard of Freshwater was voted the chair :
With his tresses unbrush'd, and his shirt-collar undone,
He loll'd at his ease like a good-humour'd bear ;
"Come, boys !" he exclaimed, "we'll be merry together !"
And lit up his pipe with a smile on his cheek ;
While with eye, like a skipper's, cock'd up at the weather,
Sat the Vice-Chairman Browning, thinking in Greek.
The company gather'd embraced great and small bards,
Both strong bards and weak bards, funny and grave,
Fat bards and lean bards, little and tall bards,
Bards who wear whiskers, and others who shave.
Of books, men, and things, was the bards' conversation—
Some praised *Ecce Homo*, some deemed it so-so—
And then there was talk of the state of the nation,
And when the Unwash'd would devour Mr. Lowe.
Right stately sat Arnold, his black gown adjusted
Genteelly, his Rhine wine deliciously iced,
With puddingish England serenely disgusted,
And looking in vain (in the mirror) for "Geist ;"
He heark'd to the Chairman, with "Surely !" and "Really ?"
Aghast at both collar and cutty of clay,
Then felt in his pocket, and breath'd again freely,
On touching the leaves of his own classic play.
Close at hand lingered Lytton, whose Icarus winglets
Had often betrayed him in regions of rhyme ;
How glittered the eye underneath his grey ringlets,
A hunger within it unlesen'd by time !

Remoter sat Bailey—satirical, surly—

Who studied the language of Goethe too soon,
And sang himself hoarse to the stars very early,
And crack'd a weak voice with too lofty a tune.

How name all that wonderful company over?

Prim Patmore, mild Alford, and Kingsley alsoe?
Among the small sparks, who was realler than Lover?

Among misses, who sweeter than Miss Ingelow?
There sat—looking moony, conceited, and narrow—

Buchanan, who finding, when foolish and young,
Apollo asleep on a coster girl's barrow,
Straight dragged him away to see somebody hung.

What was said? what was done? was there prosing or rhyming?
Was nothing noteworthy in deed or in word?

Why, just as the hour of supper was chiming,
The only event of the evening occurred.

Up jumped, with his neck stretching out like a gander,
Master Swinburne, and squeal'd, glaring out thro' his hair,
"All virtue is bosh! Hallelujah for Landor!
I disbelieve wholly in everything!—There!"

With language so awful he dared then to treat 'em—

Miss Ingelow fainted in Tennyson's arms,
Poor Arnold rush'd out, crying "Soecl' inficetum!"
And great bards and small bards were full of alarms.

Till Tennyson, flaming and red as a gipsy,
Struck his fist on the table and utter'd a shout;
"To the door with the boy! Call a cab! He is tipsy!"
And they carried the naughty young gentleman out.

After that, all the pleasanter talking was done there—
Whoever had known such an insult before?

The chairman tried hard to rekindle the fun there,
But the Muses were shocked, and the pleasure was o'er.
Then "Ah!" cried the chairman, "this teaches me knowledge;
The future shall find me more wise, by the powers!
This comes of assigning to younkers from college
Too early a place in such meetings as ours!"

CALIBAN.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;
And I will not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply ;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;
And quite soft was the skies :
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise ;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand.
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve :
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour—"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand ;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE

II.

FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL
JAMES.

NYE'S FORD, STANISLAUS, 1870.

Do I sleep? do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Is our civilisation a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?

Which expressions are strong;
Yet would feebly imply
Some account of a wrong—
Not to call it a lie--
As was worked off on William, my pardner,
And the same being W. Nye.

He came down to the Ford
On the very same day
Of that lottery, drawn
By those sharps at the Bay;
And he says to me, "Truthful, how goes it?"
I replied, "It is far from gay—"

"For the camp has gone wild
On this lottery game,
And has even beguiled
'Injin Dick' by the same."
Which said Nye to me, "Injins is pizen—
Do you know what his number is, James?"

I replied, "Seven, two,
Nine, eight, four, is his hand ;"
When he started—and drew
Out a list, which he scanned ;
Then he softly went for his revolver,
With language I cannot command.

Then I said, "William Nye !"
But he turned upon me,
And the look in his eye
Was quite painful to see.
And he says : "You mistake ; this poor Injin
I protects from such sharps as you be !"

I was shocked and withdrew ;
But I grieve to relate,
When he next met my view
Injin Dick was his mate ;
And the two around town was a-lying
In a frightfully dissolute state.

When the war-dance they had
Round a tree at the Bend
Was a sight that was sad ;
And it seemed that the end
Would not justify the proceedings,
As I quiet remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled
The next day to his band ;
And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his features
And a dollar greenback in his hand.

Which the same, when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,
That that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize—
Them figures in red in the corner,
Which the number of note specifies.

Was it guile or a dream?
Is it Nye that I doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Is our civilisation a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?

BRET HARTE.

III.

HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BEING asked by an intimate party—
Which the same I would term as a friend,—
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
Since the mind to deceit it might lend;
For his arm it was broken quite recent,
And has something gone wrong with his lung,—
Which is why it is proper and decent
I should write what he runs off his tongue :

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter,
To the end,—and the end came too soon;
That a slight illness kept him your debtor
(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon);
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is;
That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer
For once being held in your thought ;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
Than ever by gold-seeker sought
(Which are words he would put in these pages
By a party not given to guile ;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages
Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him,—that very
Same rose he is treasuring now
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,
And insists on his legs being free ;
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
Is frequent and painful and free) ;

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while ;
That he knows (which this dodging of pillows
Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon),—he knows, Miss,
That though parted by many a mile,
Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
In your brief twilight dreams of the past ;
In this green laurel-spray that he treasures—
It was plucked where your parting was last ;
In this specimen,—but a small trifle,—
It will do for a pin for your shawl,
(Which, the truth not to wickedly stifle,
Was his last week's "clean-up"—and *his all*).

He's asleep ; which the same might seem strange, Miss,
Were it not that I scorn to deny
That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,
In view that his fever was high ;

But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive,
And now my respects, Miss, to you ;
Which my language, although comprehensive,
Might seem to be freedom,—it's true.

Which I have a small favour to ask you,
As concerns a bull-pup, which the same,—
If the duty would not overtask you,—
You would please to procure for me, *game*,
And send per express to the Flat, Miss,
Which they say York is famed for the breed,
Which though words of deceit may be that, Miss,
I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P.S.—Which this same interfering
Into other folks' ways I despise ;
Yet if it so be I was hearing
That it's just empty pockets as lies
Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers
That, having no family claims,
Here's my pile ; which it's six hundred dollars,
As is yours, with respect, TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BRET HARTE.

IV.

TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

SPEAK, O man, less recent ! Fragmentary fossil !
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa !

“ Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium ;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami ;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis !

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene' was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder,—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches,—
Tell us thy strange story !

"Or has the professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures ?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch ?

"Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland,
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-
mosses,
Lycopodiacea,—

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And all around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls ;—

"Tell us of thy food,—those half-marine refectations,
Crinoids on the shell, and Brachipods *au naturel*,—
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation—
Solitary fragment of remains organic !
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence—
Speak ! thou oldest primate !"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration ;

“ Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County ;
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri ! ”

BRET HARTE.

V.

A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair ;
I know where the fossils abound,
Where the footprints of *Aves* declare
The birds that once walked on the ground ;
Oh ! come, and—in technical speech—
We'll walk this Devonian shore,
Or on some Silurian beach
We'll wander, my love, evermore.

I'll show thee the sinuous track
By the slow-moving annelid made,
Or the trilobite, that, farther back,
In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid.
Thou shalt see, in his Jurassic tomb,
The plesiosaurus embalmed ;
In his oolitic prime and his bloom,
Iguanodon, safe and unharmed !

You wished—I remember it well,
And I loved you the more for that wish—
For a perfect cystedial shell,
And a *whole* holocephalic fish.

And oh ! if Earth's strata contains
In its lowest Silurian drift,
Or palæozoic remains,
The same—'tis your lover's free gift !

Then come, love, and never say nay,
But calm all your maidenly fears :
We'll note, love, in one summer's day,
The record of millions of years ;
And though the Darwinian plan
Your sensitive feelings may shock,
We'll find the beginning of man,—
Our fossil ancestors in rock !

BRET HARTE

VI.

THE WILLOWS.

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear ;
It was night in the month of October,
Of my most immemorial year ;
Like the skies I was perfectly sober,
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear,—
At the "Nightingale,"—perfectly sober,
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here once in an alley Titanic
Of Ten-pins,—I roamed with my soul,—
Of Ten-pins,—with Mary, my soul ;
They were days when my heart was volcanic,
And impelled me to frequently roll,
And made me resistlessly roll,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
In the realms of the Boreal pole,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
With the monkey atop of his pole.

I repeat, I was perfectly sober,
 But my thoughts they were palsied and sear,—
 My thoughts were decidedly queer ;
 For I knew not the month was October,
 And I marked not the night of the year ;
 I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber
 That the band oft performèd down here ;
 And I mixed the sweet music of Auber
 With the Nightingale's music by Shear.

And now as the night was senescent,
 And star-dials pointed to morn,
 And car-drivers hinted of morn,
 At the end of the path a liquescent
 And bibulous lustre was born :
 'Twas made by the bar-keeper present,
 Who mixèd a duplicate horn,—
 His two hands describing a crescent
 Distinct with a duplicate horn.

And I said : " This looks perfectly regal ;
 For it's warm, and I know I feel dry,—
 I am confident that I feel dry.
 We have come past the emeu and eagle,
 And watched the gay monkey on high ;
 Let us drink to the emeu and eagle,—
 To the swan and the monkey on high—
 To the eagle and monkey on high ;
 For this bar-keeper will not inveigle,—
 Bully boy with the vitreous eye ;
 He surely would never inveigle,—
 Sweet youth with the crystalline eye."

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
 Said, " Sadly this bar I mistrust,—
 I fear that this bar does not trust.
 Oh, hasten ! oh, let us not linger !
 Oh, fly !—let us fly—ere we must !"
 In terror she cried, letting sink her
 Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her

Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary, and kissed her,
And tempted her into the room,
And conquer'd her scruples and gloom,
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the warning of doom—
By some words that were warning of doom.
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
At the opposite end of the room?"
She sobbed, as she answered, "All liquors
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,
As the streets were deserted and drear—
For my pockets were empty and drear;
And I cried, "It was surely October,
On this very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a fair maiden down here,
On this night of all nights in the year.
Ah! to me that inscription is clear:
Well I know now I'm perfectly sober,
Why no longer they credit me here,—
Well I know now that music of Auber,
And this Nightingale, kept by one Shear."

BRET HARTE.

VII.

THE LOST TAILS OF MILETUS.

HIGH on the Thracian hills, half hid in the billows of clover,
Thyme, and the asphodel blooms, and lulled by Pactolian
streamlet,
She of Miletus lay; and beside her an aged satyr
Scratched his ear with his hoof, and playfully mumbled his
chestnuts.

Vainly the Maenid and the Bassarid gambolled about her,
The free-eyed Bacchante sang, and Pan—the renowned, the
accomplished—

Executed his difficult solo. In vain were his gambols and dances ;
High o'er the Thracian hills, rose the voice of the shepherdess,
wailing.

“Ai! for the fleecy flocks,—the meek-nosed, the passionless faces ;
Ai! for the tallow-scented, the straight-tailed, the high-stepping ;
Ai! for the timid glance, which is that which the rustic, saga-
cious,

Applies to him who loves but may not declare his passion !”

Her then Zeus answered slow : “O daughter of song and sorrow,—
Hapless tender of sheep,—arise from thy long lamentation !
Since thou canst not trust fate, nor behave as becomes a Greek
maiden,

Look and behold thy sheep.”—And lo! they returned to her
tailless

BRET HARTE.

VIII.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James ;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games ;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member to “put a head ” on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones—
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From these some bones, an animal that was extremely rare,
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that these same bones was one of his lost
mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault :
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent :
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age ;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James ;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

BRET HARTE.

IX.

A WHITE-PINE BALLAD.

RECENTLY with Samuel Johnson this occasion I improved,
Whereby certain gents of affluence, I hear, were greatly moved ;

But not all of Johnson's folly, although multiplied by nine,
Could compare with Milton Perkins, late an owner in White Pine.

Johnson's folly—to be candid—was a wild desire to treat
Every able male white citizen he met upon the street ;
And there being several thousand—but this subject why pursue?
'Tis with Perkins, and not Johnson, that to-day we have to do.

No ; not wild promiscuous treating, not the wine-cup's ruby flow,
But the female of his species brought the noble Perkins low.
'Twas a wild poetic fervour, and excess of sentiment,
That left the noble Perkins in a week without a cent.

"Milton Perkins," said the siren, "not thy wealth do I admire,
But the intellect that flashes from those eyes of opal fire ;
And methinks the name thou bearest surely cannot be misplaced ;
And—embrace me, Mister Perkins !" Milton Perkins her
embraced.

But I grieve to state that even then, as she was wiping dry
The tear of sensibility in Milton Perkins' eye,
She prigged his diamond bosom-pin, and that her wipe of lace
Did seem to have of chloroform a most suspicious trace.

Enough that Milton Perkins later in the night was found
With his head in an ash-barrel, and his feet upon the ground ;
And he murmured "Seraphina," and he kissed his hand, and
smiled
On a party who went through him, like an unresisting child.

MORAL.

Now one word to Pogonippers, ere this subject I resign :
In the tale of Milton Perkins, late an owner in White Pine,
You shall see that wealth and womeh are deceitful just the same ;
And the tear of sensibility has salted many a claim.

BRET HARTE.

X.

JIM BLUDSO.

WAL, no ! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see ;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jemmy Bludso passed-in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied ;
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engines well ;
Never be passed on the river ;
To mind the pilot's bell ;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats have their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last.
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed ;
And so come tearin' along that night,—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
To that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing —
And went for it thar and then :
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

XL

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

THE darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's ;
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far,
The neighbours round the counter drawed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "A whisky-skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and far,
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar ;
Some says three fingers, some says two,—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand ;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland :
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whisky-skin !"

No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whisky-skins !"

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife :
"I tries to foller a Christian life ;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,
Till Blood drawed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in ;
Shots and bad language swelled the din ;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door ;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin'-school.

I've sarched in vain, from Dan to Beer-
Sheba, to make this mystery clear ;
But I end with *hit* as I begin,—
WHO GOT THE WHISKY-SKIN?

JOHN HAY.

XII.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

THE King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
His patients gave him no trouble :
If they recovered, they paid him well ;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined ;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

* * * * *

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor ;
And men who twisted their waist in stays,
And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot ;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there ;
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend !
You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad ;
" An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

" This is our man," the courier said ;
" Our luck has lead us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;
" I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

* * * * *

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way ;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

XIII.

DISTICHES.

1.

WISELY a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.
This one may love her some day ; some day the lover will not.

2.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem
coming are going,
When they seem going they come : Diplomats, women, and
crabs.

3.

As the meek beasts in the Garden came flocking for Adam to
name them,
Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a king.

4.

What is a first love worth except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

JOHN HAY.

XIV.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

GOOD Luck is the gayest of all gay girls ;
Long in one place she will not stay :
Back from your brow she strokes the curls,
Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
And stays—no fancy has she for flitting,—
Snatches of true-love songs she hums,
And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

JOHN HAY

xv.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE;

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you never heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Stuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished his one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I will tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, or felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough brace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vam" or an "I tell yeou"),
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kenty raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldna'* break daown :
 —"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor ~~broke~~—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
 The cross-bars were ash, from the straightest trees ;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
 Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips ;
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and lynch-pin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thorough-broke bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through"—
 "There !" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew !"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less.
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,

Children and grandchildren—where were they ?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;—it came and found
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
“ Hahnsum kerridge ” they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
Running as usual ; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it—you're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—The Earthquake-day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay,
"Huddup !" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
'All at once the horse stood still,
'Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock !
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around ?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XVI.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening a-sitting in the shade ;
He saw her wave a handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see ;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining
stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman : "Oh, what was that, my
daughter?"

"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"

"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman : "Now, bring me my harpoon !
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb ;
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her swoond
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was
drowned ;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XVII.

THE SPECTRE PIG.

A BALLAD.

It was a stalwart butcher man
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must d.e.,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh ! it was the gentle Pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah ! it was the cruel knife
His little heart had found.

They took him then, those wicked men ;
They trailed him all along ;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong ;

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And like a mighty pendulum
All solemnly he swung !

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one ;

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son—
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes ;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child :

“O father, father, list to me ;
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then
That laughed as he would die ;
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry :—

“O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig,
That thou should'st weep and wail ?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail !”

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair ;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,
Fast fell the tear-drops big :
“Ah ! woe is me ! alas ! alas !
The Pig ! the Pig ! the Pig !”

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed ;
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered pigs
Were busy with his dreams ;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve ; the Dead hath heard ;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,
One struggle and one bound,
With stiffen'd limb and leaden eye,
The Pig was on the ground !

And straight towards the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended ;
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard,
Pat, pat, along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed ;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead !

Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man !
What makes thy cheek so pale ?
Take hold ! take hold ! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail ?

Untwisted every winding coil ;
The shuddering wretch took hold ;
All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

" Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man !"
He strives to loose his grasp,
But faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,
And fleeter than the wind
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim ;
They knocked full loud, they knocked full long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam
A trampled pathway ran ;
A ghastly shape was swinging there—
It was the butcher man.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XVIII.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLEMAN."

It may be so—perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart ;
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,
 Unsightly though it be—
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
 It may be much to thee.

Those eyes—among thine elder friends
 Perhaps they pass for blue ;
No matter—if a man can see,
 What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face
 By something like a chin,
May be a very useful place
 To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
 I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued domestic smile
 Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by that side,
 That cherub on thy knee ;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
 They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantle is a hook—
 A portrait once was there ;
It was thine only ornament—
 Alas ! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,
 She begged thee all in vain ;
She wept, and breathed a trembling prayer
 To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
 That picture torn away ;
It was a solemn thought to think
 What all her friends would say !

And often in her calmer hours,
 And in her happy dreams,
 Upon its long-deserted hook
 The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head
 In melancholy wise,
 And looks to meet the placid star
 Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one—
 Perchance I never may ;
 It is not often that we cross
 Such people in our way ;

But if we meet in distant years,
 Or on some foreign shore,
 Sure I can take my Bible oath,
 I've seen that face before.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XIX.

CONTENTMENT.

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
 I only wish a hut of stone
 (A *very plain* brown stone would do ;
 That I may call my own ;
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten ;
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
 I always thought cold victual nice—
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;
Give me a mortgage here or there,
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things ;
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, *not so large*, in rings.
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear) ;
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me ; I do not care ;
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner, and no more.
(A landscape, foreground golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor ;
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these,
 Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
 And selfish churls deride ;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl ?
 Give grasping pomp its double share—
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them *much*—
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XX.

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

COME ! fill up a bumper—for why should we go,
 While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow ?
 Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
 Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

half-ripened apples
 The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled ;
 taste sugar-of-lead
 How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed !
 rank poisons wines ! !
 For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines,
 stable-boys smoking long-nines.
 That were garnered by maidens who laugh'd thro' the vines.

scowl howl scoff, cheer,
 Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
 strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer
 For all the good wine, and we've some of it here !
 In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all !
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXI.

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
 One's money from one's purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse ;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains ;
 A fellow jumps from out a bush,
 And takes your horse's reins ;
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot ;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed—
Poor little lovely innocents
All clamorous for bread—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune ;
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still the tide
Of music seems to come :
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place ;
Your "Auld Acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And breaks the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music is all ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXII.

DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

OH, these are times
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano—woe is me
All the day long !

From crib to shroud,
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die.
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lovely caterwaul,
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall,
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar ;
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass,
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans between
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday—men with clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their dams
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air ;
Child-crying bell-men, children in despair
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves !
Howl, crash, and bellow till you get your fill ;
Ye sometimes rest ; men never can be still
But in their graves.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXIII.

ÆSTIVATION.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MY LATE LATIN TUTOR.

INCANDENT ire the solar splendour flames ;
The foles, languescant, pend from arid rames ;
His humid front the cive, anhelant, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine !

To me, alas ! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exequous pool's conterva-scum—
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue !

Me wretched ! Let me curr to quercine shades !
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids !
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump,—
Depart—be off—excede—evade—erump !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXIV.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe !
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with—but yet I love thee.
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren ; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;

But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is it a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh, no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me, oh, most fearfully.

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom. I can feel
With all around me, I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird
That rides the stream is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramp my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXV.

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;
Dey had biano-blayin ;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round and round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
I dinks dat so vine a party
Never coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Dere all was Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselves to houre ;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensybroost ;
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs ;
I put mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
 Und she shlog me on the kop,
Und the gompany vighted mit dapple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now ?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat float on de moundain's prow ?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
 Afay in de ewigkeit !

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

XXVI.

BALLAD BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
 Von Schwillensaufenstein
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
 Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meermaid,
 Fot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, " Oh, Ritter Hugo,
 Where you goes mit yourself alone ?"

And he says, " I ride in de greenwood,
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
 Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outspoke the maiden

Vot hadn't got nodings on :

"I ton't tink mooch of beoplesh

Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,

Where dere's heaps of dings to see,

Und hafe a shplendid tinner

Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',

Und you catches dem efery von :"—

So sang dis wasser maiden,

Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money

In ships dat vent down of old ;

Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !

To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at these shpoons and vatches !

Shoost see dese diamant rings !

Coom down and fill your pockets,

And I'll giss you like efery dings.

"Vot you vanst mit your schnapps and lager ?

Come down into der Rhine !

Der ish pottles de Kaiser Charlemagne

Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !"

Dat fetched him—she shtood all shpell-pound ;

She pooled his coat-tails down ;

She drewed him oonder der wasser,

De maiden mit nodings on.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

XXVII.

STEINLI VON SLANG.

DER watchman look out from his tower
Ast de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him :
Und he schvear : " May I lose my next bitter,
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang !
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

" De vorldt nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath :
You may call me a recular Dutchman,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,
More ash sefen feet high on a string,
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in,
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair ;
She look like an angel got lost in
A forest of audumn-prown hair.
Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried :
" I wish I may bust wid a bang !
If id isn't a shame she ain't married
To der herreliche Steinli von Slang ! "

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
While his vace ist ash pale ash de tead ;
Und she vhispers oonto him a redè
Ash, mit arrow-point accents, she said :
" You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,
You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion ain't in me,
De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

"Boot brafelihood tesarfes a reward, sir ;
 Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse,
 Sankt Werolf ! medinks id ish hard, sir,
 I should allameil lead you dis dance."
 Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,
 Dese murmurin' accents she flang,
 While singins, a stingin her lofer,
 Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

"Boot if oon ding you do, I'll knock under ;
 Our droples moost enden damit.
 Und if you pull droo it—by donder !
 I'll own myself euchred, und bit.
 I shvear py de holy Sanct Chlody !
 Py mine honour—und avery ding !
 You may hafe me—soul, puttons, and pody,
 Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling."

"Und dis ish de test of your power ;
 While ve shtand ourselves round in a row,
 You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,
 Down shdairs to de valley pelow ;
 Id ish rough and ash shteepe ash my virtue :"
 (Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang :)
 "Ton't try if you dinks id will hurt you,
 Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang."

An moormoor arosed mong de beoples ;
 In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn ;
 De vatchman on dop of de shdeeples
 Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
 Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
 Dey schveared dey wouldn't *pass* on de ding,
 And not roll down de firstest tam steppé
 For a hoondred like Fräulein von Sling.

* * * * *

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
 Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,
 Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin
 Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk,

Wild dooks fly afar in de gloamin,
He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang ;
Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin,
De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin and shbeakin,
He see, shoostahead in his vay,
In sinkular manner a streakin,
A strange liddle bein in cray,
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,
Cried, "Say, can you change me a thaler,
Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller
(De beggars all knowed him at sight),
So he forked out each groschen and heller,
Dill he fix de finances aright.
Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,
(Der Ritter), astonished cried "Dang !"
For id vasn't *von* thaler, boot *twenty*,
He'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater ! soopose soosh a ohght in
De vingers of *me* or of *you*,
How ve'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin
Dill no von vos left to pursue !
Good Lort ! how *wed* froze to de ready !
Boot mit him 'd vas a different ding ;
For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
Dis lofer of Fräulein von Sling.

Und dough no von will gife any gredit
To dis part of mine dale, shdill id's drue,
He dravelled ash if he vould dead it,
Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
Und loudly he after him hollers,
Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang :
"You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
Hold hard !" cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
 Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,
 Den mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
 "Vot manner of mortal art dow?
 I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tousend,
 Und nefer yet met soosh a ding!
 Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and
 Peloved by de Lady von Sling!

"Und she vant you to roll from de tower-
 Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot."
 (Here de knight, whom amazement o'erbower,
 Cried, "Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott!")
 Boot de oldt veller saidt: "I'll arrange it;
 Let your droples und sorrows co hang!
 And nodings will coom to derange it,
 Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin,
 Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?
 You'll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin;
 I'll also be dere—nefer fear!
 And I dinks we shall make your young voman
 A new kind of meloty sing;
 Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
 Gott-tamnaple Fräulein von Sling."

De fiolet shtars vere apofe him,
 White moths and white dofes shimmered round,
 All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
 Mit perfume and vision and sound.
 De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
 In a harp-like, melotious twang;
 Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
 Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assembled
 Mit panners and lances and dust,
 Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,
 Und often her folly she cussed.

For she found dat der Ritter would *do it*,
Und "die or get into the Ring,"
Und denn she'd pe cerdain to rue it,
Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
Dan he mit de Minnesing crew ;
He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,
Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.
Und she dinked ash she looked from de vinders,
Now herzlich his braises dey sang ;
" Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders,
For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh ! der goot knight had a Schauer,
Und felt most ongommonly queer,
When he found on de top of de dower
De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
Denn he find he no more cauld go valkin,
Und shtood, shoost au potrified ding,
Vild de goblum vent round apout talkin,
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see into the problem,
Und vas staggered like rats at ids *vim* ;
His soul had gone indo the goblum,
Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
Und de eyes of the ools vas enchanted,
Dere vas " glamour " oopon the whole gang ;
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt ! how he dalked ! onder heafens
Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
Knockin all dings to sechses and sevens,
Und gifin Plectruda Dutch fits.
Mein Gott ! how he poonished and chaffed her,
Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding ;
While the volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry and paler,
 De lady grew ratful and red,
 She felt some Satanical jailer
 Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
 She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin,
 Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
 Till she knelt herself pooty near dyin,
 To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceilin,
 Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
 Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,
 Till she look more a vool dan pefore.
 Denn he roll down de shteps light and breezy,
 His laughs made it all apout ring ;
 And he shveared dere vas noding more easy
 Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und ven he cot down to de pottom,
 He laughs so to freezen your plood ;
 Und schvear dat de boumps ash he cot em
 Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
 Boot, oh ! how dey shook at his power,
 Vhen he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
 Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,
 To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang !

Denn all in an insdand vas altered :
 Der Steinli vas coom to himself ;
 Und de sprite, vitch in doople sense paltered,
 From dat moment acain vas an elf.
 Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person
 Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
 And knew not who 'twas lay the curse on
 De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun—endlich—Plectruda repented,
 Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy !
 In dime to pe married consented,
 Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy :

A dwenty gold piece on his bosom
Vhen geporn was tiscofered to hang
Mit de inscript—"Dis dime don't refuse em"—
So endent de tale of Von Slang.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

XXVIII.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

VILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
Vitch it's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words—
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Vill'st dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?
Den you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into yóur soul ish ran.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache
Dou moost eat apout a peck
A week, of stinging sauerkraut,
Und sefen pfounds of speck,
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum:
Dish ish de only cerdain way
To make de accents coom.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Brepere dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses
Intwisted—ohne zahl—
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,
For a languashe ideál.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Du must mitout an fear
Trink efery tay an gallon dry
Qf foamín Sherman bier.
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
More Deutsch you'll surely pe ;
For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
Of de whole of Germany.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Be sholly, brav, and treu,
For dat veller is kein Deutscher
Who ish not a sholly poy.
Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang and Klang dein Lebenlang,
A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart.
From Schwabenland or Sachsen,
Vhere now dis writer peeès ;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
Denn, on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vine green Sherman land

Und if you shoost kit married,
 (Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
 You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch, mein kind,
 Ash fast ash you tesire.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

XXIX.

MANES.

THERE'S a time to be jolly, a time to repent,
 A season for folly, a season for Lent.
 The first as the worst we too often regard ;
 The rest as the best, but our judgment is hard.

There are snows in December and roses in June,
 There's darkness at midnight and sunshine at noon :
 But were there no sorrow, no storm-cloud or rain,
 Who'd care for the morrow with beauty again ?

The world is a picture both gloomy and bright,
 And grief is the shadow, and pleasure the light,
 And neither should smother the general tone ;
 For where were the other if either were gone ?

The valley is lovely ; the mountain is drear,
 Its summit is hidden in mist all the year ;
 But gaze from the heaven high over all weather,
 And mountain and valley are lovely together.

I have learned to love Lucy, though faded she be ;
 If my next love be lovely, the better for me.
 By the end of next summer, I'll give you my oath,
 It was best, after all, to have flirted with both.

In London or Munich, Vienna or Rome,
The sage is contented, and finds him a home ;
He learns all that is bad, and does all that is good,
And will bite at the apple, by field or by flood.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

XXX.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Paris is ;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Pharisees ;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothing ain't extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office !
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth fill'd their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes :
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin' ;
The bread comes back in many days,
An' butter'd, tu, fer sartin ;—
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stúff
For 'lectioneers to spout on ;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on ;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal,
An' in the traces lead 'em ;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' wither'd be the nose thet pokes
Inter the government printin' :

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
From him my bread an' chcese air ;

I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his souperscription—
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in everythin' thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN' ;
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But, oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen :
One way or t' other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin' ;
It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it bald-headed.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzést kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherley kindness,
Thet bomshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du beliave
In Humbug generally.
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally ;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

XXXI.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GINERAL B. is a sensible man ;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he wunt vote for Ginerall B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we do?
We can't never choose him, o' course—that's flat :
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you ?),
An' go in for thunder an' guns, an' all that ;
Fer John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he wunt vote for Ginerall B.

Ginerall C. is a drefle smart man :
He's been on all sides that give places or pelf ;
But consistency still was a part of his plan—
He's been true to *one* party, and that is himself ;
So John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he shall vote fer Ginerall C.

General C. goes in for the war ;
He don't vally principle morn 'n an old cud ;
What did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?
So John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We're gettin on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't ;
We kind o' thought Christ went against war and pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Pulk, you know, *he* is our country ;
An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book,
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;
An' John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these arguments lies ;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum* ;
An' that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum ;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez it ain't no such thing ; an', of course, so must *we*.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heered in his life
Thet the Apostles rigg'd out in their swallow-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes ;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know *everythin'* down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow—
God sends country lawyers an' other wise fellers
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;
For John P.
Robinson, he
Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

XXXII.

THE COORTIN'.

GOD makes sech rights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru' the winder ;
An' there sot Huld' all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
With half a cord o' wood in ;
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Again the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy again
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On such a blessed cretur ;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur' ;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then that, by spells—
All is, he wouldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple ;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir :
My ! when he made Old Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some* !
She seemed to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-hole.

She heerd a foot, and knowed it tu,
A-rasping on the scraper ;
All ways at once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle ;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furdur.
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wall...no...I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin ;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister ;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'...wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lip,
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Janooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy ;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

XXXIII.

THE EDITOR'S WOOING.

We love thee, Ann Maria Smith,
And in thy condescension
We see a future full of joys
Too numerous to mention.

There's Cupid's arrow in thy glance,
That by thy love's coercion
Has reached our melting heart of hearts,
And asked for one insertion.

With joy we feel the blissful smart ;
And e'er our passion ranges,
We freely place thy love upon
The list of our exchanges.

There's music in thy lowest tone,
And silver in thy laughter :
And truth—but we will give the full
Particulars hereafter.

Oh, we could tell thee of our plans
All obstacles to scatter ;
But we are full just now, and have
A press of other matter.

Then let us marry, Queen of Smiths,
Without more hesitation :
The very thought doth give our blood
A larger circulation.

ROBERT H. NEWELL.

XXXIV.

POOR PUSSY.

WE count mankind and keep our census still,
We count the stars that populate the night ;
But who, with all his computation, can
Con catty nations right?

In all the lands, in zones of all degrees,
No spot im-puss-able is known to be ;
And sure the ocean can't ignore the Cat,
Whose capital is C.

Despise her not ; for nature, in the work
Of making her, remembered human laws,
And gave to puss strange gifts of human sort,
Before she made her paws.

First, Puss is like a soldier, if you please ;
Or, like a soldier's officer, in truth ;
For every night brings ample proof she is
A fencer from her youth.

A model cosmopolitan is she,
Indifferent to change of place or time,
And, like the hardy sailor of the seas,
Inured to every climb.

Then, like a poet of the noble sort,
Who spurns the ways of ordinary crews,
She scorns the upper-storied attic salt,
And hath her private mews.

In mathematics she eclipses quite
Our best professors in the science hard,
When, by her quadrupedal mode, she shows
Her four feet in a yard.

To try the martial simile once more :
She apés the military drummer-man,
When, at appropriate hours of day and night,
She makes her ratty plan.

She is a lawyer to the hapless rat,
Who strives in vain to fly her fe-line paws,
Evading once, but to be caught again
In her redeeming claws.

Then turn not from poor pussy in disdain,
Whose pride of ancestry may equal thine ;
For is she not a blood-descendant of
The ancient Catty line ?

ROBERT H. NEWELL

XXXV.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest ;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach ;
His linen and worsted were worse ;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself :

“ Unfortunate man that I am :
I’ve never a client but grief ;
The case is, I’ve no case at all,
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a brief.

“ I’ve waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an ‘ opening ’ to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

“ ’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

“ Oh, how can a modest young man
E’er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession’s already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession ! ”

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, “ It is well ! ”

To curb his emotions he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse;
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
"That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XXXVI.

THE LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

I'M notified—fair neighbour mine—
By one of our profession,
That this—the Term of Valentine—
Is Cupid's Special Session.

Permit me, therefore, to report
Myself on this occasion,
Quite ready to proceed to Court,
And file my Declaration.

I've an Attachment for you, too ;
A legal and a strong one ;
Oh, yield unto the Process, do,
Nor let it be a long one !

No scowling bailiff lurks behind ;
He'd be a precious noddy,
Who, failing to arrest the mind,
Should go and Take the Body !

For though a form like yours might throw
A sculptor in distraction ;
I couldn't serve a Capias—no—
I'd scorn so base an action !

Oh, do not tell me of your youth,
And turn away demurely ;
For though you're very young, in truth,
You're not an Infant surely !

The Case is everything to me ;
My heart is love's own tissue ;
Don't plead a Dilatory Plea ;
Let's have the General Issue !

Or—since you've really no Defence,
Why not, this present Session,
Omitting all absurd pretence,
Give judgment by Confession ?

So shall you be my lawful wife ;
And I—your faithful lover—
Be Tenant of your heart for life,
With no Remainder after.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XXXVII.

THE COLD WATER MAN.

A BALLAD.

IT was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,—
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbours thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish ;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name,
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame !

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the heart to "bob"
For anything but eels !

A cunning fisherman was he—
His angles all were right ;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove a "bite !"

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog ;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook!"

To charm the fish he never spoke—
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty "taking" way !

Alas ! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore ;
Down—down he went to feed the fish
He'd baited off before.

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in ;

Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact upon the fact,
Was clearly gin-and-water.

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear,
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier.

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
Maybe, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold water man at last!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XXXVIII.

THE GHOST PLAYER.

A BALLAD.

TOM GOODMAN was an actor man,
Old Drury's pride and boast
In all the light and sprightly parts,
Especially the Ghost.

Now Tom was very fond of drink,
Of almost every sort,
Comparative and positive,
From porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff
For any man to sup ;
For, when it fails to pull him down,
It's sure to blow him up.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,
Who day by day was seen
A-swelling, till (as lawyers say)
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed
He'd better leave his post ;
And said, he played the very deuce
Whene'er he played the Ghost.

'Twas only t'other night he saw
A fellow swing his hat,
And heard him cry, " By all the gods :
The Ghost is getting fat !"

'Twould never do ; the case was plain ;
His eyes he couldn't shut ;
Ghosts shouldn't make the people laugh,
And Tom was quite a butt.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a word
To cheer his drooping heart ;
Though more than one was burning up
With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly :
He said he didn't doubt
That Hamlet's father drank, and grew,
In years, a little stout.

And so 'twas natural, he said,
And quite a proper plan,
To have his spirit represent
A portly sort of man.

'Twas all in vain ; the manager
Said he was not in sport,
And, like a general, bade poor Tom
Surrender up his *forte*.

He'd do, perhaps, in heavy parts,
Might answer for a monk,
Or porter to the elephant,
To carry round his trunk.

But in the Ghost his day was past ;
He'd never do for that ;
A Ghost might just as well be dead
As plethoric and fat !

Alas ! next day poor Tom was found
As stiff as any post,
For he had lost his character,
And given up the Ghost.

XXXIX.

MY FAMILIAR.

AGAIN I hear that creaking step !
He's rapping at the door !
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes !

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news ;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views ;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve ;
He takes the strangest liberties,
But never takes his leave !

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word ;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd ;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more ;
He opens everything he sees,
Except the entry door !

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills,
Of which he ne'er complains ;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay ;
On themes like these away he goes—
But never goes away.

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote ;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote ;
He thinks the writer did me wrong ;
He'd like to run him through !
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says, " Adieu !"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like a summer rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks ;
In vain I scowl and pout ;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out !

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XL.

COMIC MISERIES.

MY dear young friend, whose shining wit,
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself " a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways ;

But learn to wear a sober phiz ;
 Be stupid if you can ;
 It's such a very serious thing
 To be a funny man !

You're at an evening party, with
 A group of pleasant folk,—
 You venture quietly to crack
 The least of little jokes,—
 A lady doesn't catch the point,
 And begs you to explain—
 Alas for one that drops a jest
 And takes it up again !

You're talking deep philosophy
 With very special force,
 To edify a clergyman
 With suitable discourse,—
 You think you've got him—when he calls
 A friend across the way,
 And begs you'll say that funny thing
 You said the other day !

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
 Into a neighbour's ears,
 Who likes to give you credit for
 The clever thing he hears ;
 And so he hawks your jest about,
 The old, authentic one,
 Just breaking off the point of it,
 And leaving out the pun !

By sudden change in politics,
 Or sadder change in Polly,
 You lose your love or loaves, and fall
 A prey to melancholy ;
 While everybody marvels why
 Your mirth is under ban—
 They think your very grief "a joke,"—
 You're such a funny man !

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine) ;
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonder's what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin !

Your're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news :—
You quarrel with your wife.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Set's all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways ;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can ;
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

XLI.

EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep !"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself ; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right !

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration) ;
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising !

“ Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl ;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any bed at all !

The “ time for honest folks to be a-bed ”
Is in the morning, if I reason right ;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery ; or else—he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the “ Seasons ” said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season ;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A.M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His teaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas ! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep !

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night ;
And free at last from mortal care and guile,
To live, as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realms so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin !

So let us sleep, and give the maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried "Served him right !—it's not at all surprising ;
The worm was punish'd, sir, for early rising !"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XLII.

DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED ?

MADAM, you are very pressing,
And I can't decline the task ;
With the slightest gift of guessing,
You would scarcely need to ask !

Don't you see a hint of marriage
In his sober-sided face,
In his rather careless carriage,
And extremely rapid pace ?

If he's not committed treason,
Or some wicked action done,
Can you see the faintest reason
Why a bachelor should run ?

Why should he be in a flurry ?
But a loving wife to greet
Is a circumstance to hurry
The most dignified of feet !

When afar the man has spied her,
If the grateful, happy elf
Does not haste to be beside her,
He must be beside himself !

It is but a trifle, may be,
But observe his practised tone
When he calms your stormy baby
Just as if it were his own.

Do you think a certain meekness
You have mentioned in his looks,
Is a chronic optic weakness
That has come of reading books?

Did you ever see his vision
Peering underneath a hood,
Save enough for recognition,
As a civil person should?

Could a Capuchin be colder
When he glances, as he must,
At a finely rounded shoulder,
Or a proudly swelling bust?

Madam! think of every feature,
Then deny it if you can:
He's a fond, connubial creature,
And a *very* married man!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XLIII.

THE COCKNEY.

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short ;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use ;
And he wore a pair of gaiters
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame,
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted
He was sure to put it in !

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked : "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome !"
And declared upon his honour,—
Though, of course, 'twas very queer,—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *hart* of making beer !

When I named the Colosseum,
He observed "'Tis very fair ;
I mean, ye know, it *would* be,
If they'd put it in repair ;
But what progress or *himprovement*
Can those curst *Hitalians* 'ope
While they're *hunder* the dominion
Of that blasted muff, the Pope ?"

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *Hamericans* talked *Hinglish*,
But he deemed it quite *habsurd*;

Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York !

When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn ;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks I see him still),
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XLIV.

PHAËTON ;

OR, THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAËTON—so the histories run—
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun—
Or rather of Phœbus ; but, as to his mother,
Genealogists make a dem of a pother,
Some going for one, and some for another !
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora !
Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
Drove a very fast coach by the name of " The Sun ;"
Running, they say,
Trips every day,
(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way),
All lighted up with a famous array
Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
And dashing along like a gentleman's " shav.,"
With never a fare, and nothing to pay !

Now Phaëton begged of his doting old father
To grant him a favour, and this the rather
Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
That he wasn't by any means Phœbus's boy,
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun !
"By the terrible Styx," said the angry sire,
While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,
"To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire !"

"Then by my head,"

The youngster said,

"I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed !—
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box and a dashing drive !"

"Nay, Phaëton, don't—

I beg you won't—

Just stop a moment and think upon't !
You're quite too young," continued the sage,
"To tend a coach at your tender age !

Besides, you see,

'Twill really be

Your first appearance on any stage !

Desist, my child,

The cattle are wild ;

And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'

Depend upon't the coach 'll be 'spiled,'—

They're not the fellows to draw it mild !

Desist, I say,

You'll rue the day—

So mind and don't be foolish, Pha' !"

But the youth was proud,

And swore aloud,

'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd—
He'd have the horses, and wouldn't be cowed !
In vain the boy was cautioned at large,
He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
And vowed that any young fellow of force
Could manage a dozen coursers, of course !

Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry
 He had given his word in such a hurry,
 But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt
 He was in for it now, and couldn't back out.
 So calling Phaëton up in a trice,
 He gave the youth a bit of advice :—

“*Parce stimulis, utere loris!*”

[A “stage direction,” of which the core is,
 Don't use the whip—they're ticklish things,
 But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings !]
 “Remember the rule of the Jehu tribe is,

‘Medio tutissimus ibis,’”

[As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
 Who was going to quod between two watchmen !]

“So mind your eye, and spare your goad ;
 Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road !”
 Now Phaëton, perched in the coachman's place,
 Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
 Fast as coursers running a race,
 Or bounding along in a steeple-chase !
 Of whip and shout there was no lack,

Crack—whack—

Whack—crack—

Resounded along the horses' back !
 Frightened beneath the stinging lash,
 Cutting their flanks in many a gash,
 On—on they sped as swift as a flash—
 Through thick and thin away they dash,
 (Such rapid driving is always rash !)
 When, all at once, with a dreadful crash,
 The whole “establishment” went to smash,

And Phaëton, he

As all agree,

Off the coach was suddenly hurled
 Into a puddle, and out of the world !

MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,
 Nor set it down in your table of forces,
 That any man equals any four horses.

Don't swear by the Styx !—
It's one of Old Nick's
Diabolical tricks
To get people into a regular "fix,"
And hold 'em there as fast as bricks !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XLV.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THIS tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,
Is old, but the manner is wholly a new one.
One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
Has told it before in a tedious narration ;
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fulness,
But which nobody reads, on account of its dulness.

Young Peter Pyramus—I call him *Peter*,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the metre,
But merely to make the name completer—
For Peter lived in the olden times,
And one of the worst of Pagan climes,
That flourish now in classical fame,

Long before

Either noble or boor

Had such a thing as a *Christian* name.
Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know ;

In years, I ween,

He was rather green,

That is to say, he was just eighteen ;
A trifle too short, and a shaving too lean,
But "a nice young man" as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen.

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl
In the magical trap of an auburn curl—

A little Miss Thisbe who lived next door,
(They slept, in fact, on the very same floor,
With a wall between them, and nothing more—
These double dwellings were common of yore),
And they loved each other, the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,
That every young maid
And every young blade
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade.
But alack-a-day for the girl and boy,
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them, awhile, the deepest annoy.
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn't happen to please the old folks.

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother,
And tried their innocent passions to smother,
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other.

But who ever heard
Of a marriage deterred,
Or even deferred,
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy and caging his bird?
Now Peter, who wasn't discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appal,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,

Which wasn't so thick
But removing a brick
Made a passage—though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover would greet her,
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter;

For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes.

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,

Laid a nice little plot

To meet at a spot

Near a mulberry tree in a neighbouring grove ;

For the plan was all laid

By the youth and the maid,

(Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones),

To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.

In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,

The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,

The mulberry tree impatient to find ;

While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,

Strolled leisurely out some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting-tree,

A terrible lion

As e'er you set eye on,

Came roaring along quite horrid to see,

And caused the young maiden in terror to flee,

(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is

Blood—and "a terrible thing among ladies"),

And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,

The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil

All covered o'er

And reeking with gore,

Turned all of a sudden exceeding pale,

And sat himself down to weep and to wail—

For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter

Made up his mind, in very short metre,

That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her !

So breathing a prayer,

He determined to share

The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"

And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost.

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau
Lying dead by the veil (which she happened to know),
She guessed, in a moment, the cause of his erring,
 And seizing the knife,
 Which had taken his life,
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentleman ! pray recollect, if you please,
Not to make assignations near mulberry trees ;
Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.

Young ladies ! you shouldn't go strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out,
And remember that accidents often befall
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XLVI.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

A.D. 1867.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations—
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations—
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple ;—

Even there I heard a strange wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamour, - /
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The kerbstone war, the auction's hammer,—

And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions
To ancient sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar :
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here,
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty !
The demigod had crossed the seas—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head ;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted ;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley ;
The random passers stayed to list—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long,
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A news-boy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper :
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

Oh, heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting, I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead!”—and all the people
Went on their ways :—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NOTES.

ENGLISH WRITERS.

I.

From "Interludes," a volume of short lyric poems, chiefly of a serious character, in the notes to which Mr. Austin writes: "At the Porta di San Lorenzo, as, indeed, in a thousand places in Rome, is a little metal cross let into the archway of the gate, which the passer-by is solicited to kiss by the inducement that he will thereby acquit his soul, on its reaching the shores of the next world, of a hundred days' quarantine in purgatory. If generously-minded, however, he may transform the prospective benefit to himself into an immediate benefit to some soul already undergoing that painful delay; and this transfer of acquired advantage is strongly urged upon the devout. The epigram these few words are intended to elucidate was composed under the circumstances related in the context."

II.

From "The Tower of Babel and other Poems." Mr. Austin has, of recent years, turned his attention, almost exclusively, to the production of severe imaginative poetry, with a success to which the best of our periodical critics have frankly borne witness. More to my present purposes, however, is the little volume which, if I remember rightly, first brought Mr. Austin into notice as a poet—"The Season: a Satire," in which the follies and frailties of the age were reprobated with a strength of moral indignation and a force of satiric point and epithet to which English literature had been unaccustomed since the days of Byron. For instance:—

"But—the clock strikes: the carriage waits: be trite.
Pocchini dances, Titiens sings, to-night.
Sure, you mistake? For Lumley promise made
Of voice not heard, limbs never yet displayed.
Better and better. Sharp's the word. The tier?
The first, of course—the best for eye and ear.

Gods ! what a show ! Right, left, the House is crammed :
 Our new danseuse won't here, at least, be damned.
 Above, around, below, are houris' eyes,
 Flashing with quick, intelligent surprise ;
 And houris' blushes rapidly respond
 To murmurous whispers deftly-dropped and foud,
 Spread from the temples, eddy to the neck,
 Break on the breast, and, turning at the check,
 In ripples weaker rally from restraint,
 Creep up the cheek and on the features faint.
 Their rounded, pliant, silent-straying arms
 Seem sent to guard, yet manifest their charms.
 Mark how the lorgnettes cautiously they raise
 Lest points, no pose so thoughtless but displays,
 A too quick curiosity should hide—
 For they who gaze must gaze at be beside.
 Now, o'er the box their beauteous busts they bend,
 A foe to welcome, criticise a friend,
 Unfolding or obscuring charms at will
 With all the calm unconsciousness of skill,
 Solving the doubt that sometimes will arise—
 Whilst women wantons are, can men be wise ?
 Let your eyes stray from sensuous row to row
 Of nude parade, and flash an honest no !
 What can be Man's, the while 'tis Woman's part
 To bare her bosom and to hide her heart ? ”

Take, again, the following passage, which especially reminds one of Byron's famous onslaught on the waltz :

“ Botanic Show, where crowds and tactics tear
 Too yielding daughters from a mother's chair ;
 Water excursions, when full boats divide
 Some pretty novice from a sister's side ;
 Or Garden Fêtes where skilled duennas lose
 Some precious charge that with like skill pursues ;
 To these be honour ; but the Ball—the Ball—
 Combines, continues, and excels them all.
 Here, with complacency, strict matrons see
 Maids and Moss-troopers polking knee to knee
 Their kindly gaze examines and exalts
 The closer contact of the chaster waltz.
 Look where they smile, the grey-haired guardians set
 To scout decorum, sanction etiquette.
 Louder, ye viols ! shrilly, cornets ! blow !
 Who is this prophet that denounces woe ?
 Whirl fast ! whirl long ! ye gallants and ye girls
 Cling closer still ; dance down these cursèd churls
 Be crowned, ye fair ! with poppies newly-blown,
 Fling loose your tresses, and relax your zone !

From floating gauze let dreamy perfume rise,
 Infuse a fiercer fervour in your eyes !
 Till, head and heart and senses all on fire,
 Passion presume and Modesty expire !"

"The Season" is full of felicities both of phrase and epithet ; among others the reference to the

"Nor dear nor damsels, tough and tart,
 Unmarketable maidens of the mart,
 Who, plumpness gone, fine delicacy feint,
 And hide your sins in piety and paint."

Also the allusion to

"Those gardens where the leafy glade
 Prompts the proposal dalliance delayed ;
 Where tear-dewed lids, choked utterance, sobs suppressed,
 Tear the confession from a doubting breast ;
 Whence they who vainly haunted rout and ride
 Emerge triumphant from a suitor's side."

These are full of the best spirit of satire ; and though one may be grateful to Mr Austin for such poems as "The Human Tragedy" and "The Tower of Babel," yet, remembering the utter sterility of contemporary poetry in professedly satiric verse, one cannot help regretting that he does not give us something more in his earlier and not least effective manner.

III.

Mr. Bailey is not a popular poet, though most people have at least heard of his "Festus," and though his various works are full—and "Festus" especially so—of fine flights of the imagination. The truth is, I suppose, that the British public is tired of the spasms which Mr. Bailey and Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell at one time made fashionable, and "Festus" pays the penalty of all writing which has not its basis in the realities of human existence. It is a very fine poem—some passages in it are particularly beautiful—and if Goethe had not written before him, Mr. Bailey might even now have an opportunity of obtaining among the many the recognition he has wrested from the few. The lyric I quote is a good example of Mr. Bailey's humour, and is, perhaps, one of the few pieces by this poet which will be remembered by-and-by.

IV.—VI.

Mr. Ballantine is one of the few vernacular poets that Scotland now possesses, and is, one may say, as happy and successful in his serious as in his comic pieces. Even those who are least capable of mastering the Scottish dialect must be able to enjoy, for instance, "Ilka Blade o' Grass keps its ain Drap o' Dew." Exceedingly

popular in Scotland, and not unknown in England, Mr. Ballantine is a true singer, and worthily maintains the reputation of his poetic countrymen as the writer of songs, some of which will bear comparison not only with Tannahill's and Ferguson's but those of Burns himself. In No. IV. *hirpled* means walking lamely; *hoastit*, coughed; *finking*, quickly turning short; *daffing*, funning; *smeehit*, smocked; *duddy*, ragged; *drucken*, drunken; *slaughter*, flatten; *snab*, shoemaker; *cutty whittle*, short knife; *tattie*, potato; *gleg*, quick; *shankit*, cheered; *skelpit*, thrashed; *bog-reed*, shepherd's pipe; and *stuffy*, stout. In No. V. *smirky* is smiling; *waly*, cunningly; *nabby*, conceited person; *gill-flirt*, sly flirt; and *stound*, acute sensation. In No. VI., *toomed* is emptied; *caggies*, hollow wooden circular vessels; *ferlie*, wonder; *clart*, mud; *stieve*, firm; *stey*, steep; *reaming*, brimming over; *bowit*, lanthorn; *fleg*, bright; *cart trams*, shafts of carts; *hyted*, scolded; *huppit*, whipped; *dub*, pool; *couthy*, kindly; and *yill*, ale.

VII.

Mr. Barnes has done for the dialect of Dorsetshire what Mr. Waugh has done for that of Lancashire, and Mr. Tennyson for that of Lincolnshire. But, more than that, his best poems, which have appeared, it will be remembered, in literary English also, by no means suffer in the hazardous and difficult process of translation from narrow Dorset into broader English. "A Bit o' Sly Coorten," taken from the "Poems in the Dorset Dialect," is printed as latterly revised and re-written by the author, and is an excellent specimen of his style.

VIII.—XI.

From "Musa Burschicosa," a little volume of miscellaneous songs, which, unlike many that usurp that designation, are really intended to be sung. It is hardly necessary to point out how much solid learning is here compressed into the compass of four short lyrics, lit up with all the brightness of a singularly facile wit, and made admirable alike by form and phrase. Professor Blackie succeeds in impressing his personality upon everything that he writes; and that personality is so thoroughly genial in character that his readers are never disposed to quarrel with his egotism. I would advise my own readers not to be satisfied with these four comic pieces, but to make an immediate acquaintance with the professor's more sentimental performances in verse, which rank very high among the best of our modern minor poetry.

XII., XIII.

Mr. Matthew Browne, who still elects to hide his real identity under the *nom de plume* which has given him celebrity, is one of the most versatile of living writers, and is, perhaps, even more successful in prose than in verse, of which he has not written much. The little volume from which this and the following piece are taken, called "Lilliput Levée," is, I believe, his single contribution to this form of literature; and it is so admirable that it is to be hoped Mr. Browne will not stop here. To write for children is, perhaps the most difficult of all literary efforts, and Mr. Browne

appears instinctively to have gained the secret. How thoroughly life-like is his sketch of "Madcap!" How completely truthful to child-nature is his description of the doings in "Lilliput Land!" Only one other contemporary English writer seems to me to rival Mr. Browne in his knowledge of children and their ways, and that is Mr. W. C. Bennett, whose "Baby May" will obtain for him that immortality which his more ambitious efforts will fail to secure. Mr. Browne, I need hardly remind the reader, is well known in the world of philosophical speculation as a brilliant and original thinker; but I doubt if "Henry Holbeach," suggestive as it is, will ever overtake the widespread popularity which the poems of Matthew Browne have even now achieved.

XIV.

Like Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning has written few professedly humorous poems. Nearly all his works, indeed, are pervaded by a subtle tincture of thoroughly original humour; but the humour is rather latent than overt—only in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is Mr. Browning obviously exclusively comic, with just that undertone of seriousness which belongs to all true comedy. The poem is probably one of the most familiar of modern poetical productions; but familiar though it is, it is always welcome, and its omission from the present work would have been, I think, unpardonable. For the legend on which it is founded the reader should consult Mr. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages."

XV.—XVIII.

Of the four poems by Mr. Buchanan quoted here, the first two are taken from his "Poetical Works," whilst the two latter originally appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and at the time I write have not been included in a separate publication. In the first two the humour is of a serious, an almost melancholy, type; in the two latter it is more striking and pronounced, besides being exceedingly characteristic of the writer, who, though not primarily a humorist, has, like all men of real poetic power, a humorous vein which he has frequently worked out with conspicuous success. It will be observed that I have selected pieces, not only in English, but on Scottish and Irish subjects, all of which are treated by Mr. Buchanan with equal ability and attractiveness.

XIX., XX.

Mr. Burnand is well known and widely acknowledged to be one of the most original and facile comic writers of the day, and I am happy in being able to put before the reader two of the most delightful of his pieces. The former is extracted, by express permission, from the first series of "Happy Thoughts"—a work which forms one of the most remarkable of Mr. *Punch's* successes, and probably exhibits Mr. Burnand in the most effective of his many humorous "manners." The latter was sung by Mrs. John Wood at the St. James's Theatre, London, during the long run of the writer's famous burlesque of "Poll and Partner Joe," and never failed to be encored three or four times nightly. Mrs. Wood's performance was indeed one of the best instances of burlesque singing on record. The piece itself

was suggested to the author by his ballad of "Faithful to Poll," which had previously appeared in *Punch*, and had been referred to by the *Athenæum* as a model of the genuine English ballad. It may be interesting to quote one or two of the verses. Ben Bobstay, "a tar of the jolly old sort," is in love with his Poll, for whom he rejects all the smiles of Sue, Meg, and Moll. Going to sea, he is wrecked near the Great Mozambique, and, swimming ashore, has the misfortune to fall in with two dusky beauties. First :—

"He met a Princess, of the tribe Kikaroo.
She ogled and eyed him. Says Ben, 'How d'ye do?'
Says she, 'Marry me; on a throne you shall loll.'
Says Ben, 'You'll excuse me: I'm faithful to Poll.'
Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol!
Says Ben, with a bow, 'Miss, I'm faithful to Poll.'

"Says she, 'If you don't, you'll be hung up and killed,'
Says Ben, 'You fair creatures are all so self-willed.'
So he gave her his hand, to avoid *sus. per coll.*,
But still in his heart he was faithful to Poll.
Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol!
He married her, saying, 'I'm faithful to Poll.'

"Another Princess, all gold rings and tattoo,
Saw Ben, and was jealous of Miss Kikaroo.
Says Ben, 'Fight it out, while I sit on a knoll,
If t'other kills both still I'm faithful to Poll.'
Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol!
'Whichever kills either, I'm faithful to Poll.'

"Their battle surpasses my figures of speech;
They each whacked the other, and t'other whacked each
Then both lay down stiff as a jointed wood doll,
And Ben sings aloud, 'Ain't I faithful to Poll!'
Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol!
Ben capers while singing, 'I'm faithful to Poll!'"

XXI, XXII

Two hitherto unprinted pieces by Mr. H. J. Byron, who, though he long ago resigned comic journalism and extravaganza writing for the higher paths of comedy and drama, has not, it will be seen, forgotten how to turn a stanza. For the rest, the author of "The Maid and the Magpie," "Dundreary Married," and "Our Boys," needs no commendation at my hands. A prolific author, he has turned out no bad work; whilst much of his writing will live longer than that of all but the very foremost of contemporary playwrights.

XXIII.

From "Wanderers," one of Mr. Calverley's delightful "Fly Leaves," and obviously written in imitation of the exquisite little lyric that runs through Mr. Tennyson's "Brook" as a brook itself meanders through a lowland meadow. The piece is one of the best of Mr. Calverley's many parodies. Which of the many is emphatically the best it would be difficult to say; they are all of them so uniformly good. Take, for instance, the quiz of the old ballad style in "Striking:"

"It was a railway passenger,
And he leapt out jauntilie.
'Now up and bear, thou proud portèr,
My two chattèls to me.

"Bring hither, bring hither my bag so red,
And portmanteau so brown:
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town).

"And fetch me eke a cabman bold,
That I may be his fare, his fare;
And he shall have a good shilling,
If by two of the clock he do me bring
To the terminus, Euston Square."

The modern-mediæval ballad is parodied still more successfully:—

"The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(Butter and eggs, and a pound of cheese)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

"The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(Butter and eggs, and a pound of cheese),
Till the cow said 'I die,' and the goose ask'd 'Why?'
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas."

The "Childe Harold" style of Byron is comically reproduced and ridiculed in "Arcades Ambo," where Mr. Calverley addressed the beadles of the Burlington Arcade:

"Yes, ye are beautiful. The young street boys
Joy in your beauty. Are ye there to bar
Their pathway to that paradise of toys,
Ribbons, and rings? Who'll blame ye if ye are?
Surely no shrill and clattering crowd should mar
The dim aisle's stillness, where in noon's mid-glow
Trip fair-hair'd girls to boot-shop or bazaar;
Where, at soft eve, serenely to and fro
The sweet boy-graduates walk, nor deem the pastime slow."

Moore reappears in the poem called "Disaster," where a famous and familiar lyric is most happily re-echoed, as it is no less happily re-echoed by Mr. Leigh in No. LXXXVI. :—

"I never nursed a dear gazelle ;
But I was given a paroquet—
(How I did nurse him if unwell !)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
He's green with an enchanting tuft ;
He melts me with his small black eye ;
He'd look inimitable stuff'd,
And knows it—but he will not die !"

Then, not content with parodying Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Calverley imitates Miss Ingelow most amusingly in "Lovers, and a Reflection," and Mr. Browning, with much sustained vigour in "The Cock and the Bull."

XXIV.

In the poetry of humorous surprise Mr. Calverley is quite a master, and the piece quoted, which is also taken from his "Fly Leaves," is, like "Wanderers," only one among many which I should like to give. Mr. Calverley's powers, however, are by no means confined to these two phases of comic poetry. Nothing is outside the reach of his very entertaining persiflage. Boyish love is quizzed by him in "Visions" and in "Gemini and Virgo ;" despairing love in "Voices of the Night" and "Lines suggested by the 14th February ;" courtship in "In the Gloaming ;" sycophantism in "Precious Stones ;" literary affectation in "For Ever," and so on, and so on. His "Fly Leaves" and "Verses" are a perfect mine of truly comic fancies, and yet Mr. Calverley is not more distinguished as a poetical persifleur than as an elegant Latinist and an effective hymn-writer. Why he does not do more in the way of serious secular poetry I cannot say ; there are indications in some of his most mirth-provoking pieces that he could be very sentimental if he liked.

XXV.

From "The Shotover Papers," a volume of Oxford squibs in prose and verse, to which I shall have more than one occasion to refer. It is an excellent parody on Mr. Tennyson's "In the Garden at Swainston"—very irreverent, no doubt, but still very funny.

XXVI.

In this and the following piece, Mr. Campbell, who has achieved success as a song writer, shows of what he is capable in the way of *vers de société*. He is evidently the apt and clever pupil of a perfect master—Mr. Frederick Locker.

XXVIII.—XXXIII.

Respectively from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," and "Phantasmagoria"—the two former being, confessedly, the most successful fantastically-humorous stories of modern times, and the latter a collection of serious and comic verse, from which Nos. XXX. and XXXIII. are taken. No. XXVIII. is a masterpiece in its way; No. XXIX. may be said to have achieved immortality, seeing that it once suggested and annotated one of *Punch's* most popular cartoons. It is from "Through the Looking-Glass," one of those few sequels which are perfectly equal to their predecessors, and is an inimitable satire upon the unintelligible school in modern poetry—the school which, as Goldsmith and Talleyrand have it, makes use of language to conceal its thoughts. Considering the bewildering nature of its phraseology, it is not wonderful that, later on in the book, the little heroine should ask Humpty-Dumpty for an explanation of it. "*Brillig*," says Humpty-Dumpty, "means four o'clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin *broiling* things for dinner." "That 'll do very well," says Alice; "and *slithy*?" "Well, *slithy* means lithe and slimy. *Lithe* is the same as active. You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word." "I see it now," remarks Alice, thoughtfully; "and what are *loves*?" "Well, *loves* are something like badgers—they're something like lizards and they're something like corkscrews." "They must be very curious-looking creatures." "They are that," says Humpty-Dumpty; "also they make their nests under sun-dials, also they live on cheese." "And what's to *gyre* and to *gimble*?" "To *gyre* is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To *gimble* is to make holes like a gimblet." "And the *wabe* is the grass-plot round a sundial, I suppose," says Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity. "Of course it is. It's called *wabe*, you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it." "And a long way beyond it on each side," adds Alice. "Exactly so. Well, then *mimsy* is flimsy and miserable (there's another portmanteau for you). And a *borogove* is a thin, shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop." "And then, *mome raths*?" says Alice. "Well, a *rath* is a sort of green pig; but *mome* I'm not certain about. I think it's short for farmhouse—meaning that they'd lost their way, you know." "And what does *outgrabe* mean?" "Well, *outgribing* is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle; however, you'll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you've once heard it you'll be *quite* content." No. XXX. is of course a parody on the old ballad style, No. XXXI. on "The Spider and the Fly," No. XXXII. on a well-known piece by Southey, and No. XXXIII. on one of Mr. Swinburne's most characteristic measures.

XXXIV.—XXXVII.

Mr. Cayley has been so long absent from England, and has written so rarely of late years, that it is not wonderful his name should have fallen out of the remembrance of most of his contemporaries. Yet those who know his writings know that his "Sir Reginald Mohun" is a poem full of wild imagination, and that his "Las Alforgas"—afterwards called "The Bridal Roads of Spain"—is one of the most entertaining of modern books of travel. It is from the latter work that I take Nos. XXXVI. and XXXVII.; the last named an excellent specimen of parody

and pun combined; the former, reminiscent of a little circumstance which happened to the author while in Spain, when he picked and presented a bunch of violets to the beauty who has since become the stately Duchess of Malakhoff. No. XXXV. has never been in print before, and skilfully blends sentiment with humour. No. XXXIV. owes its origin to the vivacious request of a young lady at a certain ball, who, playfully warned that if she went home before she was thoroughly warmed by a dance she would infallibly die, begged that somebody would write her epitaph. This Mr. Cayley did, and the young lady who inspired him is now a fashionable countess, with vivacious daughters of her own.

XXXVIII.

This piece was originally contributed by Messrs. Cayley and Collins to the pages of *The Realm*, a weekly paper, which, though conducted with signal ability by Mr. Cayley, assisted by Mr. Arthur Locker, existed only a little over six months. There is an Homeric sweep and swing about the piece which is very enjoyable.

XXXIX.

Mr. Savile Clarke's eloquent praises of his "particular" beverage remind me of the no less eloquent terms in which Mr. Calverley celebrates "Beer":—

"Such power hath Beer. The heart which Grief hath canker'd,
Hath one unfailing remedy—the tankard."

The reader will remember how Barry Cornwall talks about

"Brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of Beer."

Everything finds its laureate in these promiscuous times! In No. XL., again, we have an amusing Chaucerian parody; and in No. XLI., the language of the Pharmacopœia is handled with entertaining ease.

XLII.—L.

Mr. Mortimer Collins is not more favourably known as a sparkling novelist and genial essayist than as a graceful writer both of serious and comic verse. Nos. XLII. and XLIII. appeared originally, if I mistake not, in that clever little paper, *The Owl*; Nos. XLIV., XLV., XLVI., and XLVII., are extracted from *The British Birds*, a poem in persiflage, which professes to proceed from the ghost of Aristophanes, and has much indeed of the consummate wit and mimicry of that delectable ancient. Nos. XLIII. and XLIV. are, of course, imitations of Mr. Swinburne's style, and admirable imitations they are; whilst No. XLII. puts one of Martial's epigrams into verse which has all the Roman's wit and more than the Roman's easiness of style. In No. XLVI. we have an admirable *reductio ad*

absurdum of a pet theory of Professor Tyndall's, and in No. XLVII. the creed of the Positivists is made the subject of quiet but incisive satire. Nos. XLVIII., XLIX., and L. are taken from the latest volume of poems that Mr. Collins has published. Altogether, these selections serve to show how successful Mr. Collins is in the paths of parody, quizzical paraphrase, and *vers de société*, and all that is wanted is some lyric to show how much tenderness and sweetness he can throw into his best love-poetry.

LI.—LIV.

Mr. Courthope is highly esteemed as the author of two extravaganzas in verse, in which the manner and *motifs* of Aristophanes are reproduced with wonderful accuracy and *vraisemblance*. Of these "Ludibria Lunæ" is perhaps the best, taking up as it does the topic of the rights of women, and finding it susceptible of much graceful banter. The "Paradise of Birds" is somewhat similar in form to Mr. Mortimer Collins's effort in the same direction, and it is from its brilliant pages that I reprint Nos. LII., LIII., and LIV., which sufficiently tell their own tale. No. LI. is here printed for the first time, and should be noted as one of the best existing specimens of modern society verse.

LV.

In this piece, which is reprinted from *The Pall Mall Gazette* for September 8th, 1874, the characteristics of our leading modern philosophers are summed up with a witty and a humorous terseness which absolutely leave nothing to be desired. Two or three of the verses are printed here for the first time. The "Ode" should be sung to the tune of "Guy Fawkes."

LVI.

Also from *The Pall Mall Gazette* for Thursday, February 19th, 1874, on the Tuesday immediately previous to which Mr. Gladstone's administration had resigned. The song is supposed to be the production of a secretary's secretary, and is in evident imitation of a lyric by Theodore Hook, of which the first stanza runs as follows :

"The French are encamped before Cadiz,
 Their navy is moored in the bay,
 And liberal Europe afraid is
 The Cortes are melting away.
 But ere the last blow can be struck—~~struck~~—
 I'll fly to their rescue, and soon
 Will show them the soul of a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire Dragoon."

The present piece, however, by no means suffers in comparison with that which suggested it. On the contrary, it is well worthy of Hook himself. The allusion to Mr. Gladstone's "bottle" in Verse IV. refers to the flask of prepared mucilage and water with which, in the House of Commons, that statesman is invariably armed,

He took it with him to Blackheath on a certain memorable occasion, when, the nature of the liquid having been indistinctly explained to one of the right hon. gentleman's constituents, that ingenuous person jumped to the conclusion that it was "rum and water," and remarked, "Ah! the old gentleman takes it kindly, don't he?"

LVII.

From *The Pall Mall Gazette* for November 19th, 1874. The reader will observe the remarkable variety and happiness of rhyming which distinguishes this amusing piece. Political verse-writing of this calibre is so rare nowadays that it is to be hoped F. D. will continue to favour us with many more such specimens from time to time.

LVIII—LXIV.

Mr. Austin Dobson may be said to have three moods—a wholly serious one, in which he produces poetry of the most charmingly sentimental character, as in No. LXIV.; a semi-humorous one, in which he produces such playful bits of banter as Nos. LVIII., LX., and LXI.; and a wholly humorous one, in which he produces such purely comic pieces as Nos. LIX., LXII., and LXIII. Mr. Dobson has, up to the present time, only published a single volume, entitled "Vignettes in Rhyme," from which all these specimens are taken; but this single volume was sufficient to put him in the front rank of our minor singers. To wide reading and wide observation he unites a turn for sentiment and reflection, and an alternate play of wit and humour, in the highest degree enjoyable; and it is to be hoped that he will quickly add to the number of his publications.

LXV.

Taken from the libretto of the English version of "L'Œil Crevé." Mr. Farnie is one of the most facile of our extravaganza-writers.

LXVI., LXVII.

Mr. Friswell has contributed so frequently and so well to modern literature that some even of those who know his writings best may be forgiven for forgetting that among his numerous publications is a little volume of verse entitled "Francis Spira, and other Poems," from which I extract No. LXVII., and which bears evidence to the writer's possession of a bright and cultured fancy. No. LXVI. appeared originally in *The Round of Days*. It has a most humorous melancholy, and contrasts very pleasantly with the genial satire of the following piece.

LXVIII.—LXXIV.

Nos. LXVIII., LXIX., LXX., LXXI., LXXII., and LXXIII. are taken from the "Bab Ballads," which, some years ago, helped so successfully to lend liveliness to the pages of *Fun*, and are, indeed, among the most original of the comic poetry which

the latter part of this century has produced. No. LXXIV. is extracted from the pages of *Punch*, where it made its appearance by an accident, for which, whilst doing justice to Mr. Gilbert's undoubted powers, the editor apologised at the time. It is not wonderful, however, that *Punch* should have been glad to give it insertion in its columns, for it almost equals in felicity the "Jabberwocky" of Mr. Lewis Carroll. Of Mr. Gilbert's performances generally it is not necessary to say more than that the author of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Trial by Jury" has attained a distinguished position among the comic dramatists of the day, and that the stage owes much in particular to the inventor of the "Fairy Comedy" of our times.

LXXV.

From "Lays of Middle Age," the only publication, I believe, of Mr. Hedderwick, who has made his mark in Scotland as one of the most able of its many able journalists. It is only right to say that "The Cactus" by no means indicates the general tendency of Mr. Hedderwick's poetry, which is rather in the way of meditation and reflection upon serious things.

LXXVI.—LXXXI.

From "Carols of Cockayne," a volume of humorous verse which deserves to be put by the side of "The Bab Ballads." Like Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Leigh was an early contributor to *Fun*, and did much to secure for that periodical the position it now occupies. Mr. Leigh has a refined and nimble wit, and turns a stanza with the best of contemporary versifiers.

LXXXII.—LXXXIV.

Mr. Locker is best known perhaps as the editor of the *Graphic* and as the author of many successful stories. The three pieces I quote show, besides, that he has much of the peculiar power in the way of society-verse writing which has made his brother famous.

LXXXV.—XCIV.

From "London Lyrics,"—the solitary publication with which Mr. Frederick Locker has favoured his countrymen. How thoroughly admirable it is, it is hardly necessary to remind the instructed reader; but it may be briefly said that, having Mr. Frederick Locker among us, we have less need to envy the times which produced a Prior or a Mackworth Praed. Mr. Locker is, it may be said, more thoroughly admirable than either of these writers, for he has all the ease of Prior without his coarseness, and all the wit of Praed, without his excessive tendency to pun and epigram. I call it an excessive tendency, because I cannot help thinking that Praed's society verse is too uniformly smart; that his rapier, sharp as it is, flashes almost too brightly; and that, often, the reader would be thankful for an accession of comparative dullness. Moreover, Praed's verse is not so easy and apparently unpremeditated as one could desire; you can see that the sword has been polished up to the utmost, and that the edge has been made as keen as human effort can make it. On the other hand, one of the great charms of Mr. Locker's verse is its limpid and

unimpeded flow, its fine variety, its bappy and unaffected rhyme. More than this, there is latent in the most worldly of his pieces a depth of feeling which proclaims him to be no mere brilliant and heartless verse-writer, but a genuine poet, who thoroughly sympathises with humanity, and would fain leave the world better than he found it. In the present work, of course, Mr. Locker figures exclusively as a comic writer; and those who desire to know him in his more serious moods must go to his own delightful volume.

XCV., XCVI.

From "*Fables in Song*"—the most recent and perhaps the most mature of Lord Lytton's various productions. Lord Lytton has not attempted to rival his father in the realms of prose fiction, but in those of poetry he has obtained an eminence to which the elder writer is unable to lay claim. In the poems of "*Owen Meredith*" the pervading vein was one of cynicism; in "*Fables in Song*" the satire is more earnest and hopeful, and the reflection more adequate and sincere.

XCVII., XCVIII.

Two characteristic pieces by Mr. Gerald Massey, who feels strongly upon almost every subject, and writes as strongly as he feels. These two little poems are very trenchant specimens of his peculiar humour.

XCIX., C.

From "*Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads.*" Mr. Meredith is better known, perhaps, as a novelist than as a poet; but those who, admiring Mr. Browning, can admire poetry which is Browningsque, whilst still retaining something of the writer's own individuality, should read "*Modern Love.*" Mr. Meredith is clearer in thought and style than his prototype, though wanting in those frequent curious felicities which make his prototype great.

CI.

From "*Lays of Modern Oxford,*" by Adon. A parody on that touching little poem called "*Somebody's Darling,*" and by far the happiest thing in the amusing volume from which it is extracted.

CII., CIII.

From "*The Shotover Papers.*" Oxford men will be especially delighted with the latter piece in No. CII., as well as with No. CIII., in which the imitation of Mr. Swinburne's cadence is exceedingly well done.

CIV.

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted this well-known song and its companion piece, "*The Origin of Language;*" so remarkable are both for the way

in which they reduce to absurdity two of the most prominent of modern scientific theories. The little volume of "Songs and Verses," from which they are taken, include several other lyrics almost as well worthy of reproduction; for instance, the verses in "Memory of Monboddo," "Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter," "The Permissive Bill," "Gaster," and "Hilli-ouec." Everyone, I suppose, knows that comical "new temperance song," "I'm very fond of water," with its unexpected and most humorous anti-climaxes:—

"I breakfast on it daily,
And nectar it doth seem,
When once I've mixed it gaily
With sugar and with cream.
But I forgot to mention
That in it first I see,
Infused or in suspension,
Good Mocha or Bohea.

"At luncheon, too, I drink it,
And strength it seems to bring:
When really good, I think it
A liquor for a king.
But I forgot to mention—
'Tis best to be sincere—
I use an old invention
That makes it into Beer."

Again, how capitally does the "Old Contributor" (whom it is surely allowable to identify with Lord Neaves) quiz the academic phase of the woman's-rights movement!

"In Logic a woman may seldom excel;
But in Rhetoric always she bears off the bell.
Fair Portia will show woman's talent for law,
When in old Shylock's bond she could prove such a flaw.
She would blunder in Physic no worse than the rest,
She could leave things to Nature as well as the best;
She could feel at your wrist, she could finger your fee;
Then why should a woman not get a degree?

Yet without a degree see how well the Sex knows
How to bind up our wounds and to lighten our woes!
They need *no* Doctor's gown their fair limbs to enwrap,
They need ne'er hide their locks in a Graduate's cap.
Then I wonder a woman, the Mistress of Hearts,
Would descend to aspire to be Master of Arts:
A Ministering Angel in Woman we see,
And an Angel should covet no other degree."

Almost every form of modern folly comes under his forcible and yet kindly lash. Hear him give his prescription for the manufacture of a modern novel :—

“Never mind your *plot* ;
 ’Tisn’t worth your trouble :
 Throw into the pot
 What will boil and bubble.
Character’s a jest ;
 What’s the use of study ?
 All will stand the test
 That’s black enough and bloody.

“There’s the ‘Newgate Guide,’
 Here’s the ‘Causes Célèbres ;’
 Tumble in beside,
 Pistol, gun, and sabre.
These Police reports,
Those Old Bailey trials,
 Horrors of all sorts,
 To match the Seven Vials.

“Tame is Virtue’s school ;
 Paint, as more effective,
 Villain, knave and fool,
 With always a Detective,
 Hate for Love may sit ;
 Gloom will do for Gladness,
 Banish Sense and Wit,
 And dash in lots of Madness.”

Lastly, recall his wise and witty repudiation of the stern ultra-Calvinism which, in Scotland at least, decrees that Sunday shall be a day of utter and perverse dismalness :—

“What though a good precept we strain
 Till hateful and hurtful we make it !
 What though, in thus pulling the rein,
 We may draw it so tight as to break it !
 Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
 For fear they get social or frisky ;
 But of course they can sit still at home,
 And get dismally drunk upon whisky

“Then, though we can’t certainly tell
 How mirth may molest us on Monday ;
 At least, to begin the week well,
 Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

CVI.—CXI.

From "Songs of Singularity, by the London Hermit," a little volume of truly comic verse, which may well aspire to rank with such productions as the "Bab Ballads" and the "Carols of Cockayne." No. CVI. is a good parody of the Chaucerian manner, whilst No. CVII. is a diverting reminiscence of Moore's famous lines about the young gazelle. The others are all excellent in their way, as examples of the nonsense which it is so difficult, though it looks so easy, to concoct.

CXII.—CXVI.

From "Puck on Pegasus," in which Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell's comic muse is seen in its wildest and most effective flights. Mr. Pennell is successful in all forms of comic writing, and shapes a parody as easily as a pun or a surprise. His version of "Excelsior," which ought perhaps to have been given, is one of the best I know: whilst his imitation of Southey's well-known poem in No. CXIII. is a *tour de force* which almost equals the original. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Pennell does not write more frequently.

CXVII.

"There had been," writes Mr. Planché, in his "Recollections and Reflections," "considerable difference of opinion respecting the proper pronunciation of Lord Houghton's title, and on my return to town" (from Leeds, where the newly-created peer had been presiding at the Annual Congress of the British Archaeological Association) "I committed to paper the following lines, which were afterwards printed by his lordship's request for private distribution. A garbled version, full of blunders, found its way into a Dublin newspaper, and was attributed to Lord Palmerston!" The piece was written in October, 1863.

CXVIII.

"The Forty Thieves" was a "joint-stock" burlesque, written by members of the well-known Savage Club, and performed by the authors themselves at the Lyceum Theatre in aid of the widows and families of two literary men recently deceased. The prologue, here given, was, it is said, so well spoken by the late Mr. Leicester Buckingham that it nearly obtained the unprecedented honour of an encore.

CXIX.

"There is a very popular song," says Mr. Planché, "which I heard my friend Mr. German Reed sing with great effect a few years ago, entitled 'The Poor Man's Philosophy,' wherein the said poor man assures a certain 'John Brown' that he can keep a wife, and 'a troop' of children, and enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* on a hundred per annum, having still a guinea he can spend, and various other little gratifications he can afford to indulge in. I confess I could not 'see it,' and said to

myself, 'Let me talk with this philosopher;' and these were my reflections on his ideas of domestic economy." Both this and the preceding piece are reprinted from the "Recollections and Reflections."

CXX.—CXXII.

The accomplished author of "Babil and Bijou" is so well known and esteemed that it is unnecessary to point out his particular merits. No. CXX. exhibits him as a successful imitator of the younger Colman; No. CXXI., which originally appeared, I believe, in *Once a Week*, shows him to be possessed of a tender vein of sentiment; whilst No. CXXII., which he has been good enough to write at my request, displays his remarkable facility as a punster. There is still some hope for burlesque and extravaganza whilst such men as Mr. Robert Reece continue to write for the stage.

CXXIII.—CXXVII.

Mr. Sawyer's "Land of Onety-One" will probably be familiar already to many of its readers here. The other pieces are reprinted from the pages of *Funny Folks* and other periodicals, and are good specimens of Mr. Sawyer's powers of parody and persiflage. No. CXXV. is an especially happy version of the laureate's pathetic verses, and No. CXXVI. is full of ingenious and suggestive trifling.

CXXVIII.—CXXX.

Mr. Sidey's name will probably be new to most readers of this volume, though his "Irish Schoolmaster" and one or two other pieces have been set to music and sung all over the three kingdoms. Mr. Sidey is an Edinburgh surgeon, and, as the member of a certain social club, has published for private circulation a volume of verses entitled "Mistura Curiosa," from which No. CXXIX. and CXXX. are taken. No. CXXVIII. is printed from manuscript.

CXXXI., CXXXII.

Mr. James Smith is one of those humble followers of the Muse who, in Scotland, have sprung from the soil so numerous since the time of Burns. Originally a printer by trade, he wrote his poems in the intervals of labour, and "set up" the first two copies of his book with his own hands. One of these, falling under the notice of a contributor to the *Scotsman*, was duly and most favourably criticised in that paper, and Mr. Smith afterwards gave his productions to the public in the usual way. They are remarkably popular among his own countrymen, and only require to be better known in England to be highly appreciated. Though generally melancholy in tone, they are not without occasional gleams of humour, as the two lyrics quoted will, I think, sufficiently testify. For a sketch of the life of Mr. Smith, see the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* for August, 1874.

CXXXIII.—CXXXV.

From "Boudoir Ballads," a collection of *vers de société* of which even Mr. Frederick Locker might be proud. Dainty in style, and very bright in wit, they are characterised by an airy gracefulness which at once attracts and enchains, and are well worthy of the elegant and ready pen that gave us "Tiny Travels."

CXXXVI.

From "The Shotover Papers," and an excellent parody on the incomprehensible school of modern poets.

CXXXVII., CXXXVIII.

Respectively from *Punch* for May 29, 1847, and May 13, 1848.

Mr. Taylor is now so deservedly famous as the author of some of the most successful of modern plays, that one is almost tempted to forget his long connection with, and constant contributions to, the periodical which he so ably edits. Yet I suppose there have been few especially prominent poems in *Punch* during the last thirty years that have not issued from the brain of Mr. Taylor, whose hand is always to be detected in the best of those "In Memoriam" verses which are so great a feature of our leading comic paper. That the author of "Clancarty" has a strong vein of wit and humour it is unnecessary to say; but if it were necessary to point the fact, the pieces quoted would be sufficient for the purpose.

CXXXIX.—CXLI.

The old cry that Mr. Tennyson has no humour has of recent years become so faint as to be almost imperceptible, and it is probable that it will soon entirely die away. Certainly there ought to be as little doubt about the humour of a man who could write "The Northern Farmer" as there is about the wit of him who could write "Will Waterproof's Monologue." Mr. Tennyson is not, of course, primarily a humorous poet, but he has a decided turn for humour; and this shows itself, not only in certain of his lyrics, but in his "Maud," and in his fine drama of "Queen Mary." The "Northern Farmer" is, however, quite enough to refute all gainsayers, who cannot deny that it is, as a creation, perfect in conception and in execution. Nor is the second "Farmer" less powerful than the first. The man who sets his faith on "proputtty, proputtty," is not a wit less life-like than the man who "stubbed Thornaby waste."

CXLII.—CXLIV.

From "The Ladies in Parliament," one among several Cambridge squibs, which, finding them constantly in request among the undergraduates, Mr. Trevelyan gathered and published in a volume. Both of the pieces quoted show great command of verse and great facility of allusion, whilst the wit and fancy in them

must be obvious to all—so obvious, indeed, that most people will be sorry that Mr. Trevelyan has not done more in the same line, though with less of the local and ephemeral about it. The original of No. CXL. need hardly be pointed out.

CXLV.—CXLIX.

Five bright and witty poems from the pen of a well-known London journalist. Mr. Turner has published one or two books of singular merit, but is more familiar as a contributor to the magazines and as one of the leading writers on the *Daily Telegraph*.

CL.—CLIII.

Mr. Yates is also a journalist, but though the public knows him well as the skilful editor of *The World*, it knows him even more intimately as a magazine writer and as the author of a large number of very popular novels. The four pieces given show how admirably he can write *vers de société*—with what ease and piquancy and point.

CLIV.—CLVIII.

Of these five anonymous pieces four appeared in the pages of *Once a Week*, under Mr. Dallas's editorship. They are very entertaining, "Chiggs" and "All Sides of the River" especially so, and I should have been glad if my efforts to discover the names of their writers had been successful. No. CLVI. is of course a parody on Mr. Morris's poetry.

CLIX.

I insert this piece, not because I agree with every one of its criticisms, but because it is clever and will be found amusing. It originally appeared in *The Spectator*, September 15, 1866, and rumour assigns it to one who is himself well entitled to rank among the poets celebrated.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

I.—IX.

Bret Harte is one of the most thoroughly original of living American authors, and is notable both as poet and prose writer. His tales are marked by a striking vividness of style and treatment, and his lyrics range from the most sentimental of ditties to the most wildly humorous of parodies. In Nos. IV.—VII. we have examples of the latter kind; the poems of "Truthful James" are too familiar to need characterisation; whilst in No. III. we have a semi-serious, semi-mocking piece which may be compared with one of Mr. Austin Dobson's (No. LXII). No. IV. is at once a squib on the savants and another instance of humorous surprise, and No. VIII. bits at the scientific enthusiasts even more hardly and comically. But Bret Harte is, after all, so familiarly known in England that criticism in his case becomes almost supererogatory, and one can only say here are the best of the pieces which have so long delighted the public and which no doubt will continue to delight for many years to come. Some of them are not, perhaps, quite so refined as one might desire to have them, but they are exceedingly characteristic and thoroughly humorous, and as such deserve to find a place in such a collection as this.

X.—XIV.

Very much the same may be said of Colonel Hay's productions. Nos. X. and XI. are hardly edifying in the strict sense of the word, and yet they are so really; for the former has an excellent moral attached to it, the latter is moving in its grim indifference to bloodshed, and both are eminently characteristic of the American genius. Harte and Hay combined have given us most graphic pictures of the semi-civilised life in some regions of the West, and their poems command interest for this reason, quite as much as for their innate humour. They are not only mirth-provoking in themselves, but they throw a wonderful amount of light upon the wild, lawless existence of the mining communities in California.

XV.—XXIV.

Unlike some other of the American humorists, Mr. Holmes is a man of very liberal culture, and has written nothing in the peculiar dialects to which Messrs. Harte and Hay and Leland and Lowell have accustomed us. Confining himself to

literary English, his humour may be said to be as English as the tongue he writes in; and more than one of his pieces might be compared with others, very similar in style, by English authors. Many of them might have been written by Mr. Calverley, and others remind one strongly of the style of Hood.

XXV.—XXIX.

Mr. Leland has composed both in the German-American dialect and in literary English, and has succeeded strikingly in both directions. Hans Breitmann is a distinct gain to literature as the embodiment of the characteristics of a well-defined community, and will probably exist when Mr. Leland's equally clever but less original productions are forgotten. No. XX. is a very clever piece of verse, but might have been written by a dozen other men, whereas, so far as we know, the "Breitmann Ballads" could not have been written. I extract from the latter work Nos. XXV.—XXVIII., and, for the convenience of the reader, jot down some of the English equivalents of the German words that will be discovered scattered through them. Thus, in No. XXV., *pretzel* is a kind of fancy bread; *himmel*, heaven; *lager*, a sort of beer; *souse and brouse*, revelry and rioting (Tano und Braus); *gensybroost* (Gäzebrust), goose-breast; *Abendessen*, supper; *kop* (kopf), head; *daple-lecks*, table legs; and *ewigkeit*, eternity. In No. XXVI. *schnapps* is dram. In No. XXVII. *abend-gold* is evening gold; *gauer*, valleys; *rede*, speech; *allameil*, always; *euchred*, from the game called Euchre; and *herzlich*, hearty. In No. XXVIII., *sauerkraut* is pickled cabbage; *speck*, bacon; *dann wirst du erst Deutsch fertig seyn*, then only will you be ready in German; *kein Deutschen*, no German; *Gemüthlichkeit*, kindly disposition; *in Sang und Klang dein Leben lang*, in music and song all thy life long; and *mein kind*, my child.

XXX.—XXXII.

The two first specimens of Mr. Lowell's genius—for that he has genius no one will deny—are from "The Biglow Papers," and are so firmly rooted in the popular memory that I dared not have omitted them had I wished. The third is equally wonderful as a bit of patois and of humour, but is by no means hackneyed. Mr. Lowell, it is well known, is great both as a humorous and a serious poet; and not only as a poet, but as a critic of unusual delicacy and insight. His humorous poems and his essays are now widely read in Britain; by-and-by, perhaps, the same thing will happen to his serious pieces, which ought eventually to put him on a level with all but the greatest of our living poets.

XXXIII., XXXIV.

I confess to knowing nothing more of Mr. Newell than that he is the author of the "The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers," from whose pages these two lyrics are reprinted. They are fairly good specimens of ingenious punning, but otherwise are not particularly notable.

XXXV—XLV.

In Mr. Saxe we come to the last of the contributors to this volume, and to the most voluminous of the American humorists. Like most of his brethren, he succeeds both as a sentimental and a comic poet, but it is as a comic poet that his success is greatest. His humorous poems are hardly distinctively American in cast, but they are very fresh and true, and, however familiar, may be read with pleasure always. In Nos. XXXVII., XXXVIII., and XLI. he reminds one remarkably of Hood; in Nos. XLIV. and XLV. of Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends." He is most himself, perhaps, in Nos. XXX. and XII.

XLVI.

Mr. Stedman will be well known to many of my readers as a graceful poet, but to more he will be known through his volume of Essays on the Victorian Poets, which is full of happy criticism happily expressed. The piece here quoted is a fair example of his very elegant manner.



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